PUMCH



LONDON:

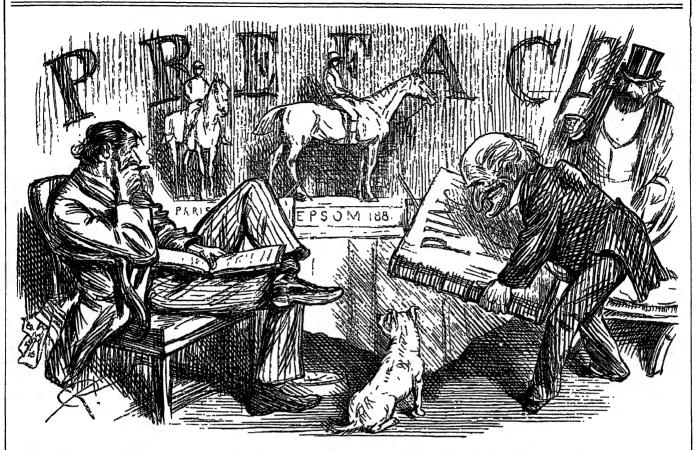
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1881.

LONDON:

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS,



"WELL, Gentlemen, I'm very glad to see you both," said the genial and sportive Sage, pushing a box of picked Tremendidos towards his distinguished guests, "and I shall be delighted to hear your best news. How have things been going with you?"

The host eyed his visitors benignly as he addressed them, and Toby sat up all attention. The visitors looked at each other with a smile, and there was a short pause.

Then the American spoke.

"Wal," he said, stretching himself out with comfortable satisfaction, "I am inclined to think, Sir, that the business I have been doing is not burstin' bad. That there hoss I sent to your Epsom Downs I guess would do credit to a Greased Lightning Company, of which the Chairman had not been officially got at."

"He would," said Mr. Punce, heartily. "Iroquois is a fine creature, and his form at the finish on the celebrated First was splendid."

TOBY wagged his tail approvingly.

- "You air a generous people, and no mistake," replied Uncle SAM, acknowledging the high compliment with an affable bow.
- "And I think we are not less so," interrupted the Frenchman, with a placid smile. "Did we not greet your Foxhall with oorahs, unmixed with the chagrin natural to defeat?"
- "You air the politest nation of cusses outside Wall Street on settling day that I have had the pleasure of meeting," returned the transatlantic courtier gracefully, with a sly twinkle in his eye.
 - "We are," replied the Frenchman, with confidence.
- "And what is more," threw in the Sage cheerily, "you have among you, Monsieur, those to whom defeat not only brings, to use your own phrase, no chagrin, but to whom it is positively salutary."
- "Yes, Bitters is real grit; that's sure," continued the American, reflectively; "and the worst-mannered Opossum that I ever knew intimately, had had his training mostly on neat Molasses."
- "There was not much stay in that crittur, I calculate," rejoined Mr. Punch, relapsing into the purest Bostonian accent, with good-humoured urbanity; "yet the best judges will sometimes put their money on strange brutes—eh, Monsieur le Président?"

There was a general laugh, and Toby barked merrily.

"Well," said the hero of Cahors, accepting the sally with genial dignity, "I admit, to use the language of your turf, that I may have dropped heavily with Scrutin de Liste; but I have something in my stable with more stay in him. Oui, Monsieur, I tell you I stand to win the plus grand prix of all, with Dictateur. Come, voyons, will you give me your odds?"

He pulled out his tablets as he spoke.

The American produced his book.

- "Stay," said Mr. Punon, intervening, as they were preparing their pencils for business. "Put those things up, and make sure of your money. Whatever odds you give or take, there'll be a loss somewhere."
 - "Parfaitement," responded the coming President.
 - "You are right, Sir," echoed Uncle SAM.
- "Why, cert'nly," rejoined Mr. Punch, with much confidence. "I have had some little experience in bookmaking, for I have a settlement every six months; but, whatever events may have come off in the interval, I invariably win largely."

The host rose, and took from the pocket of a sporting-coat a package carefully done up in silver paper. His distinguished guests watched his movements with respectful interest.

"You do invariably win?" asked the President of the Chamber, in a tone of thoughtful inquiry.

He was answered by a Parisian bow. The American nodded his head in cute approbation.

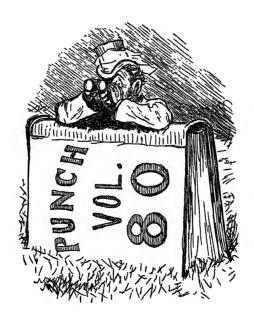
"Then, Sir," he said, "I calculate that that there book of yours is always a certainty?"

The Prince of Book-makers smiled, and unfolded his parcel.

"Always," he said, disclosing something very attractive in green and gold as he spoke; "and, if you would like to see how I manage it,—here you are!"

And so saying, the now radiant Sage produced his

Eightieth Wolume!







English Angler (on this side of the Tweed) "It, Donald! come over and help me to land him—a 20-pounder I'll swear—"
Highlander (on the other). "It wull tak" ye a lang Tive to lan' that Fush too, d'ye ken, Sie, whatever!—Ye hae heuket the Kingdom o' Auld Scotland!"

MOORE MODERNISED.

"QUAINT AND QUEER WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

(AIR—"Rich and rare were the gems she wore.")

QUAINT and queer were the gems

A golden "pig" in each ear she bore;

She'd flies and beetles and snakeshaped bands, And the rummiest rings on her

snow-white hands.

"Lady, why dost thou spoil, I pray, Thy loveliness in this loathly way? Can modern lovers be bought-or

By snakes in silver or swine in gold?"

"Sir Critic! I feel not the least

alarm;
For a porte-bonhour or a pendant charm,

The entomological's quite 'the thing,'

And a reptile is beauteous as bracelet or ring."

On she passed with a radiant

smile, Adorned in this very ophidian For it's one of Fashion's funniest

rigs To deck our maidens with snakes

and pigs!

FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY.— The month opens cold and raw. So do oysters.



Land Agent. "I say, Dennis, what's this I read about a set of Ruyfians nearly rilling Lord Scareum's Agent at the Cross-Roads near here?"

Watter. "Ah, shure, they bate him wid Sticks."

Land Agent. "Did they beat him Badut?"

Watter. "No, bedad, they bate him right well!"

SPARKLERS.

(Bring short dining-out Stories, carefully stleeted by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.)

As the PREMIER, one morning last week, was quitting the Stuffed Birds Department of the British Museum, the guardian directed his attention to a peculiar kind of Eastern goose, the advent of which on any coast was always, he said, "supposed to denote bad weather. Fortunately," added the official, bowing out his distinguished visitor, "it is, as the Latin Grammar has it, Sir, a rare bird, and one, therefore, that we have no wish to see added to the European family."—"I underhave no wish to see added to the European family."—"I under-stand," replied the PREMIER, quietly handing his umbrella-ticket to the attendant. "As my friend Lord BEACONSFIELD would say, it's a case, then, of 'Monte-nigroque Simillima Dul-cigno.'"

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE Y'EAR.

Why does the description of a proud but illiterate paterfamilias showing his wife, JANE, the exterior lower regions of a recently built house resemble the First Month?

Because it 's "Jane-new airey" (January !)

WHY might the appropriate nickname bestowed upon a cost-producing solicitor called HENRY by his Cockney associates resemble the Second Month?

Because it might be "Fee-brew 'Arry!" (February!)

niture.

CHEERY MEMS.

By an Habitual Growler. AUTHORS.

Monday .- DE FOE stood

in the pillory.

Tuesday. — CHATTERTON committed suicide.

Wednesday. — MILTON sold Paradise Lost for £5. Was MILTON rather more sold than the book?

Thursday.—OTWAY died of starvation.

Friday.—FIELDING was thrown into a sponging-

Saturday.—Addison sold up Steele's house and fur-

SPARKLERS.

(Being short dining-out Stories, carefully selected by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.)

Lord STRATHNAIRN'S habit of sending round a Five-Act Tragedy, which he wrote when a mere boy, regularly to every stage-door in London, as soon as he supposes that most of the regular dramatic au-thors are at the sea-side, is well known to his intimates. The piece, however, has never yet been accepted; but on a report reaching Homburg the other evening that it was at last going to be done at a matinee, at King's Cross, a literary



Peer, who had himself a play or two of his own on hand, commented with some satire on the fact, that the work had again been "dug out" of its resting-place. "Ah!" said Lord CHELMSFORD, who happened at that moment happened at that moment to look in for a glass of water, "if that's the case, and it is going to be rehearsed at last, I hope there will be room enough for the Author himself in the vehicle!"

CHEERY MEMS.

By an Habitual Growler. BUTCHERS.

Monday .- Cattle disease broke out.

Tuesday.—American beef was first imported,
Wednesday.— John
Jones was fined for selling

bad meat.

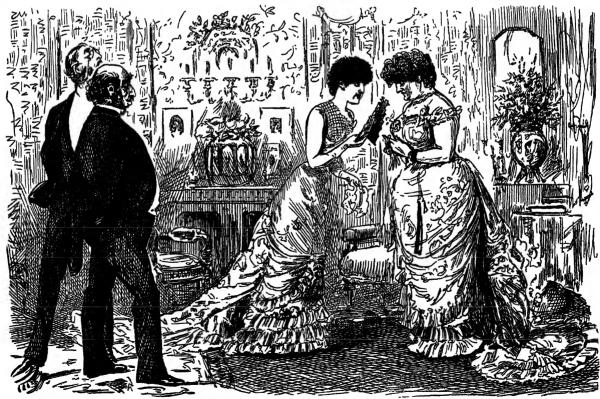
Thursday. - Co-operative

food stores were started.

Friday. — John Jones was imprisoned for selling bad meat.

Saturday. — The Great Eastern was hired to deliver meat in England at eightpence the pound.

RIDDLE FOR OCEAN ROVERS.—Q. Which is the properest place to cast your sheet-anchor in? A. The Bed of the Sea.



"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER"-ALAS!

"Oh, Mamma, run up and change your Gown before anybody comes!" "Wity, what's the matter?"
"Well, you're only Enamelled for a Square Body, you know, and your Maid has put you on a Low-Necked Dress!"

THE ECONOMICAL ENTER-TAINER.

For the Use of Small Householders.)

How to give a The Dansant.—Ask a hundred and fifty people to occupy rooms holding about sixteen with comfort. Pack your guests tight in all your reception-rooms, including the staircase, and put the band on the window-ledge outside. You need not supply any refreshment, as there will not be elbow-room for eating.

How to enjoy a pleasant Afternoon.—Give an al fresco party in

your kitchen-garden. Fix a lawnyour kitchen-garden. Fix a lawntennis net in the cabbage-beds,
and lay out a small banquet, consisting of sponge-cakes and a few
gallons of what you may call
"claret cup," under the gooseberry bushes. Should your guests
be sufficiently numerous to endanger the safety of the vegetables,
shift them to the front area.

How to consider a little Music

How to Organise a little Music. Issue cards for an "At Home," and get any amateurs of your acquaintance to sing your guests as many songs as they will listen to. When they grow tired of this amusement, let your eldest boy (aged fifteen) give them, vocally, "Manoy Lee," and your youngest daughter (just turned twelve) as many variations as she can remember of "Home, Sweet Home!" upon the pianoforte.

How to Entertain your Friends at Dinner.—Ask the richer of your acquaintances to honour you with their company at a banquet given "to celebrate your birthday." If you take proper care that the entertainment is not too costly, the presents you will receive from



CULTURE. 1881.

Mistress. "As you've never been in Service, I'm afraid I can't engage you without a 'Character.'"

Young Person. "I have three School-Board Cretificates, Ma'am—"
Mistress. "Or, well—I suppose for Honesty, Cleanliness—"

Young Person. "No, Ma'am—for 'Literatoor,' Josge'phy, an' Free 'And Drawrin'!"

your guests ought to repay the outlay half-a-dozen times over.

How to combine Scif-supporting Hospitality and Benerolence.—Get up Amateur Theatricals in your back drawing-room—for a charity. Pay the expenses out of the proray the expenses out of the pro-ceeds, charging for the tickets, and you may lay a large audience under heavy obligations, without being at any cost for supper, band, or any of the other expenses of a ball or soirée.

MOORE MODERNISED.

"As THE SUN ON THE BACK OF THE RAIN-CLOUD MAY GLOW."

(AIR:-"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow.")

As the sun on the back of the rain-cloud may glow, Whilst the world is all darkness

and dampness below

So the country may bask in warm Phoebus' smile, Though the town is the thrall of

the Fog-fiend the while.

One fatal infliction, one nuisance that throws

Its shade o'er our eyes, and its curse on our nose; To which Science naught of abate-

ment can bring, The pall of our Winter, the shroud of our Spring.

Oh! this thought in the midst of June sunshine will stray,

"Will the demon long leave us e'en Summer's bright ray?" The beams of the Sun-god play o'er

him in vain, Shall the year be all given to Fog's ruthless reign?



"Who Lives to Please, must Please to Live."—Young Ernest Raphael Sopely paints a Portrait of Lady Midas, and rises thereby to Fame and Afflicence."

CHEERY MEMS. By the Disappointed Tragedian. ACTORS.

Monday. - SHAKSPEARE was a failure as the Ghost in Hamlet.

Tuesday. - GARRICK wrote his own press notices.

Wednesday.—Drury Lane

was burnt down.

Thursday.—Covent Garden was burnt down.

Friday.-Covent Garden was burnt down again.

Saturday. — The Ghost didn't walk.

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE

WHY does the French "petit nom" bestowed by an indifferent linguist on his wife resemble an animal peculiar to the Third Month?

Because it's a "Ma chère"

(March hare!)
WHY does the Fourth Month resemble a professional pugilist suffering from a severe attack of

malignant measles?
Because it's a "P. R." ill! (April!)

PAINLESS DENTISTRY .-Filing the teeth of a saw.



SPARKLERS.

(Being short dining-out Stories, curefully selected by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.)

"WHAT! the European Concert play a piece to-gether!" said the SULTAN, gether!" said the SULTAN,
who is very fond of an
English joke, and never
moves about without a
handsomely bound edition
of OLLENDORFF in his
pocket. "Why, they don't
even yet know the value of their own Notes." When the SHEIK-UL-ISLAM had this explained to him later by a couple of dragomen, he was obliged to postpone his evening prayers.

CHEERY MEMS.

By a Rejected Addresser.

LOVERS.

Monday.—Breach of Promise first instituted.
Thesday.—The Divorce
Court was opened.
Wednesday.—Mr. Brown
poisoned his wife.

Thursday.—Mrs. Brown poisoned her husband.

Friday.—Judicial separa-tions were granted in Police Courts.

Saturday.—Wife-beating was noticed to be on the increase.

A DOUBLY GOOD GAME. Tennis. Twice Fives.



TABLEAU VIVANT.

Bridegroom (to his little Sister-in-Law at the Breakfast). "Well, Julie, you've got a new Brother now—"
Julie ("enfunt terrible"). "Yes; and Ma' said the other Day to Pa', she didn't trink he was much account, on'y it looked like Lottie's last chance!"
[Great clatter of Knives, Forks, and Spoons.

MEN AND MOTTOES.

Lord Sherbrook (spilt off broken bicycle)—
"All the wheels of being Love."
TENNYSON.

Granville (looking at his minority in the Lords)—

"Regard the weakness of thy Peers."
TENNYSON.

Irving—"Follow his strides."
"Would he were fatter."

"My native English must I now forego."
SHAKESPEARE.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson (holding Permissive Bill)—

"Thy sole delight is sitting still With that cold dagger of thy bill."
TENNYSON.

"And such wet circumstance of waterish words." SWINBURNE.

Lord Houghton-

"The Lord of lute and lay."—PRAED.

Gladstone (with budget)-

"The complete sum and secret of my Will." SWINBURNE.
"Idle old man,

That still would manage the authorities That he had given away."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh, well for him whose Will is strong."

TENNYSON.

Wagner—
"You shall not bob us out of our Melody."

SHAKESPEARE.

Melody."
Mr. Smith, M.P.—
"The Smith a mighty man is he,"
LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Fbrster—
"And try your hap against the Irishmen."
SHAKESPEARE.

"The shadow chaked from head to foot."

TENNYSON.

"The Idyll singer of an empty day."

W. MORRIS.

NINCOMPOOPIANA.

(A Test.)

The Squire. "I believe it's a Botticelli."

Prigeby. "Oh, no! Pardon me! It is not a Botticelli. Before a
Botticelli I am mote!"

[The Squire wishes it was.

Mr. Parnell—
"Hook it—to some useful end."—
TENNYSON.

Sir John Bennett—
"Nor deal in Watch-words overmuch."
TENNYSON.

Alderman McArthur—
"Alas! you've been dining with Peers."
PRAED.

Levy (of the D. T.)—

"And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'" SHAKESPEARE.

"And kiss the B in Benjamin."

THOMAS HOOD.

Mr. Bradlaugh—
"Let me in and be scated."—LUTTRELL.
Labouchere—

"But out on the World! from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of Truth."

F. Archer—
"The sportive Autumn claimed by right
An Archer."
THOS, CAMPBELL.

F. Greenwood—

"And how vastly genteeler, my dear

"And how vastly genteeler, my dear reader, this is Than vulgar Pall-Mall." Tom Moore.

Charles Warner—
" Drink, pretty creature, Drink."
WORDSWORTH.

Arthur Sullivan—
"Our Arthur kept his best until the last."

TENNYSON.

Mr. Cooper Foster (of Guy's)—
"I am too old to fawn upon a Nurse."
SHAKESPEARE.

"He who uttered nothing bass."
TENNYSON,

Lord Redesdale—
"Oh! my offence is rank."
SHAKESPEARE.

Sir William Harcourt—
"A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod."
POPE.



Gentleman driving rather fresh pair, after repeated hails from a "yokel," with difficulty pulls up. Busic (contuj up breathlessly). " Ha' ver got such a Thing as a Luciper about ver, Master?"

CHEERY MEMS.

By an Habitual Growler, who thinks the country's going to the Doose.

SOLDIERS.

Monday. — The English Army was defeated at Fontenov.

Tuesday. — The English Army surrendered at Saratoga.

Wednesday.—The English Army got licked at Bergenop-Zoom.

Thursday.—The English Army got "what for" at Prestonoans.

Prestonpans.

Friday. — The English
Army evacuated Dunkerque
in a hurry.

Saturday.—The English Army ran away from the Zulus.

GENEALOGICAL RIVALS.

—An equal claim to antiquity of descent is advanced for both Mr. Bass and Mr. Allsopp, the renowned brewers. It is certain that those two great Beer Kings, one alike with the other, can trace their pedigree up to Constantine Paleal(E) ogus. Their voices carry corresponding weight in the Council of Burton-on-Trent.



COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE Y'EAR.

WHY is the sensible answer of a pretty girl to the conundrum-constructor's request for permission to take a kiss like the Fifth Month?

Because it's "May!"
Why does a Parisian light
comedy actor resemble the
first day of the Sixth
Month?

Because he's a "Joune premier!"

CHEERY MEMS.

By the Veteran Bailey.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

Monday.—Justice HAW-

KINS was born.
Tuesday. — RUSH was

hung.
Wednesday. — PALMER

was hung.

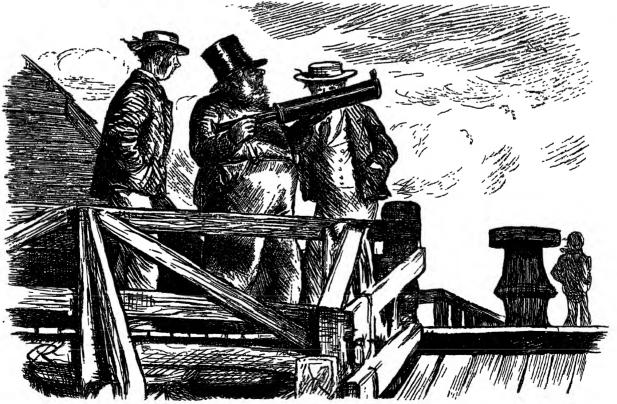
Thursday. — THURTELL

was hung.
Friday. — GREENACRE

was hung.
Saturday.—Baron BRAMWELL was born.

LATIN FOR LITTLE BOYS.

—Magnum Bonum, a Plum; a great thing, and a good thing. Magnum Malum, a big, but no bad thing; a Monster Pippin, a great and good Apple, Detur dignitori.



"GLASSES ROUND!"

Ancient 'Long-Shore Martner (who has picked up at a "Marine Store" an old Telescope with an inscription, "Presented to Thos. Smith, for preserving life at Sea," &c.). "Ah, it's all wery well for Hindependent Gents like you to come down 'see in Summer-Time a-Pleaburn', but you think what it is in the Winter when you Gents is ticked up in Bed all sing an compensable, while we Saliors has to go out in the "owner Spir" (Shows from Brounding). "But there—" (Indesty sozying no nowe about it.)

'Arry and Fred (reading). "Lor', did ver, though!" (Result, Two Half-crowns.)

SPARKLERS.

(Being short dining-out Stories, carefully selected by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.)

The peculiar fancy the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has for turning up unexpectedly in odd places — a fancy which he is never so fond of indulging as during the height of the dull season—led him, the other morning, quite by chance, into a capital bit of repartee. Having determined suddenly to see the sun rise from the top of the Duke of York's Column, he found himself inside the cage that crowns the monument, whiling away the few hours that precede the dawn naturally enough over a little political and social gossip with the custodian on duty. conversation happening to turn on the Prince's recent acceptance of the presidency of the yachting interest, the official, looking hard interest, the official, looking hard at his august visitor, said, respectfully, "Your Royal Highness professes to like a canter in the Row at this time of year. I should have thought you would have found a more agreeable Ryde opposite Spithead." The Duke smiled, looked thoughtfully for a smiled, looked thoughtfully for a few moments, and then pointing to the milk-stall beneath, quietly replied, "You don't understand, my good man. What pleases me best is to lounge here comfortably in sight of Cores." When this mot got down to the Solent, the Commodore, who chanced to be on the spot, and is never slow in recognising a really good thing when nising a really good thing when he hears it, had every flag in the place run up half-mast high for a



THE LAST RESOURCE.

Short-sighted Customer. "Hum!-Then you don't think you've any stronger than

Short-sighted Customer. "Hun!—Then you don't think you ve any strongly there? They be hardly—"
These? They be hardly—"
[Ile had tried every pair in the shop. Look at the pile on the counter,
Short-tempered Optician, "Pon my Word, Sir, then I don't she what there is for
you but a Dogan'string-(emphatically)—Dog and String, Sir!"

MOORE MODERNISED

"THE PLATE THAT ONCE THROUGH FASHION'S HALLS."

(AIR :-" The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.")

Time plate that once through Fashion's halls Æsthetic rapture shed

Now hangs upon the kitchen walls Its ancient glory fled. So pass the fads of former days. So Fashion's whim is o'er.

Old China that was once the craze Now "fetches" fools no more.

No more State-chiefs and ladies hricht

The Crockery-mania takes;
Besty Blue - China breaks, — no fright

The tale of ruin wakes. Thus Fashion plays queer tricks

with taste, Not long Art-hobbies live : For what their thousands Sumphs would waste

Not twopence now they'd give. (N.B.-The poet-teste Carlyleis also seer, and this poem is prophetic.)

THOUGHT FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—The return of the Anniversary of All Fools may serve to awaken the reflection that the worst of all our fellow-creatures' follies are those which put ourselves to inconvenience and expense.

CLASSIC JOTTING FOR JULY .--Dog Days, why so called? Cur,

BO'SEN JAMES AND THE GREAT SEA-SARPINT.

While Dick he rolled forrard into the Cuddy,

Where Bo'sen JAMES happened to be, For JAMES he was what you'd call the ship's Cook, And he was a-makin' the tea.

Which pale as a shrimp was he,

THREE bold Sailormen all went a-sailin' Out into the Northern Sec

couple of days.

And they steered Nor'-West by three-quarters Till they came to

Norwegee. y was three bold men as They cver you'd see, And these was their Christian names : There was long-

legged Billand Curly Dick,
And the third
was Bo'sen JAMES ;nd they went to catch the Great

Sea-Sarpint, Which they wished for to stop his games.

Long - legged BILL was in the main-top a-watchin'

For Sea-Sarpints, starn and grim, When through the lee-scupper bold Curly DICK And he says, says he, "That's him!"

Then says Curly Dick, says he, "Bless my

peepers!"
(Which his words was not quite those,) Here's the Great Sea-Sarpint a-comin' aboard, With a wart upon his nose!

And his mane's as long as the best bower cable, And his eyes like blazin' flames— And he's comin' aboard right through the lecscupper!" "Belay there!" says Bo'sen JAMES.

And his mouth's as wide as the Thames,

Howsever, bold Bo'sen he went down to leeward. While Curly DICK shook with funk;

Then quick down the rattlins the long-legged 'un | Which his head 's as big as the Jolly-boat,

And Long-legged BILL he hid in the Caboose, A-yellin' "We'll all

be sunk!" You might a'most heard a marlin-

spike drop As Bo'sen JAMES he looked out.

Then down through the scupper his head it went, And there came a

tremenjous shout,

"Sea-Sarpint be blowed, ye darned landlubbers! Who's left this here mop hangin' out?"

In fact, he was just going on the stage in a new character, and was "made up." "'Made up!' Like what?" Why—like this

THING NOT GENERALLY IMAGINED. - That Rowland's Macassar Oil is the best dressing for

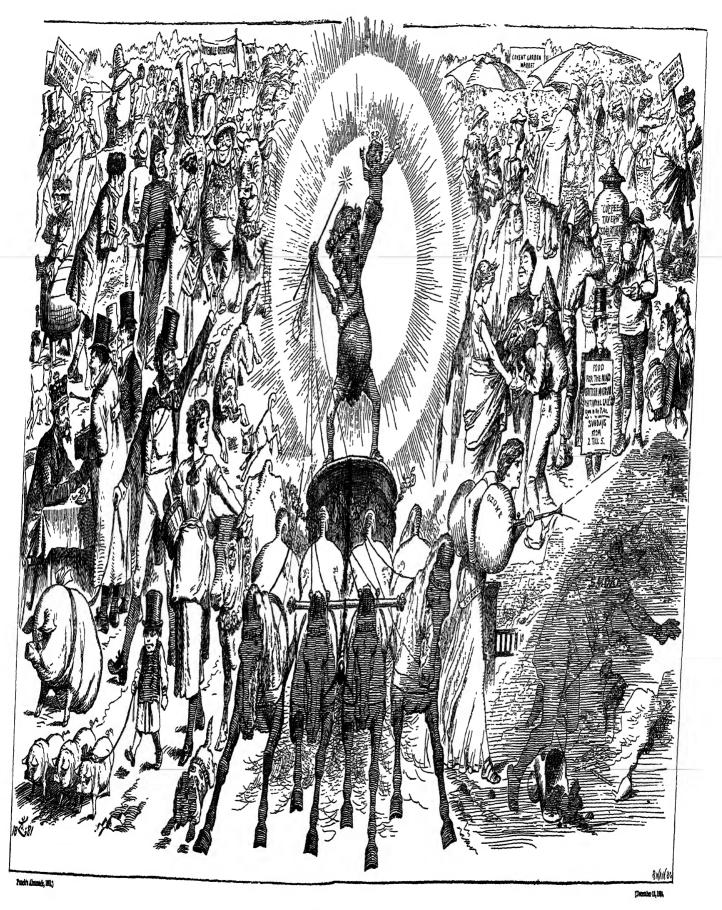
ONE OF BEN TROVATO'S.

EVERYONE who is anyone in the theatrical world knows Mr. DION BOUCICAULT by sight. Raven losks, jet moustache, and a beaming eye like Lesbia, or, to be strictly accurate, he has the advantage of Lesbia in possessing two beaming

Judge, then, the surprise of an acquaintance of his coming across him suddenly, on the stage of the Adelphi, with grey hair and white moustache.

"Heavens! that can't be DION!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes," returned the eminent Dramatist and Actor, "it's a lot of Dye on."



A VISION OF UTOPIA.

CHEERY MEMS.

By a Communist. ROYALTIES.

Monday .- CHARLES THE FIRST of England was executed.

Tuesday. - Louis THE SIXTEENTH of France was executed.

Wednesday. — The Emperor PAUL of Russia was murdered.

Thursday. EDWARD THE SECOND of England was murdered,

Friday. — HENRY THE THIRD of France was murdered.

Saturday. — HENRY THE FOURTH of France was mur--HENRY THE dered.

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE Y'EAR.

WHY do the suppressio veri and the suppressio falsi of a money-lending gentle-man of the Hebrew per-suasion resemble the sussion resemble Seventh Month?

Because they're a Jew lie!

(July!)
Wnydoes the loud breathing of a half-starved cur munching a bare bone re-semble the Eighth Month?

Because it's a gnaw gust (August!)



CHEERY MEMS. By a Wagnostic CLERGYMEN.

Monday .- The Rev. Dr. DODD was hung.

Tuesday .- The Rev. LAU-RENCE STERNE died in a garret

Wednesday. — The Rev. NICHOLAS RIDLEY WAS burnt at Oxford.

Thursday.—Huss burnt but not 'Us, thank Good-

Friday.—The Rev. THOS. CRANMER was burnt at Oxford.

Saturday. — A Meeting was held of the Disestablishment of the Church - A Meeting Society.

ASTRONOMY FOR BEGINNERS.

HIGH-DIDDLE-DIDDLE, the Sun in the middle Of the Planets, the Earth, and the Moon ;

The little Boy laughed to hear such truth, As 'twas told by a great Buffoon.

A TRUTH FOR THINKERS.

Homosopathy won't cure herrings.

A PESSIMIST PROVERB.

—"'Tis a good wind that blows nobody ill."



THE LATEST—THE SIXTEEN (OR FIFTEEN?) STONE PUZZLE. HOW WILL HE MANAGE IT?

Mems, on Mountaineering.—There is no rapid act of climbing to compare with running up a bill. But mind, and beware of a precipice when you get to the top. Climbers, accept this caution from the Land of Ben Lomond.

WINTER LEAVES -" Now the New Year has come," people say, "I shall turn over a new leaf." Not at all a seasonable resolution. There are no leaves whatever at this time of year on any of the trees except evergreens.

AN APPEAL FROM THE POLICE. -A Clown at a refreshment-bar calls for a glass of sherry, and pays for it; drinks the sherry, pockets the glass, and argues that he bought the glass, as well as the sherry. What does the Bench say?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE-BOOKS IN A NUT-SHELL

For the use of those who run too fast to read.)

No. 1 .- EXHAUSTIVE GUIDE-BOOK TO FRANCE.

Asnières.—Resting-place of the Insane on Seine. Boating in all its branches. Correct costume of native "Yott's mans"—hunting-cap, flannel

shirt, jack-boots, spurs, and

a French horn.

Boulogns. — Pronounced
"Bo-long," because the impecunious English residents of the past used to draw the "long bow" here when talking of their lost posses-sions. Motto of the Visitors addressed to the Municipality, and founded on the

well-known characteristic
of the quay—"What's Porte
to you is death to us."

Chartreuse.—A noted
spot for reuses of all sorts. spot for reuses of all sorts. Good place to go to after dining well in Paris, to get a cup of black coffee, a cigar, and a liqueur. Travellers acting upon this advice, should appropriately order the green variety of the pleasant cordial.

Dienne.—On account of

Dieppe.—On account of the excellent bathing, usually called by the English, "Dip." As the natives make a number of articles out of ivory, our countrymen allude to the place as "très bone."

 A town delightfully situated two and a half miles from Treport. Cardinal RICHELIEU is reported once to have observed to his Sovereign a propos of the charming site—"Just the place for Eu and me." Louis THE THIRTEENTH smiled at the wit of his Minister, but

never forgave the sarcasm.

**Fitz.*—When visiting this medieval town (which is 51 miles from Toulouse), the traveller should not forget to take with him his "pink" and "tops." According to the other Guide-Books, it is said that the place can be sand may the piace can be approached by perplexed voyagers by "pedestrian routes through the moun-tains." This is perfectly true. One of the most popular sports in the South of France is "Fo(i)x-Hunt-

ing."
Granville. — Not to be confounded with the harbour of Ramsgate or the Peer of the Cinque Ports. The "Granville Express" associated with this town is a steamboat, and not a despatch-box. Although intimately connected with foreign affairs, it starts from Jersey, and not from Downing Street.

Ham.—Thirty-six miles from Amiens. Savoury pies may occasionally be obtained at the "Hôtel de Ville et Ham." In 1846, NAPOLEON THE THIRD escaped from the walls of Ham, and (not unnaturally) never arrived at Sandwich.

Issoire.—In Auvergne. A very small town, much snubbed by its larger neighbours. Is so(i)re in consequence.

Le Mans .- A city ten miles from Rennes. The environs are much frequented by French old

maids, who admit, in their quaint broken English, "that they like to be near Le Mans."

Macon.—Supposed to be of Scotch extraction.

A very melancholy spot. The people are universally known by their wines.

Nice.—Not to be confounded with the neighbouring Monaco-which is naughty. This is

Orleans.-Excellent place for buying every sort

Rouen.-A city between Havre and the capital. In the neighbourhood the Abbey Church of Canteleu is much out of repair-unquestionably on the road to Rouen.

Sons.—Seventy miles from Paris. It is said THOMAS A BECKET took refuge here. The Archbishop had a great respect for the intelligence of the inhabitants. He is supposed to have considered them the most sonsible people in

France.

Uriage.—A hydropathic establishment 1360 feet above the level of the sea. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, for the thousandth time, the derivation of the name. All the world knows that youth is allowed by the inhabitants ample time for a bath, but that veterans are treated with harsh irritability. Hence the un-enviable title, 'Urry age!

Viely.-The last town on the present list. A rather used-up bathing-place. For this reason it is sometimes called, by disgusted Cock-neys, "Vichy vashy."

SPARKLERS.

(Being short dining-out Stories, carefully selected by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.) THE Duke of RICHMOND

AND GORDON'S weakness for calling public attention to his connection with the Four-in-Hand Club, by sending his own coach every morning round the now deserted Park, crowded with any celebrities he can get together on the roof, is well known. The other day, just as the team were being taken, at a sharp canter, across the ornamental shrubberies that divide Albert Gate from the Row, one of the leaders, who was a little fresh, got his off foreleg over the iron bar reserved for the passage of water-carts, and, by his struggles to extricate it, for a few moments threatened the safety of the vehicle and its occupants. There being among the latter several Colonial Bishops, a distinguished vendor of patent medicines, the Lord Chanmedicines, the Lord Chan-cellor, the two Aquarium Giants, the Turkish Ambas-sador, and Mr. MATHEW ARNOLD, the repartee, when it was suggested that some one "ought to get down," was fast and furious. The merriment somewhat sub-siding, Mr. ARNOLD, who hadhithertokepthis counte-nance, turned to Lord SEL-BORNE, and, in his quietest manner, said, "I think, my Lord, this is your business. You already know what it is to be called to the Bar."
"Yes," was the prompt and

witty reply," but for all that I am not a leader righter." When, by the common consent of the party, they drew up a little later opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks, and repeated this met to the Duke, who, as was his wont, was riding alone inside, with the shutters up, he got out and walked home.

SAYING BY A SPENDTHRIFT .- " Save not, lose



Bealie McScrew (to Smith, who is on a short visit to the North). " AN' WHAT ARE YE DAEN' TO-MORROW NICHT,

of manufactured article. The Maid of Orleans has ever been famous for goodness.

Paris.—Branch establishment (in France) of

Leicester Square. From the earliest days to the present time Venus and her well-dressed sex have bowed to the Judgment of Paris. The Bois de Boulogne is not properly in the city, but is close to the fortifications, as close as the ivy to the oak. And yet, in spite of this assertion, the spot can be scarcely termed a Paris site.

CHEERY MEMS.

By an Ex-M.P.

M.P.'S.

Monday .- Mr. PARNELL was elected.

Tuesday.—The Sandwich Commission was opened.

Wednesday.—Mr. O'Don-NELL was elected.

Thursday.—The Oxford Commission was opened.

Friday. — Mr. BIGGAR
was elected.

as elected. Saturday.—The Maccles-eld Commission was field opened.

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE Y'EAR.

WHY do the words immediately following "nothing left" in a carefully accurate description of the remain-der of a burnt-out wood fire resemble the technical names bestowed upon bar-rels of table ale brewed during the Ninth Month?

Because they are "except

ember" (X September!)
WHY would the conversion of a light Rhine wine into a popular malt beverage containing alcohol resemble an alteration in the title of the Tenth Month?

Because it would be changing "Hock to beer!"
(October!)

"STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."



CHEERY MEMS.

By the Leviathan De Phaulter.

RACING MEN.

Monday.-Capt. WELSH was born.

Tuesday.—The St. Leger Favourite was nobbled.

Wednesday. — Running
Rein won the Derby.
Thursday. — Brown was
warned off Newmarket

Heath.

Friday. — JONES was varned off Newmarket Heath.

Saturday. — Robinson was warned off Newmarket Heath.

WISEACRE'S WEATHER WISDOM.

On Michaelmas Eve if the Goose should crow, In December expect

neither frost nor snow; But at Michaelmas Tide, an the donkey bray,

It may freeze and snow both upon Christmas Day.

MEDIÆVAL MEDIUM.— On sale at all Alchemists— Elixir Vite.

A FINANCIAL GUY FAWKES. — A Man of Straw.



THE PHOTOPHONE.

Monsieur Victor (Villa de la Falaise, Boulogne). "Oh, Charmante Meess! At last I | Miss Angelina (The Lees, Folkestone). "Hush, Monsieur Victor |-not so loud!"

'Ave adjusted 25 Vinder of your Chambare! Oh! Mun Angelina!!"

REMEMBER THAT ANNA MARIA SLEEPS IN THE NEXT ROOM!!"



Enter Jones the Magnificent, with Stranger. "A Little Superise for you, Mrs. J.! Let me introduce Mr. Wiggins, whom I have persuaded to take his chance, and come and try Pot-Luck with Us; and I hope you won't Starve him, hat, and Love?"

Mrs. Jones (entiseving). "There's no fear of thit, Mr. Wiggins." I got my husband's Telegram in time!"

IMPROVED RELATIONS. (Non-Political.)

In Paterfamilias' Opinion.—A. Materfamilias less fond of holidays, parties, and curtain lectures; sons more enamoured of economy, and daughters less devoted to dress.

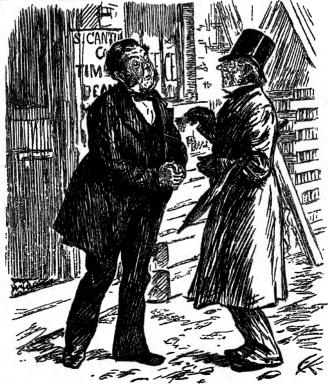
In Materfamilias' View .- A. Paterfamilias less liberal of grumbles, and less conservative of oheques; sons prompter at "get-ting on," and daughters readier at "going off;" rich uncles and opulent aunts who do not "make fools of themselves"—by marrying.

According to "The Boys."—A
"Guy'nor" more squeezable, a
"Mater" less fussy, sisters less
exacting, and (she) cousins more kissable.

According to "The Girls."-A Papa more like Danaë's lover; a Mamma less resembling Argus; brothers less chary of little services and introductions to "eligible" male friends; younger sisters less sharp and sauoy; (he) cousins with nattier moustaches, and greater aptitude for harmless flirtation; uncles less oblivious of birthdays, and maiden-aunts less given to lay-sermons.

In a Bachelor Uncle's Opinion.— Nephews and nieces with "bumps" of reverence much more strongly developed, and "organs" of destructiveness far less so.

In a Spinster Aunt's Opinion .-Married sisters more tolerant of the disinterested advice invidi-ously called "interference;" married brothers less blindly trustful of the domestic economy of



" DE MINIMIS."

Old Centleman (musical). "Have you any Plank-Tree Wood?"

Timber Merchaut (whose hopse are ruled in anticipation of a good order these hard times).
"Yes, Sir-pray walk in, Sir-as fine a Stock as any in Town, Sir. Would you prefer it in the Plank or in the—ar—loo?"
Old Gentleman. "Or, Thanky", I'm not particular. I Want a Bit for a Fiddle-Bridge!!"

their wives; nephews that never play tricks, and nieces never impatient of homilies.

In a Mother-in-law's Idea.-A son-in-law whose roof is always over her head and whose wife is entirely under her thumb.

MOORE MODERNISED.

"When He who now Bores THEE."

(AIR:-" When he who adores thee.")

WHEN he who now bores thee has left but the fame

Of his one little weakness behind,

Oh! say wilt thou smile when they mock at his name,-

Thou, to boredom so sweetly resigned?

Nay, weep, and however my face may condemn

Thy tears shall efface their decree;

For though I have often been shut up by them

I have always found patience in thee.

To buttonhole thee was my constant delight,

Every cock-and-bull story was thine, Each mare's nest I found I exposed

to thy sight,
To my twaddle thine ear
thou'd'st incline.

Oh! blest be thy kindness which hearing would give To my fulsomest fiddlededee.

The great race of Buttonhole-Bores could not live,

Were it not for Pill-Garlics like thee !

CHEERY MEMS.

By one of the Wooden Heads of Old England.

Monday .- H.M.S. Dun-

derhead went aground.

Tuesday.—H.M.S. Stupid
and H.M.S. Nov Then came into collision.

Wednesday.-H.M.S. In-

competent was wrecked.
Thursday.—H.M.S. Blunderer surrendered to the Americans.

Friday.—H.M.S. Daudle taken by VAN TROMP.

Saturday. - H.M.S. Pot Valiant surrendered to DE RIVTER.

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE Y'EAR.

Why might the last Two Months cause perfectly groundless apprehension in the mind of an absurdly superstitious hypochondriac?

Because their initials supply two-thirds of "end," and their finals commence "ber-eavement!" (N-ovember and D-ecember ()

[*** Colwell Hatchney Correspondent having been kicked into the middle of next week, now writes to say, that he is a century in advance of his time, and wishes to remain there. "STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."



November.

December.

CHEERY MEMS. By a Deputy Portsoken. TEETOTALLERS.

Monday .- Hops were in-

troduced into England.

Tuesday. — BASS was elected a Member of Parliament.

Wednesday.—PITT drank

three bottles of port.

Thursday.—ALLSOPP was elected a Member of Parliament.

frieldy.—Foxdrankthree bottles of port.

Saturday.—Guinness was made a Peer.

DARWIN'S LAST.

In his latest production of philosophical research, Mr. DARWIN demonstrates that no hard and fast line can be drawn between plants and animals, and shows them to be shaded by definite gradations into each other. He adduces many remarkable illustrations of the sensibility to light exhibited by some light exhibited by some subjects of the vegetable kingdom; but amongst these instances, he makes no mention whatever of any approach to vision dis-covered in the eyes of potatoes.

HAWKER'S EVENING POTION.—Punch.



New York Millionnairesses about to start for Europe. They are studying—not Murray and Baedel.er—oh, dear, no !—but Burke and Debrett, and taking note of all the unmarried Peers.

Clara van Despendeck. "What a pity they don't fuelue their Photographs as well as their Ages and Titles!"

THE BATTLE OF THE STYLES.

"Dearest, do you know you grieve me More than I can well express, You are lovely, but believe me, Something 's wrong about your dress, It may be the height of fashion, What in fact is always worn, But—don't get into a passion— Change it ere the 'morrow morn."



Then she wore a jersey fitting
Like an eel-skin all complete,
With a skirt so tight that sitting
Was an agonising feat.
Cried she, with supreme conviction
"This, I think, will suit the men:"
It was not a benediction,
That he breathed upon her then!



Like a kind obedient lady,
Straight the good wife went, I ween,
Robed herself in vesture shady,
Faced him in a sad sage green.
Quoth she, bowing to correction,
"Here's the last asthetic 'fad;'" Said he, with wild interjection,
"Bless me, dear, you must be mad."



Still she kept her temper sweetly
And with aggravating smiles,
Dressed herself—and did it neatly
In a mixture of all styles,
Modern, classic, Dolly Varden;
—Then she brought him to his knees!
For he cried, "I beg your pardon,
Dress in future—as you please!"



HER HAT, HIS HEAD! LOST!

SCENE-During a run with the Blankshire Hounds.

Little Flurry handing Gracie Dash her hat, lost at the jump.—She. "Oh, thanks, Mr. Flurry, so much!" He. "Not at all—don't mention it. I'm sure you'd do the same for me!!"



ALL ABOUT IT.

(From Our Irritable Catechist.)

Question. Well,—have you seen the Queen's Speech yet?

Answer. I have. Here you are:—

My Lords and Gentlemen, I have received really handsome Christmas Cards from Mr. Parnell and nearly all the other Great Powers of Europe.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, You will have, whether you like it or not, as usual to pay for everything.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My Government will submit to you a proposal for the more comfortable settlement of Irish landowners in the Cannibal Islands.

They are also preparing a measure which will enable me to cover the whole of this discontented portion of my empire with wood pavement; an arrangement which I confidently trust will, under the superintendence of an experienced Stage Manager, afford to popular agitators ample and agreeable room for their frequent performances.

You will also be called upon to consider the nature of fog.

And that's all

Q. Thanks. And now, who on earth are the Boers?

A. Half Dutch; but in their present attitude just equal to Double Dutch; and evidently on their own Dutch mettle.

Q. What do they want?

A. More Potchefst-room. Anything. Everything. How should I know. Perhaps Barrie Frenc's head?

Q. Dear me, you surprise me. By the way, who is Sir BARTLE FRERE?

A. An escaped South-African Emperor who has written to the Times. In early life he was a Mastodon Minstrel, but now he is to be seen daily, from ten to four, anywhere for nothing. Will that do

for you?

Q. Thank you, capitally. And now can you tell me Mr. Forster's very last joke about the withdrawal of Lord Chief Justice May?

A. Certainly. He said that though justice in Ireland had often Orrow."

been measured out to order, he had no wish himself to see it ready

may'd.

Q. Quite so. And on the point of this being fully explained to the PREMIER at the last Cabinet Council by all the Members in turn, did he see it and laugh?

Interrogator. Thank you. And now I think that that will perhaps be enough for this week!

TEMPERANCE AND TRUTH.

Dr. Editurds in a letter to the Times, has advanced the claims, and notified the merits of the London Temperance Hospital, to which he is Senior Physician. The rule enforced in this institution, although "the medical staff are in no way restrained from the use of alcohol," as an exception, is that of the entire disuse of spirituous and fermented liquors in both food and physic; in fact, the practice of Total Abstinence. Now, "Temperance" is "moderation opposed to gluttony and drunkenness." As synonymous with Total Abstinence, and opposed to Moderation, the word Temperance obviously conveys the insinuation that Moderation is Intemperance. All possible success to the London Temperance Hospital, and to a similar Charity about to be established in the Hampstead Road; but let things be called by their right names, and not anything by a name which implies an illogical fib. Dr. EDMUNDS in a letter to the Times, has advanced the claims,

Unseasonable Announcement.

THE Times' City Article the other day contained the statement

"There has been more business done in Mincing Lane than usual so near Christmas."

Of course, for the mince pies, of which, perhaps, many more than usual were eaten. Good!

BY NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A GENTLEMAN of whom we hear a great deal to-day is "Tom

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

INTRODUCTION OF A FIFTH PARTY.



THERE is one member of this establishment who, with the exception of a little work done in the Christmas week, has passed a long life of idleness. We allude to Toby, and will add, that we no longer intend that he shall bear the reproach of being a lazy dog. Casting about for some means of occupying his time with credit to himself and benefit to mankind, we have determined to make him a Member of Parliament. He will represent us chiefly; but as prejudice must be respected, and it is necessary for Members having seats in the House to derive their title from some recognised constituency, we have determined to return him for Barkshire.

Of course, it would have been equally easy for us to have sent him

have determined to return him for Barkshire.

Of course, it would have been equally easy for us to have sent him to Parliament for Punchestown, the Isle of Skye, or even the Isle of Dogs. But apart from the circumstance that these places are not enfranchised, a county is more respectable. Toby will, therefore, sit for Barks, which we give notice to Parliamentary humbugs of all sorts, will not be worse than his bite. In politics Toby has strict instructions to be a Punchite—that is to say, he will speak what hinks, regardless of Whig or Tory, Radical or Conservative, Home-Ruler or Fourth Party. "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur" will be his motto, to the disappointment of superficial persons who will at once suppose it would be "Cave canem!"

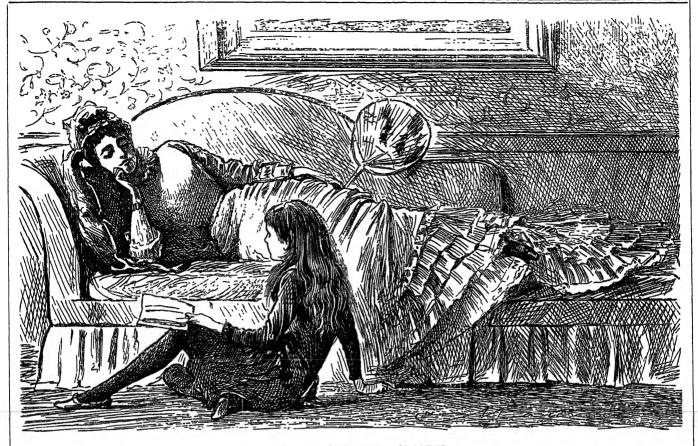
Toby has already been favoured with notes from Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcorts, informing him that Her Majesty has been pleased to fix the Sixth of January for the assembling of Parlia—

week to week throughout the Session, and will probably throw a fresh and cheerful light on Parliamentary Proceedings.

ment. It is added that "business of the first importance will at once be proceeded with," and it is hoped it may suit *Toby's* convenience to be in his place on the day named. *Toby* begs to inform his distinguished correspondents that it certainly will. But it may save trouble and postage-stamps if, on the eve of taking his seat, the Whips on either side are once for all advised that they need not send to the Fifth Party regulators has present and vete accession. to the Fifth Party reminders to be present and vote on occasions, great or small. He will always be in his place, and will vote as he

pleases, being animated solely by a sense of his duty to his world-wide constituency and his life-long master.

It is a general practice for the Whips on either side to assist in the ceremonial of introducing new Members. In the case of the Member



A CRY FROM THE HEART.

Little Dunce (looking up suddenly from her History book). "OH, MUMMY DARLING, I DO SO WISH I'D LIVED UNDER JAMES THE SECOND!" Mamma. "WHY?" Little Dunce. "BECAUSE I SEE HERE THAT EDUCATION WAS VERY MUCH NEGLECTED IN HIS REIGN!"

MORE FROM MADEIRA.

SIR,—I am making a tour of the world, which I dare say you mayn't know is round, and have only just got the papers of a year and a half ago. In one of them I find that you have informed a Correspondent, by means of a post-card, that in your opinion "the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod might conceivably be discovered with without enterline the destruction of the Empire." dispensed with without entailing the destruction of the Empire.

Now, Sir, as I am not in my place in the House of Lords to impeach you for this atrocious language, and as I don't think that Lord Salisbury would undertake the job if I were to write and ask him, I am forced to tell you that a Minister of your high gifts of eloquence cannot be supposed to be indulging in idle platitudes. You were not on your first hustings, nor indeed on any hustings at all, when you made this ominous remark. You were then, little though you might think it inapprenting a levelling and destructive though you might think it, inaugurating a levelling and destructive policy, incompatible alike with your duty to the Crown and your fame as a politician.

I will not go into history, as doubtless you would be unable to follow me there; and as I only happen to have with me a sixpenny abridgment of *Mrs. Markham*, but I could show you that the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod is indissolubly bound up with all that is high and holy in our Constitution.

I will only add that I conceive in all humility—a quality which is, hope, conspicuous throughout this letter—that a Minister of the Crown is bound to show respect to any and every office and institution in the land,—the bad as much as the good, if not more. You may perhaps urge that this would render all reform impossible, and all proposals of reform treasonable, and so it would. Why should all proposals of reform treasonable, and so it would. Why should you reform anything? I've written to J. B. of Rochdale. Haven't seen the papers, so don't know if he has replied. I am quite happy here, and will only indignantly subscribe myself

Your obedient Servant,

C-RN-RVON.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1881.

(Proposed and Carried Unanimously.)

To pay cash.

2. Not to stay so long at the Club.
3. To give up everything that disagrees with me. (Mem. First find out exactly what does disagree with me.)

4. To cut down my consumption of cigars.
5. To take the girls and mamma abroad, instead of sending them to Ramsgate, and going to Homburg by myself.

6. To have no opinions as to the favourite for any race.7. To wear out my old clothes.

8. To cultivate a modest opinion of my ability as a whist-player.
9. To eschew suppers.

To eschew suppers.
 To ignore hansoms, and patronise the Underground Railway.
 To hear old stories with a smile.
 To know the aristocracy without mentioning the fact.
 To let the girls stay for the last dance at a ball.
 To believe that I am sometimes wrong.
 To improve what mind I have left.
 To agree with my wife on all subjects.

Impossible Inconsistency.

SIE WILFEID LAWSON has, of course, not thought it necessary for him to repudiate the declaration ascribed to him in divers reports of a recent speech of his:

"Rather than see my fellow-subjects in Ireland drenched in blood and crushed down by the military, I, for one, will heartily go in for a separation from England."

It must appear to anybody far too absurd to be credible, that the idea of a possible Repeal of the Union could ever have been contemplated in any circumstances by the President of the United Kingdom Alliance.

FROM THE RANKS.

"Badged and Badgered."



SIR,—You'll excuse me intrudin', but as I'm a bit of a scholard for my rank in life (which mustn't be confounded with the "Load of Hay" at Paddington, where I'm usually to be found), I've bin asked by my pals to put it to you straight that there are other noosances about town to tidy up besides cabbage-stalks. We London Cabbies are a useful body of men who ought to be considered, and maybe, just to begin the New Year with, if you'd take our part, we should be more respected

and less nagged at.
There's no end, Sir, to
the aggravations we're expected to accept smiling. And we do smile a won-derful deal considering— but let's just shovel our coals on, and think out our

subject proper.
We 've bin told the com-We 've bin told the company of horses was demoralising, therefore we're all a bad lot together perhaps; but I never heard that engines were depraving, dyou? But, bless your heart, what's the use of argifying? I never argue when an old lady waves her umbrella at me. I only admire the prospect on the other side of the road. I'd just like to have a bit of chinwag with you on the quiet about the true and real troubles of a Cabby, and if you'll promise to help to put'em right, I'll be glad to drink to luck at your expense. Grievances! There are heaps of 'em, surelie; some false, some a deal too real. Think o' the long winter nights, with no one to talk to and nothing to drink, and nobody to carry, and nothin' to think of but the last little row with the Missus; and then there's the police, who are our natural and notody to carry, and notine to think or but the last little row with the Missus; and then there's the police, who are our natural enemies, and stalk us as they do the stags up north, and enjoy the stirring of us up when we're doing, no harm whatever; and the fares who have no consciences and no milk of human natur, and are

enemies, and stalk us as they do the stags up north, and enjoy the stirring of us up when we're doing, no harm whatever; and the fares who have no consciences and no milk of human natur, and are disgracefully ignorant of distances but pretend they 're not; and the old girls who want to be called "milady," and would like a footstool and a glass of water and an inspection of all the sights between St. Paul's and the South Kensington for a tanner; and the ramshakle cabs and broken-down horses we're given by our masters to earn an honest living with. Now I'm out of breath, bein' wheezy.

There now—that's grievance No. I., tho' you won't think much of it, I daresay. People talk of masters and servants, and how they ought to work together like doves in a cage. With us it ain't possible, I say; for tho' we're servants we ain't paid wages as your footman is in that swell house of yourn. I know it, for many a set down have I had at that there door. We pay the guy'nor so much a day for the loan of a clarence or a shoful and a pair of horses, and whatever we make over and above that we keep. And oh the dreadful tumble-down things that some of us get from these cruel heartless men! Slave-drivers I calls 'em. My master's name is "Old Skinnum," which is short for Skin-em-alive-oh!—(his yard is out Kennington way)—and he do skin us, that's a fact—the Vampire. It's like being sent to dig in a field with a broken spade. "I must 'ave my money," he says, "whether you've any to take'ome or not. You're a lazy sooundrel, for the Inspector's passed the trap, and he ought to know." What does he care so long as he can get the Inspectors to pass the shandrydans and hoodwink the Cruelty to Animals Society? And then besides him there's the horsekeepers—a set of harpies—who won't clean up the rotten harness unless they veyard-money, or take the mud off the crazy carriage without being paid for it. And the public, when they git in a fourwheeler as smells like a family vault as hasn't been opened for a century, and reeks with disease in its

fawning fellow-creature I despise. If I'm set to drive a slap-up lot I'm as pleased as the gen'leman on the outside of your paper, Sir, and can give and take and keep the ball a-rolling when I rattle like greased lightning by a pal in the street; but when Old SKINNOM owes me one (when I've made a joke for instance about his red nose and cheeks full of holes like crumpets, and he 's overheard me), why then I hang my head—I do, honour, Sir—and choose all the meanest and most roundabout streets while the fare's a cussing inside, lest a real should be ungenerous and chaff. Just at this present time I'm pal should be ungenerous, and chaff. Just at this present time I'm in bad luck, Sir, for (and it breaks my heart to think of it) I'm driving as second horse a beast that makes me blush and look t other way, which leads to awkward collisions sometimes, and accidents, and then people say I'm drunk, while, may be I've not earned so much as would permit me to stand at a public bar with honour. If t'other chaps are standing drinks, of course I'll do the same, or else I shouldn't have no business to be there. For if poor I has manners. No, Sir—it isn't drink as does it. It is that the sight of that bony back and them drooping ears give me the horrors like—a kind of trimmins—and so I don't always see what's coming when my eyes are shut. The father of that horse was a mat, and his mother was a nosebag, I know; and I get insulted by the gentlefolk when I stop where two streets cross, and put up a finger with an appealing grin, as a man must condescend to do in the dead season or starve—howas a man must condescend to do in the dead season or starve—however haughty he may choose to be, with a flower in his buttonhole and a straw in his mouth, and his nose in the air, and a nobby white hat with a narrow black band in June and July—and the people toss their heads and giggle, while the Bobby roars, "Move on!" with a snigger of contempt as if to say that me and my shabby lot ought to be swep' from the face of the earth. And I'm not prepared to say he's wrong; but is it my fault, I'd like to know, if my master's spite turns me out a laughing stock; and if after grinning and holding up a finger all day, till the water gathers in my eyes to think there's another brat a coming. I get home wearied out by nightfall. with up a finger all day, till the water gathers in my eyes to think there's another brat a coming, I get home wearied out by nightfall, with a sad heart and nothing in my pocket to buy bread with for the precious kids, and my wife down with her seventh, and my figure-head as long as a shoful-whip? Oh! The way I've bin treated by some of my fares, who I looked on as honest,—but that's another grievance, and I'm trespassing on your valuable space, and so will tell you all about them blackguards another time.

Your respectfully,

Thomas Hogram

(Better known in the trade as Tommy the Toff).

"THE (UN)-FORTUNATE ISLE."

A Masque (after the fashion of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones), arranged by Will Gladstone and Ben D'ymion for perform-ance at St. Stephen's on Twelfth Night, 1881.

-Without the portals of St. Stephen's the Masquers, mustered, are being marshalled by Punchius, Master of the Revels.

Punchius. Ho! gentles all and gallants, welcome!

Sir Will (fetching a deep sigh). Thanks
Yet could we spare some players from our ranks,
Whose motley wild would mar the gayest masque.

Ben D'ymion. Aha! my Frankenstein, your Imp may task
Its ill-advised Creator's utmost skill.

Panaking (neminib) Gentles it is the general of good will

Punchius (genially). Gentles, it is the season of good-will.

Sir Cecil (grimly). Marred by a WILL that's bad, beshrew him!

Squire Randolph (eagerly).

Yes!

BEN D'YMION sole ne'er made so crass a mess

Of Masquing.

The Macallum More (acidly). C'est son métier! He's a mummer
Born to the motley. Would the moon of Summer
On Latmos kissed him to as lasting sleep

As bound the spooney shepherd! Squire Randolph. Well, BEN's sheep

Follow his crook, at least, but t'other flock—
Punchius. Gentles, we're here to masque, and not to mock.
Lord of Misrule (gesticulating wildly). Whirroo! Who prates of the Unfortunate Isle?
Behold its Lord!
The Welsh Knight (mournfully). Too true!

[Gazes reproachfully at Sir Broadbrim.
of it).
But for awhile, Sir Will (making the best of it). But for aw Ere the Masque ends there's one I need not name Shall play the new St. Patrick, and your game, O motley Anarch! stopped, the Isle shall be At once from you and from misfortune free, At once from you and from missortune free,
And need new naming.

Ben D'ymion (sardonically). Ah! may I suggest
New Anticyra!

Mother Shipton. Faith, a subtle jest! Well hit, BEN D'YMION!

Sir Cecil. Hellebore at least
Is wanted in the West as in the East
To purge such policy.



TWELFTH-NIGHT AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

Squire Randolph. And collyrium too.

Sir Broadbrim. Young springald, herb o' grace might better you.

Welsh Knight (offering a stoup). Try some Madeira. You look

something hot.

Sir Broadbrin (icily). Nay, good my Lord, the liquor likes me not.

Lord of Misrule (advancing with fantastic flourishes and loud
yells). Hurroo! Make way there! Mine this Masque, and mine

The honours of this Twelfth Night muster! Sir Will (haughtily). Thin Lord of Misrule (swaggering). Let the Isle's voices say!

[Pushes towards portal. Back, braggart, back! Sir Will (repulsing him). Till (repulsing him).
Too long, perchance, a tether something slack
Hath let your noises lord that Isle, which yet
Hath other voices than Misrule's. You fret,

But shall not foil. Your shindy wearies; list another lay! Punchius.

Wake, Albion, Ruler of the Seas, Holding of many ports the keys, And to your Neptune tell That Erin, greenest of the Isles, Shall greet us yet with loyal smiles, Content with us to dwell.

Сиовия.

Then think it not a common cause That to such early muster draws
The Swells of Parliament. Together let them tune their notes, Or answer to the Public Votes That Members hither sent Blend all the wisdom of the Whigs, And all the Tories' nous; Rads' rare restraint from o'er rash rigs, The patience of the House; Add all the favour of the Court, The Public's interest, and, in short, Mingle all wits 'gainst Anarchy's assaults That none may say Justice's Triumph halts, Swear Law goes lame, or pitifully smile On hapless Erin as the Unfortunate Isle! The Masquers dance their Entry. The Revels follow.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



WE had rather grand Night on Toosday at Mer-chant Tailers All, wen we made Sir Fre-DERICK ROBERTS a Freeman and a Tailer, and proud he must ha' felt at the honor. We are jolly per-tickler we Mer-chant Taylerses is who we makes free of our Kraft, and no wunder, considerin as we has no less than 4 Monnerks amung 'em. We hadareglar swell

had a reglar swell Cumpenny includin the Lord Mare, Lord Lyrron from Ingy, (whe Brown wanted to pursawade me was only a Poet, but I warn't quite so green as to believe that rubbish,) 3 or 4 Judges lots of M.P.s 5 Masters of Cumpennys and no less than 6 Aldermen! That was sumthink like a Compennys and no less than 6 Aldermen! That was sumthink like a Compenny that was. The Song Book told 'em the old story about "God save the Queen," how it was composed by Dr. John Bull and written by Ben Jonson for the Merchant Taylers' Cumpenny, just after Guy Fox's little job was found out. I wunder how many on 'em beleved it! As if ev'ry, fool didn't know as we hadn't got no Queen indignation.



CHERRY (UN)-RIPE.

SUGGESTION BY A YOUNG ARTIST (AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS) FOR A GRAPHIC COMPANION PICTURE TO MR. MILLAIS' CHARMING "CHERRY RIPE."

when GUY Fox was blowed up. The Master when he proposed Genral ROBERTS's health, told him that not only was he now a Free Tayler, but that we meant to stick his Arms in one of the Winders, which I shood think must rayther have estonished him. However he didn't seem quite so overcome with the ideer as I should ha' thought he wood, and returned thanks as carmly and as coollie as if thought he wood, and returned thanks as carmly and as coollie as if he'd been a Lord Mare, instead of a mere General. I never heerd a man talk so little about hisself. It was all about his Soljers, what brave nobel fellers they was, what short commons they enjured without no complaints, and what temtashuns they withstood without a murmer. Why I've heerd Majors and Captings talk away all about theirselves, and what they did, and what they meant to do nex time, that beat Sir Frederick holler, and even Captings of Wollenteers goes on sometimes in a way that estonishes even us Waiters, about what they means to do when the Ennemy lands, and offen talks louder and longer than he did.

Lord Lytton spoke out like a reel Lord, and called us a Wenerubel Cumpenny, which it's quite a new name to me. I hope as nobody ain't goin to worry us. "And so say all of us."

We then went thro' the usual Rooteen of buttered Toasts, and then they all got up and went away, Sir Frederick leavin on his plate

they all got up and went away, Sir Frederick leavin on his plate some of the finest grapes as I ever tasted.

Ah, what a different world it would be, and what different people lots of people would be, if all that's said in after-dinner speeches was

Real Ass-ass-ins.

In the Times, Friday, Dec. 31, 1880, we read:

"A Correspondent states that the donkey on which Lord and Lady Lans-nown's little children were in the habit of riding when they were at Dereen Home, Kenmare, has been mutilated, and its ears cut off."

Perhaps before our comment appears Lord SHAFTESBURY will have retracted his latest opinions on the Irish question. If not, this wanton outrage on one of his protégés should rouse his righteous

OUR MERRY-GO-ROUNDER AT THE CHRISTMAS SHOWS.

"THE children are at home for the holidays," says jolly old Paterfamilias Punch, "let's give 'em a round of amusements and the pick of the Pantomimes." So here goes for all the fun of the Fair,

or as much of it as we can compress into a limited space. First, of course,

comes Old Drury.

Here the children's old friend, Mr.
E. L. Blanchard has illustrated the E. L. BIANCHARD has illustrated the story of La Belle au Bois Dormant (as the playbills have it) in a grand Christmas Annual. With such a present, "The Lane" should be a long one "without a turning" from success. A young lady called Little Addie is Mother Goose, and is more than an Addie-quate representative of that frisky matron. Mr. RIDLEY is "the Goose "The and of a Goose than an Addie-quate representative of that frisky matron. Mr. RIDLEY is "the Goose"—no end of a Goose in fact—and that there is not a Greater Goose in all Pantomime Land, we can Ridley believe. As to scenery, the audience has full change for its money. Nothing could be better than "Mother Goose's Farm in Lowther Arcadia," with its Dance of Dolls by the "Children of the National Training School." Good again is the Royal Nursery with "working pictures." Miss KATE SANTLEY discourses most excellent music, and dances with the grace of a fairy and the

most excellent music, and dances with the grace of a fairy and the assistance of a Roberts and a Julier Girard. Splendid scenery, good acting, and a capital "book." Mr. Alfred Thompson is to be congratulated on the costumes, bright, fanciful, and novel.

Covent Garden—Valentine and Orson.—Magnificent! The Lane has The Goose, but the Garden has The Taylor, that is, Mr. James Taylor, who is invaluable as King Pippin. And then there is



THE COVENT "GARDEN PARTY."

Master Lauri, who represents a Young Bear, and is the very cleverest of Cubs. When *Orson* is "endowed with reason," he insists on this Cub being shaved like a poodle, and then dressed as a gay young dog about town. "Cupid's Home in Watteau Land" is amphysically the most recombination of the property insists on this Cub being shaved like a poodle, and then dressed as a gay young dog about town. "Cupid's Home in Watteau Land" is emphatically the most magnificent picture ever presented on a stage. If Mr. Beverley had not been covered for nearly half a century with a perfect forest of triumphant evergreens, this scene would give him enough laurels to serve him for a couple of hundred bowers. The Hall of Chivalry, with its hundreds of brilliantly attired Knights and Ladies, can scarcely be surpassed; and the glade in "the New Forest," where Covent Garden is turned into a perfect Bear-Garden, is the very aomé of scenic deception. Bravo Hicks! Here the Vokes family appear to the greatest advantage. Victorial is a gallant Valentine, singing, dancing, and playing as well as ever. Mr. Fawdon is eccentric as usual, and as for Mr. Fred, there is no necessity to say that he has fallen upon his legs, and is, therefore, excellently "supported." To finish with, Mr. Fred Payne is a really humorous Clown.

The Surrey.—Hop o' my Thumb, or, Harlequin Nobody, Somebody, Busybody, and the Wicked Ogre with the Seven League Boots, a title, which in its crispness, reminds one of the old days of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. (By the bye, the Wicked Ogre with the Land League Boots wouldn't be a bad name for an Irish Pantomine.) The juveniles of the audience will be enchanted with the

chorusses of infantile harvesters, jolly waggoners, blithe and gay chorusses of infantile harvesters, jolly waggoners, blithe and gay milkmaids, huntsmen, brewers, and poachers. In the same scene is given a very pretty and novel ballet of gleaners, clothed in straw, and poppies, and cornflowers. Good fun is contributed by Mr. Frank Wood, and the Brothers Wems. Miss Maud Beverley wins several encores for her songs, and "Miss Queen Mab," works the house into an ecstasy of delight by her hornpipes.

The leading idea of the piece is the conflict 'twixt Ogre-at-Arms and Hop o' My Thumb. To say the former is played by George Conquest Jun., and that the Pantomime has been looked after by the Gronger Conquest is sufficient.



by the George Conquest, is sufficient to indicate the excellence of Ogre. He is eleven feet high, with a mouth as large as Regent's Park, and such a wicked, winking eye! Hop o' My Thumb is played by Master CHARLIE ADESON, who while fighting the Ogre, finds time to woo and win Daisy, played by Miss EDITH ADESON. The two combined might be six feet high, and these little ones are the stars

Hollanders. and these little ones are the stars of the piece. Bright, pretty children, deserving every round of appliause that greets them, and the only answer to the vociferous encores of "Lah di Dah," is their being carried off the stage by Mr. Holland, for young voices are not strong, and encores are simply cruelty.

And the scenes run on merrily until we are in a glade of trees. The time is winter. The band plays that melody the authorship of which is vexing dramatic critics. The Ogre enters. He is attired in evening dress; the only Ogre on record who has worn such a costume, and the effect is ludicrous in the extreme. But see, here comes Mr. Irving-I mean Master CHARLIE ADESON—likewise in evening dress. Coats and waistcoats are taken off. Handkerchiefsevening dress. Coats and waistcoats are taken off. Handkerchiers—the Ogre's is large enough to serve for a table-cloth to a family of thirteen—are arranged, and the fight with penny swords commences. The Ogre breaks his, but no matter, *Hop o' My Thumb* cracks his across his knee, and with daggers bound up in the aforesaid handkerchiefs, does the duel go on. The Ogre is slain, and away we go to the Abode of *Chloris* and *Vacuna*, and then the tremendous cheering and clapping of hands prove that Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND has scored another success at the Surrey.

The Alhambra.—A ballet d'action called Hawaia, a capital dish, with dressing by Mr. Alfred Thompson. Spirited music by the experienced M. Jacobi. Scene—somewhere in Spain, exterior of a church. Ballet-dancers

at play. Enter a sort of Archbishop with banners —one blesser and two banners—who gives the ballet his benediction in pantomime, and so illustrates the genuine good feeling existing at this particular period of Spanish history between the Church and the Stage. Enter suddenly Mile. TH. DE GILLERT as Somebody -a young gentleman, name unknown. She plays a game of 'dumb crambo' before the Archbishop, who cleverly guesses the word, and then retires from the world. Then a flirtation dance between Miles. Perfolds and Gil-Lert. They go away and are wrecked. The Queen of Hawaia falls in love with the charming youth, but as his heart is true to POLL—we mean Mile. PERTOLDI—the Queen orders him to be tied up to a tree. He is liberated

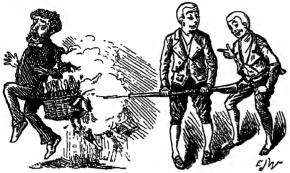


SHOWING A-GILLERT-Y.

by a noble savage, and to rescue Mlle. Perform, he, by the aid of a rope, leaps across a cloud of vapour, which is apparently ascending from a steam-laundry somewhere below. Decidedly a success.

inch? What, too, does it matter that, within sound of a railway whistle, the male part of the population of this favoured locality are habited with a scrupulous attention to minor detail in the costume of the latter half of the reign of JAMES THE SECOND?

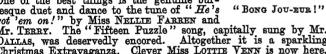
The Hanlon Brothers and their capital coadjutor, Mons. Agoust, are marvellously artistic pantomimists. Every movement intelligent, every gesture expressive, and the whole so perfectly rehearsed, that



THE HANLON-LEES MAKING A HIT.

the most outrageous situations, succeeding each other with an incredible rapidity, appear as mere ordinary incidents of daily life, the only peculiarity of which is that they are not met with even more frequently.

The Forty Thieves at the Gaiety in three Acts is full of good things. Place aux dames! Miss Nellie Farren is all "go" as Ganem, Ali Baba's son, who is "getting a big boy now," and dancing Morgiana is, of course, Miss Kate Vaughan, whose singing of "You are such a wicked young man, you are!" addressed to Hassarac (Mr. Royce) when his attentions are too demonstrative, is the most spirited bit of vocalisation Miss Kate has given us since, as Beauty at the Princess's, she sang "Oh my, he for shame!" to a somewhat similar melody. Miss Connie Gilcherist is Abdallah, the fascinating Lieutenant of the what similar melody. Miss Connie Gilchrist is Abdallah, the fascinating Lieutenant of the Thieves, who represent the three F's as "Fair, Fine, and Forty." Mr. Terry is very funny as Ali Baba, who, under the most trying circumstances, is always making execrable puns, and exclaiming: "We're a merry family!" His Turkish trousers are literally "immense," and his imitation of Chaumony's singing of La première feuille is a real hit. One of the best things is the genuine burlesque duet and dance to the tune of "He's got'em on!" by Miss Nellie Farren and Mr. Terry. The "Fifteen Puzzle" song, capitally sung by Mr. Dallas, was deservedly encored. Altogether it is a sparkling Christmas Extravaganza. Clever Miss Lottie Venn is now here,





"WE ARE A MERRY FAMILY!"

and will, no doubt, soon assist in keeping alight "the sacred lamp of burlesque" at Mr. John Hollingshead's Theatre.

The only addition to the Lyceum Entertainment is written by Alfred Tennyson, and entitled The Cup. It sounds sporting. According to the latest betting, Miss Ellen Tenry is decidedly First Favourite for The Cup. More anon-when we've seen it.

SUGGESTION FOR LE FOLLET. - January-" Pretty things in Pockets,"-Hands.

MONTGELAS AND MYSTERY.

THE following "fly-leaf from a diary" has been forwarded to us, not necessarily for publication, but, in confidence, on the guarantee of our good faith. We subjoin it, therefore, with pleasure.

Constantinople, April 1.—Received letters in cipher from Lord Ge-nv-lle, Mr. Gl-Dst-ne, Sir C. D-lke, several other Members of the Br-t-sh C-b-n-t, and a Distinguished Personage, requesting ample information as to probable policy of Embassy. Cheques on account. Payment of balance to be by results. To bed thinking it out.

April 2.—Let my Chief down a well in a bucket, with Sandwiches to last him six months; carefully placing a dummy at his window, with no hat on, leaning over a hand at cribbage to hide his face and disarm suspicion. Then off to London by night Mail, with all the furniture of the Embassy in waggons, disguised as an independent

London, May 15.—Attended meeting of Cabinet. Insist that I ought to have more than fourpence a pound for Archives. Much unpleasantness over this. Went to Madame Tussaud's. Kicked out

of six Clubs. To bed, thinking it over.

Constantinople, Nov. 5.—Back in Constantinople. Furniture replaced. Inquiry for Archives. Know nothing about it. Invitation to Vienna. Kicked out of Embassy. Kicked out of Constantinople. To bed, thinking it over.

Vienna, Dec. 30.—Kicked into Vienna. Can't make it out. Determine to tell whole story, with names, in next number of Police News. Some talk of kicking me into a fortress! Mem. Tell all this to D. T. Correspondent. To bed, thinking it over-and kicking.

SQUIB MOTTOES FOR TWELFTH-NIGHT CRACKERS.

For Greece.

THE violet waits the sunshine. Hint emphatic, An Attic emblem that is emblematic.

For Mr. Tennyson.

Laureate, thy lyrics seldom sweetness lack, And thy discreetest worshippers will say
The schoolboy motto, that is bad for JACK,
Is good for ALFRED—"All work and no play!"

For Thomas Carlyle.

Long, long, true THOMAS, you your peace have holden, Yet can we scarce esteem your silence golden. Your silver words midst brazen babble cease. Heaven bless your silvery age with golden peace!

COUNSEL FROM CONGRESS.

A WELL-MEANT Resolution is about to be proposed in Congress by Mr. King, Member for Louisiana, that the American Secretary of State "be instructed to inform her Britannic Majesty's Government State "be instructed to inform her Britannic Majesty's Government that it is highly expedient reforms should be introduced immediately tending to the permanent pacification of Ireland, and be prosecuted in a kindly, considerate, and pacificatory spirit." It is earnestly to be hoped that an amendment, obviously requisite, on this resolution, will be moved by some competent American Statesman. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues do not want to be informed how expedient it is for them to introduce in as kindly, considerate, and still rather in as pacificatory spirit as they can, reforms immediately and effectually tending to the pacification of Ireland; what they do want to know is, what reforms are likely ever to succeed in effecting that end. Perhaps some Member of Congress, with a wiser head on his shoulders, than even Mr. King's, will, in a well-worded improvement upon that gentleman's motion, let them know.

From the Greek.

IMAGINE the delight of Lord Mayor MAC ARTHUR at receiving the telegram from Greece, informing him that a "Victorious Pallas" had just been unearthed, and was considered a genuine work of PHIDIAS. His Lordship, who would have insisted on paying for the PHIDIAS. His Lordship, who would have insisted on paying for the telegram, had not the expense of the message been already defrayed, observed that he should have liked to decorate somebody for the discovery of this work of Art, had it not occurred to him that to show any preference would be an in-Phidias task. (Oh, your Lordship! Oh!)

FRESH FROM THE CASK.

When a very thirsty man requires some Beer, what musical instrument will he call for P—The Bass soon!



SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION.

Ethel (to Jack, who has been put into the Corner by the new Governess). "I'm so sorry for you, Jack!"

Jack. "Bose! WHO CARES! THIS AIN'T A REAL CORNER, YOU KNOW!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS .- No. 1.

Good behaviour is the art of behaving good. It comprises deportment, dress, language, and other important details.

Deportment may be natural or acquired. If natural, as in the

case of the late lamented Beau Brummel, and his sacred Majesty George the Fourth, there is nothing to do but to look on, admire, and copy. If acquired, it must be according to the canons laid down by Beau Nash of Bath, and religiously preserved by several genera-

tions of teachers.

ions of teachers.

In entering a room you must turn out your toes, and must not put your hands in your pockets. If nature has turned your toes in, you must correct nature, even at the cost of physical suffering. Nature is a thing to write poetry about, but not to drag into the drawing-rooms of polite society. As an employment for the hands, which are difficult to deal with, art has provided snuff-boxes, canes, and eye-glasses for men, and fans, smelling-bottles, and eye-glasses for ladies. In your salutations you must never forget that it is unpardonable to shake hands with the two extremes of society. You kiss the hands of Princes, Dukès, and Prime Ministers, and you present your hand to be kissed by footmen, crossing-sweepers, and poor relations. You must never sneeze in polite circles, even at the expense of bursting a blood-vessel; and if you find a hot potato in your mouth in the same society, you must swallow it at the risk of your life, rather than break the rules of good behaviour.

In the matter of dress you are spared the trouble of thinking.

In the matter of dress you are spared the trouble of thinking. In the matter of dress you are spared the trouble of thinking. Society appoints one or two tailors, and one or two dress-makers, from time to time, and you must go to these people for your outward clothing. Whatever they make you, you must wear—whatever they charge you, you must pay. If you feel uncomfortable, or look ugly, or have reason to be dissatisfied with their prices, you have the satisfaction of knowing that nearly all the people you meet are in the same condition.

In the matter of language, we enter a much wider field. There

"George Eliot."

(HIGHGATE CEMETERY, DECEMBER 29, 1880.)

Large woman soul, sure of unfading bays,
It little boots o'er thy too early tomb
To puff our little breaths of passing praise—
Dead in the deepest of Midwinter's gloom,
Ere thine own Autumn's mellow fruitage failed! Ere thine own Autumn's mellow fruitage failed!

We mourn a Larger Light, eclipsed too soon
By the all-darkening Shadow; we who hailed
Its rise, its rounding to the plenilune
Of finished force and chastened grace, lament
The passing of a Power. Thou perchance
Bearest it all unstained, as still unspent,
To spheres unclogged by earthy circumstance.
So be it! Not among the tricksy mimes
Who glitter out a glowworm's hour and fade,
Fame sets this large-orbed glory of our times,
Who, whilst good store of lesser lights are laid
In our King's Sepulchre, makes royal ground
Of that green Northern Graveyard's simplest mound.

MISREPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

In these stormy days it is as well to dip into statistics, and see how we are represented. The House of Commons numbers 652 Members: 489 of these belong to England and Wales, 60 to Scotland, and 103 to Ireland. We are not inclined to advocate an increase of Members, because we consider the present jawbone power of Parliament to be more than sufficient for a thousand Samsons to slay a million Philistines. We are inclined, however, to alter the distribution of these Members. The whole electors of the United Kingdom are somewhat over three millions. Scotland possesses less than 306,000 electors for its 60 representatives, and Ireland and Wales together less than 368,000 electors for their 135 representatives. In this unequal distribution London is very badly treated. With more than 370,000 electors, it is only allowed 25 Members. Of course, London electors and Metropolitan Members are far inferior in sense, patriotism, and brilliancy to Irish and provincial electors and Members, but some little respect ought to be paid to quantity in the distribution of voting. We want more jawbone power for London. because we consider the present jawbone power of Parliafor London.

are Grammars and Pronouncing Dictionaries, but Society sometimes creates rules of its own, which are not strictly in accordance with the received authorities. To side with the authorities is to be a fogey and

creates rules of its own, which are not strictly in accordance with the received authorities. To side with the authorities is to be a fogey and a pedant; to side with Society is to be a model of good behaviour. It would be extremely vulgar to say "sassenger" for sausage, but such a pronunciation might become fashionable from a variety of causes, and then it would be your duty to follow the fashion. When you are introduced to a Duchess, and she asks after your health, it is hardly polite to say you are "right as a trivet," or "A 1;" but it is quite possible for a popular member of the aristocracy to bring such expressions into use, in which case you would probably be right in using these peculiar idioms. A great deal will depend upon the time and nature of the introduction, the surrounding circumstances, &c. It is almost impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule which will be applicable at all seasons.

In the pronunciation of words, some allowance is always made

In the pronunciation of words, some allowance is always made for provincial accents. In England, the north-country dialects are much favoured, but the Scotch dialect is the most favoured of all. It is fortunate for ROBERT BURNS that he was born a Scotch poet, as It is fortunate for ROBERT BURNS that he was born a Scotch poet, as it more than doubled his chance of rhyming. When he could not make a melodious couplet with away, he wrote awa', and when the word penny would not lend itself easily to his song, he wrote baubee, and skipped gaily over the difficulty. Scotch, however, should be used as sparingly as possible in the drawing-room—as sparingly as the bagpipe is used at public concerts. Of course this remark only applies to the state of things as they exist at the present moment. A change in fashion—the transfer of the Court, and all its belongings, to Scotland—might make the Scotch dialect the language of the time, and the bagpipe the national instrument. Our mouths and ears would then have to be tuned to different notions of grammatical and musical propriety, and our text-books altered to suit the occasion. occasion.

REPORT OF A CANON.—Note, at St. Margaret's, Westminster-"Might go FARRAR and fare (ah!) worse."

CUP AND BALL AT THE LYCEUM.

This is the division of the Lyceum programme,—Cup first, and Ball afterwards in the Second Act of the Corsican Brothers.

Since the failure of the Laureate's poor—very poor—Queen Mary at the Lyceum, and since the disappearance of that light and airy trifle The Falcon, miscalled a play, from the St. James's, the Bard's dramatic work has slightly improved. He is still reckless of construction—was not the immortal William also reckless in this respect?—and he needs compression. But who is to compress a Laureate? Not even our Irving of the Unknown Tongue could venture on this.

We were wrong in our anticipations. The Cup, however suggestive of the Turf, has nothing whatever racey about it. It is a tragedy in two Acts and five tableaux; and while, after one hearing, it is impossible to do justice to its merits in detail, it is easy to point out its defects, and pleasant to record our favourable impression of it as a whole. Subsequent familiarity with the text may or may not breed contempt; and, to take a single striking instance—the speech of Synoriz about the Lion-hunt—we confess to feeling considerable of Synorix about the Lion-hunt—we confess to feeling considerable disappointment at reading these lines, printed in the Daily Telegraph, after having heard them finely declaimed by Mr. IRVING on the Stage. In fact, this speech and his own extempore address to the audience before the Curtain, were the two best delivered and most distinct utterances we have heard from Mr. IRVING for some considerable time. The speech about the Lion-hunt is effective on the Stage, as is a similar passage in Bombastes Furioso—but on examination it is mere sound, signifying nothing.

The Cup, which certainly does not cheer, lacks that one touch of human nature which has given life to worse plays, and without which the most poetic drama ever written must be doomed to oblivion. Seldom has a piece been so magnificently and so artisti-

which the most poets drains ever written must be doomed to oblivion. Seldom has a piece been so magnificently and so artistically placed on the Stage as *The Cup*. The Temple of Artemis is of itself alone worth a visit; the movement and the grouping being nearly faultless. Seldom, too, has Miss Ellen Terry been seen, throughout the play, to greater advantage than in the character



"A FAIR GAL ASIAN IN HER HARPY HOME."

of Camma; and seldom has she been heard to less advantage than in the last Act. She is sweetness and light, and classic grace, and everything that is lovely, but she is not a tragedienne, and, when everything that is lovely, but she is not a tragedienne, and, when the call is made on her tragic powers, she fails. Camma, the sweet, loving wife, she is; and Camma, the outraged wife, she is; but Camma, the avenger of blood, as she should be in the supreme situation of the Second Act, she is not, and never can be. Yet granting this natural defect, which is not counterbalanced by her art, her Camma is a fine performance, and it would be difficult to name anyone—the is a nne performance, and it would be difficult to fiame anyone—the divine Sarah included—who could play it altogether better; and certainly no one—the divine S. B. again included—who would be so powerful an attraction. Of course, all the Burne-Jonesians and the aesthetic pagans will rave about her in her classic drapery as "consummate," and about Mr. Inving in his leopard-skin and then in his regal robes, as "utter! too precious!" and so forth. If the rhapsodies of this school could ruin a piece, the fate of The Cup would probably be sealed within a month.

probably be sealed within a month.

Mr. Inving as Synoriz, the ex-Tetrarch—a title which enlightened Mr. Inving as Synorix, the ex-Tetrarch—a title which enlightened scholars, before they had read up the subject, thought had something to do with Tea-Tray in reference to the Cup—did not at once convey the idea of his being "such a dog" as to have got himself kicked ent of all decent Galatian Society, so that no gal Asian could be allowed by her parents or guardians to speak to him, and who in consequence of this gaiety of disposition had had his licence withdrawn by the Roman Governor. On the contrary, his expression was more hang-dog than gay dog, and his style of ingratiating himself with Campa, when left alone with her for five minutes by her husband the a duel. Nowadays everybody exchanges cards with everybody else, unsuspicious Sennatus (capitally played by Mr. Terrars), was any-

thing but that of an irresistibly fascinating deceiver, or even a deceiver of ordinarily gentlemanly bearing. The Laureate makes Synorix say that he "never yet met the woman he couldn't wheedle," or words to that effect—the actual word "wheedle" being used—but anything less like a "wheedler" than Mr. IRVING as the wicked Sinner-ix it would be difficult to imagine. Taking this defect of manner with Miss Terry's lack of power in the Third Act, and allowing that for certain phases of the two characters no two actors could be less fitted, while for others no two actors could be better fitted, we still have to acknowledge in both parts a remarkable performance, and we are able to congratulate them on a distinct success, to which, it is fair to add, the admirable mounting and the excellent stage management very largely contribute.



"THE CUP! CHAMPAGNE CUP! NO! 'TIS REAL PAIN

the nuptial-or I'LL WALK IT OFF!"

Staggers.

the nuptial—or I'll Walk it off:
cuptial—rites.

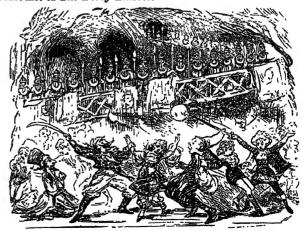
Synorix very sconffeels uncomfortable, has an attack of the staggers,
and exclaiming that he recognises the spasm as one he had "had a
touch of" in Rome, adds that he will "walk it off"—or words to
that effect put into his mouth at this terrible crisis by that grim
humorist The Laureate, who will have his little joke.

Syn-o-rix
The bucket kicks.

And so, about five minutes afterwards—it seems an age—does Camma.

So there is an end of one, two, and three— Teriss and Inving and Ellen Terr*es*.

And then *The Corsican Brothers* (not Limited) is played as a Christmas afterpiece. It's a cheerful bill altogether. So, for a little light, after all the shade, we cross the road to the Gaiety, and see the last Act of *The Forty Thieves*.





POSTLETHWAITE ON "REFRACTION."

Grigsby. "Hullo, my Jellaby, you here! Come and take a dip in the Briny, old MAN. I'M SURE YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WANTED IT!

Postlethroaite. "Thanks, no. I never bathe. I always see myself so dreadfully FORESHORTENED IN THE WATER, YOU KNOW !"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS-No. 2.

To resume the subject of language. There are many expressions which are perfectly within the rules of grammar and the usages of good society, but which can hardly be quoted as models of elegance. For example, it is not uncommon for persons of position and education to ask you if you object to dine off a leg of mutton. Your natural impulse would be to answer "No, as long as it is not too far off the leg of mutton;" but in this, and in all similar cases, you must check your natural impulses, and become decent, common-place, and even dull. Repartee is only allowed on the stage in fashionable comedy; in society it leads to the

In alluding to any article of food, or in drawing up what is vulgarly called a "bill of fare," you must always use the French language. You may not understand it, your guests may not understand it, and the servants will certainly not understand it, but for all this it would be used. You must repose all some anothers but notices are reposed when the absistance of the contract when the con may not understand it, and the servants will certainly not understand it, but for all time it ment at 50. Stephen in ment to be used. You must never call soup anything but potage, your steak must be christened of going on with the play of Hamlet when a filet, and the vulgar chop must be softened into the more aristocratic côtelette. The dinner itself is always described as a diner à la Russe. This does not mean that there is one formance which tends to become amere farce.

person dining who is very chilly, or is dressed in the Russian costume, nor does it mean that the dishes, or rather fragments of dishes, are served up cold. Any person who thinks that the traditional cold mutton is the real dinner à la Russe is thoroughly mistaken. The dinner à la Russe is a dinner at which you never see the joints, and are led to believe that you are dining off Christmas-trees, flowers, glass, and Lowther Arcade toys. Small pieces of food are brought to you from behind a screen, which are called *entrées* not entries. The which are called entrées not entries. The roast meat is called rôt, which is not a vulgar expression, although it looks very much like it, and, being pronounced roe, sounds fishy. The fish is always called poisson, another curious expression; while beans are called flagcolets, suggestive of a blow out on musical instruments, and a certain red wine has a name which sounds like French for pomatum. The curiosities of the menu, as it is called in place of "bill of fare," are so numerous that they are worthy of a separate lecture. of a separate lecture.

of a separate lecture.

The abbreviations sanctioned by custom, which ought properly to come under the head of slang, can hardly be neglected. From the time of the three R's, until a very recent period, this somewhat mechanical form of humour showed no tendency to increase, but lately fashion has moved in this direction, and fashion, as we have said before, must be respected. The three F's are now added to the list; to-morrow we may have the three G's, and the following day the three H's. It is curious to notice how manners change with the times. Our day the three H's. It is curious to notice how manners change with the times. Our grandfathers had a favourite toast or phrase, "Wine, Women, and Walnuts," and when they were in a jocular mood, they altered this to "Vine, Vomen, and Valnuts." This was their simple notion of humour. If they had been as clever as we are, they would have alluded to this toast mysteriously as the three W's, and in moments of overwhelming hilarity as the three V's. We have much to be thankful for We have much to be thankful for.

THE MOAN OF THE MEMBER.

BACK to the House and Committee, Back at the beck of the Whip; Feeling entitled to pity,
Why can't I give them the slip? Leaving the woodcock and pheasant, Kept up till two or till three; Life in the country was pleasant Why was I ever M.P.?

Back to each weary division. Back to the men who display-Eloquence held in derision By Party papers next day. Arguments each growing weaker, Puzzling as riddles to me; I never trouble the SPEAKER Why was I ever M.P. ?

Back to the bores, and obstruction. Back to the rage it reveals; Some birds can live upon suction, I want due time for my meals. Here is the old hurly-burly, Sad is the weird I must dree. Why was the Session so early-Why was I ever M.P.?

WHERE IS HE NOW?—Mr. PARNELL has equalled Sir Boxle Roche's celebrated bird, as he is in two places at once, being a prisoner at the bar in Dublin and a Member of Parliament at St. Stephen's. But what 's the use of going on with the play of *Hamlet* when *Hamlet* is left out? Better postpone the per-

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



I think the praise is not overdone. Everything seems very cosy, and, what is more, the Members are clubbable men. Everyone has been as glad to see me, as if I were his own brother; in some cases (Colonel HARCOURT'S for example) more so. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr. GLADSTONE, unless it were that of Sir Stafford Northcote. They stood at the bar talking to me for some time before the SPEAKER called out, "Members desiring to take their seats, will please come to the Table." They pointed out all the historic points of the place, including the Mace, on which Dr. KENEALY hooked his umbrella whilst he took the oath; the particular spot where Mr. Plimsoll stood on one leg, and shook his

fist at the Prime Minister, and the pathway along which the matting is worn out by Mr. BRADLAUGH'S footsteps, as he walked up to the table demanding to take the oath, and meeting refusal. Also, they pointed out the celebrities of the place, and I noticed that whilst Mr. GLADSTONE was particularly anxious to draw my attention to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mr. CHAPLIN, Mr. GORST, and one or two gentlemen on the left of the SPEAKER, Sir STAFFORD seemed to find more interest in Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and

sme other Members below the gangway on the Liberal side, who I believe occasionally prove a thorn in the side of the Government. "Give you a day's sport with the hares and rabbits," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as he passed us on the way to the Treasury Bench, on which he fills so large a space.

"Thank you, Sir V.," I replied with a wink, "I'll wait till close time."

It was not long before I was personally made acquainted with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. He came up to me immediately after I had shaken the SPEAKER's paw. He said he had observed that the

Leader of the House, and the titular Leader of the Opposition, had brought me up to the Table; which was very right, he said, though perhaps it had been just as well, in this case, if the established rule had been stretched a little, and three Members had taken part in the ceremony of introduction.

"We are all proud of you, Toby," he said, "and it would have been well if effect had been given to this feeling by the real Leader of the Opposition publicly associating himself with your reception." I thought this was very nice indeed. But I presently discerned that it was intended to cover a little scheme which this astute young man had elaborated. In brief, he wanted me to join the Fourth

Party.

"The fact is, Toby," he said, "I feel the need of a right-hand man. Wolff is very well in his way, but he is a bit heavy. Gorst is not good form, and I never hear him speak in the House of Commons but I expect next morning to receive a bill of costs, beginning: 'To attending and receiving your instructions to go for Gladstone,



"CAUGHT ON THE HIP."

and drives me mad by sitting on his shoulder-blades, with his legs more than half-way across the House. I want a fellow like you, Toby,

who will—"
"RANDOLPH," I said, "you have spoken frankly to me, more particularly about your nearest friends, and I will be equally plain with you. You are a nice young man, clever and amusing, perhaps more amusing than clever. You have hit upon a new thing, and deserve to profit by it. Men who kick over the traces are common enough on the other side of the House. The new delight you have given us is the spectacle of an undisciplined Tory, a man who will not march at the word of command, and who snaps his fingers at his Captain. I cannot join yours or any other party in the House, for the sufficient reason already explained

the sufficient reason already explained by Mr. Punch. I am a Party myself. I am the Fifth Party. But if it were otherwise, and I were looking about for alliances, I would not join you. You won't last long, RANDOLPH. You are rather funny than witty—more impudent than important. The joke of your setting up to lead the great Conservative Party tells by reason of its supreme audacity and by the comical spectacle of a good man like Stafford Northcorp struggling with the adversity of your existence. That joke will pall by-and-by. The Conservatives will see that you are doing for them what is being continually done by ardent young men on the Liberal side, who are always striving to break up their party. You don't come within a thousand miles of the ability of Lowe, and are not nearly as clever as poor Horsman, and you know what he became. When your side comes back to power, you will probably be gagged When your side comes back to power, you will probably be gagged with an Under-Secretaryship, and will become even as those roystering spirits of an earlier age—CAVENDISH BENTINOK and JAMES LOWFREER. CHURCHILL went off without saying a word. I fancy he was huffed. I cannot imagine what I said to hurt his feelings.

I do not wish to give a too backy emission but to tall the turnth to

huffed. I cannot imagine what I said to hurt his feelings. I do not wish to give a too hasty opinion, but, to tell the truth to myself, I must admit that I found the other proceedings of the day a little dull. Just before two o'clock I was contemplatively pacing the Octagon Hall, when I heard behind me a great shout and the rush of many feet. The space was roped off, and a line of police kept a crowd of people back. Of course as a Member, though not yet sworn in, I was privileged to walk inside the ropes. I had been told about something which happens on the Derby Day when a dog innocently strays across the Course, and I confess that when I heard the shouts and saw the people staring at me, a sickening sensation crossed shouts and saw the people staring at me, a sickening sensation crossed

shouts and saw the people staring at me, a sickening sensation crossed my mind.

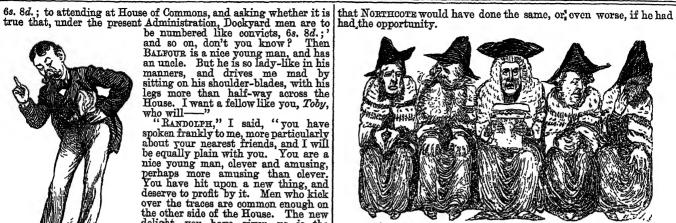
But presently I saw the Speaker coming along in wig and gown, and behind him a stout, pleasant-looking gentleman, with shapely legs, carrying a gold stick on his shoulders. Now I saw what was the matter. He had stolen the bauble, this pleasant-faced gentleman, and this surging crowd behind him would presently come up with him, and assuredly despoil him. Should I join the Party of Law and Order, and nip him by the calf? It was well I did not follow my natural generous instinct. A nice start for a new Member to be found with his teeth in the left leg of the Sergeant-at-Arms!

No. I was quite wrong. This noisy, ramping crowd was only

No. I was quite wrong. This noisy, ramping crowd was only the Commons of England, preceded by the Speaker and Mace, crossing the Hall to hear the Royal Speech read by Commission in the House of Lords. Royalty itself was not there, Royalty very wisely preferring Osborne and leisure to Westminster and business. Instead of Royalty there sat on the bench before the Throne five of the oddest objects I ever saw out of a pantomime. They were dressed in red cloaks rather the worse for wear. The cloaks were slashed with ermine, and on their heads they carried each a cooked-

slashed with ermine, and on their heads they carried each a cocked-hat. These they were always taking off and putting on, sometimes severally, occasionally all together. It was a pretty show, and doubtless has something to do with the British Constitution.

At night we had a good deal of talking—something about Greece, a flavour of Montenegro, a touch of the Transvaal, and all the rest Ireland. I was astonished to see Gladstone and Stafford North-Cote, who had been so pleasant together as we stood chatting at the Bar, now only the breadth of the Table off tearing each other's heir. I gathered from Northcote's observations (which were rather long) that Gladstone had done something dreadful everywhere, from that GLADSTONE had done something dreadful everywhere, from Afghanistan to Athlone; and I was sure from GLADSTONE'S reply



"WE NEVER PERFORM OUT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

I was disappointed with the Irish speaking. There was a great deal of it, but it was dolefully dull. Where through these long speeches were the humour, the wit, or the eloquence which I have heard are parts of Irish speech? A person named Finnigan spoke for nearly an hour in a style I have not been accustomed to hear, thereby it is though it is true I belong to an earlier development of race. A sullen hatred of England and of all things English burned through his speech. Yet no one was a penny the worse, or indeed seemed to pay any attention. The only thing English that Mr. FINNIGAN loves is the English language, over the shorter syllables of which he lingers with a touching affection. As he would say, "he ree-grets to ree-linquish" his hold on its shortest syllables. This has an odd effect, undesirable because it lengthers his speech effect, undesirable because it lengthens his speech.

The speech of the evening was delivered from the Gallery. was brief and to the point, and why the Hon. Gentleman should have been so promptly and ignominiously expelled passes my comprehension. Perhaps, like Sir Hardinge Giffard when last elected he came up to be sworn in, he had forgotten to bring his

papers with him.
On Friday the Lord Mayor and Corporation in their robes enlivened us with a little bit of colour, and then came the debate on Irish affairs, when PARNELL was pleasant and Forster firm.
"All right up to now," but can't report progress.

FROM THE RANKS.

II .- "A Weather-Eye."



sn't it "Bilks," Sir, as I sn'r it "Bilks," Sir, as I was to palaver about to-day? Well! I could go on upon that subject till doomsday, and not have done then. A Cabby must be a wary fowl, and a shrewd judge of character, and be able to reckon people up straight off while they're retting in and make regetting in, and make no mistakes, and handle 'em as a clever jockey does his horse, giving way a trifle, then giving his rein a sharp twist. It's the young drivers that get into rows, and lose their tempers, and get had up before the beak for abusive language. An old stagernever loses his temper he knows his way about. and can tell at a glance what line to take. When my eldest takes to driving, I shall draw up a set of rules for him like that gent did, who wrote letters to his son about manners. I shall

say to him, "Never carry a lady, or a pair of ladies, if you can get a gent; for ladies noddle their heads affable-like, but they always try to cheat you in the end, and if you object, sing out like one o'clock for the coppers—that's the police—and kick up a bobbery. Ladies have no compassion for a poor man with a family, for they always think they're bein' done. Never let anybody get out (I



ON HS WAY.

shall tell my hopeful) at the Burlington or Lowther Arcade without paying, not even if he's a Bishop in gaiters, for memory's short, and the Arcade has two entrances as are tempting to save a shilling. Never run up bills with anybody, or open accounts, except with young Guardsmen. Encourage them as much as you like, for they grumble at having to part with gold out of their pockets, but two or three: pounds more or less on a cheque doesn't ruffle their feathers. Be suspicious of country parsons, for I've Be suspicious of country parsons, for I've taken many a bad half-crown from a parson. He's been done, and don't know bad money from good."

He's's'been'done, and don't know bad money from good."

The worst bilk I ever got, was once when I took a Lady and a Gent to Croydon. It makes me feel all goose-skinny when I recall that humiliating day.! It was a youngish gent, with cheeks like apples, and a middle-aged lady. I was driving a shoful then, and peeping down the trap, I saw her cuddling of him dreadful, and patting his hands, while he sighed and looked peevish, being green about the gills, and up-all-nightish. When we got to Croydon he woke up a bit, and seemed more cheerful, and ordered a private room, and a nice little dinner, and then came into the stable to have a chat with me. He was an uncommon pleasant gent, with a sweet voice, and white hands, and a manner as if to say, "Tho' I'm your betters, yet you're a fellow-man, and I won't treat my species like dirt." So we got on first-rate, and he asked me what I thought of the Lady, and when I said she was a crummy bit of goods, he laughed in a quiet way, and grew less green about the gills, and invited me to dine with 'em. I tried to excuse myself, for I know my place. Gents have oftentimes asked me in to pick a bit, social-like, but I don't feel my place. Gents have oftentimes asked me in to pick a bit, social-like, but I don't feel at home with ladies, somehow. But, however, he would have it so, and to make a long story short, we had a nice dinner and some cham., and dessert,—pineapples and expensive things, all topping—and grew quite jolly. And the Lady said that the Gent was a going to marry her as soon as he could settle up some business as bothered him, and he looked grave and green again at that, but didn't deny it, and I wished 'em joy, and then he passed the bottle. And then we and then he passed the bottle. And a stroll, and came in again for tea, and while the Lady was making the tea, the Gent went away for a minute. I didn't think much of that at first, but the tea grew cold and the Lady nervous, and then I went out to look for him. Imagine my surprise and horror! Here was a kettle of fish! He'd bin and here was a kettle of han! He'd bin and borrowed a saddle, so the horsekeeper said, and, leaving a note, had gone off on my prad. I took the note up to the Lady, and she fainted right away. What a scoundrel! In the note he said that he was obliged to fly the country, and had chosen to take the train at a distance from town, heavest the Ladge restrictions are all watched. because the London stations were all watched. And so he 'd borrowed my horse to ride upon, he said, but (as exchange was no robbery had left me the Lady instead, as he didn' think, on consideration, he was worthy of such a blessing, and he'd noticed as I admired her.

You may judge of the mess I was in. Miles away from London, with a middleaged Lady in hysterics, and a cab and no horse to draw it, and a swingeing bill for dinner and private room, and champagne, and what not—and only three-and-sixpence between the two of us! That was a lesson to me, Sir. But they don't catch me again at the same game.

Respectfully yours, T. H. (chàs Tomer the Toff).



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL-BOY.

Mamma, "I AM DREADFULLY DISAPPOINTED WITH YOUR REPORT THIS TERM, GEORGE! WHY, AT YOUR AGE-THIRTEEN-DEAR PAPA HAD WON TWO SCHOLARSHIPS; AND A FEW YEARS LATER HE WAS SENIOR WRANGLER!"

Dear Papa (waking out of stupor). "YES, MY BOY, AND IF I'D BEEN A LAZY DUNCE LIKE YOU. I SHOULD HAVE GROWN TO MEASURE OVER SIX FEET IN HEIGHT, AND FORTY-EIGHT INCHES ROUND THE CHEST (AS YOU WILL); AND BY THIS TIME I SHOULD HAVE BEEN LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AT LEAST (AS YOU MAY, IF YOU ONLY GO ON); WHEREAS—" [Sighs heavily, and relapses into stupor.

THE LOWER-HOUSE MAID.

It appears, from a recent announcement in the London Gazette, that "the situation of Housemaid in the House of Commons" has been "added to Schedule B of the Order of Council," but that no applicant will be required to pass any particular Civil Service Examination. This is an oversight, for the duties of the post are distinct and peculiar. The sconer, therefore, some such paper as the following is issued, with a view to qualification, the better:—

1. How do you answer a Division bell? 2. If ordered by the SPEAKER to get him some beer, would you object to fetching it yourself from the bar of the House?

3. If you have been in a situation where you have taken your meals with the Governess, do you think you can conduct yourself properly if you have to dine with the Usher?

4. Can you, if requested, make a Cabinet pudding? If so, do you mix it on the noticeaboard, and flavour it with the Mace?

5. Ministers have sometimes to be whitewashed.

Describe how you would set about

cleaning the great.

6. Can you keep a Sergeant-at-Arms at arm's-length?
7. You will not be expected to entertain the policeman in the Lobby. Reconcile this with the conduct of a Government that expects followers.

8. Do you object to Irish Members? 9. The House is in the habit of adjourning for the Derby. Is this the day you would select for the Sweep?

10. Are you sufficiently good-tempered to put up with the Cross benches?

11. When private Members call with their "little bills" at inconvenient moments, what

answer would you give them?

12. Is the umbrella-stand the proper place for a Government Whip? If not, what is?

Answer the above questions carefully, and lastly, say whether you are prepared to fill a situation where everything is noticed, and a couple of tellers are continually employed on the establishment,

THE GREAT BEASTERN RAIL-WAY AND EPPING FOREST.

HEAVEN made the country, and the Arch-itect enemy of man's happiness planted it with "Semi-detached Villas." That no "spe-culative builder" has been hanged at the entrance of one of his hideous settlements, says much for the forbearance of the multi-tude. Wherever there is a spot of beauty within reach of London, the covetous hand of the demon is stretched out to grasp it. To-day High Beech is threatened; to-morrow it will be Burnham Beeches, and the next day the small remaining portion of Hampstead Heath.

stead Heath.

The Corporation of London, once the opponent of forest annexation, is now the ally of the Great Beastern Railway, which wants to make High Beach "more accessible." Who are the landjobers at the bottom of this scheme, or the squatters in "eligible mansions," who wish to have a reilway managing into their held. a railway running into their bed-rooms? Mr. BEDFORD, who derooms? Mr. Bedforn, who deserves so well of the people for his work in Epping Forest, must look to this also. People who are afraid to walk or drive two miles in all weathers, should live in Harley Street, Gower Street, Victoria Street, or some other London penal settlement,—they are not fit for foresters. fit for foresters.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE. Gout from Gluttony.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 14.



FLOWERS OF "CULTURE"; OR, A SWINBURNE-JONES CUTTING.

PROVERBIAL REFORM.

THE weekly Bills of Mortality present, at the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present present, at the conclusion of the present year, a great decrease of the average death-rate. Hence is inferred the fallacy of the old saying that "a green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard." It would seem rather that a mild Christmas makes a thin cemetery. How many more of our good old proverbs will have to be reversed in this way? "A stitch in time costs nine." "The worm picks up the early bird." "Late to bed and late to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." The observance of this rule would probably make him so wise that he would alter his mode of life within six months. "Waste and never want." "Nothing venture, everything have." "What is one man's meat is another man's redicing." everything have." "What is one man's meat is another man's medicine." "Every one to his liking, as the young man said when he kissed his partner under the mistletoe." "No smoke without fire" must be read "No fire with smoke." May these be regarded as examples of the amendments which progressive enlightenment will require to be made on the aphorisms we have hitherto fondly imagined to express the wisdom of our sagacious ancestors?

MARGINAL NOTE.—(By an Antiquary.)—The Art of Illumination was brought to perfection just exactly when it was most needed—i.e., in the Dark Ages.

THE GROS-VENEER GALLERY AT A GLANCE.

(By Our Artless Critic.)

PAINTING and decorative designs "by Living Artists" on view daily. This announcement outside was a great attraction. "Living Artists!" All alive oh! Walk up! Walk up! Being such an artless thing, I expected to see the "Living Artists" actually at work—perhaps like those al fresco geniuses who execute the most work—pernaps like those al presco geniuses who execute the most brilliant decorative designs on our street-pavements—an idea, by the way, which seems to have struck some of their more fortunate esthetic brothers of the brush whose works appear on the walls of the Gros-veneer Gallery. I was disappointed. There were no "living artists" at work, and I regret to see that one of the "living artists" is described in the Catalogue as "The Late Mr. So-and-So"—as my readers can see for themselves.

So now for the rightness and walk round. Nothing much from No. 1

So now for the pictures and walk round. Nothing much from No. 1

to No. 35, when your attention must be arrested by No. 36. "Cypris," painted by a foreigner, G. Dubuff, which might be appropriately translated into English as Du Buff. Pass

on to

No. 60. Birch Trees. J. Whatte. Dedicated, of course, to Sir
W. V. Hargourt. Were there a few more of such landscapes by
Mr. Whatte the G. G. would not be over-Whaited by them. It
should be hung next to Mr. Knieht's, No. 52, a dozing dunce, as the
birches might make him jump up and show us if those legs really

No. 90. An English Landscape. J. W. North. South by North probably, judging by the eccentric perspective, and the horse evidently painted from a tenpenny model in the Lowther Arcade stables. No. 98. Twilight. E. WAKE Cook. Wake Cook by all means,

for this is sleepy enough.

No. 101. Battledore and Shuttlecock. E. T. POYNTER, R.A.
Slippery marble floor, and lots of bric-à-brac about. There 'Il be an accident with this game before long. The girl is striking, but

not so striking as the marble columns.

No. 115. The Parting. P. R. Morris, A.R.A. Two such very watery-coloury persons, that a good storm would wash them right out of the elever landscape.

be rude to suggest a lady's age, but, judging by this work, it might be quite five and a half, if not a little more. Good for a beginner. Hope somebody will give the young lady a new box of paints as a

New Year's present, and take away her toy houses and trees.

No. 146. "As it Fell upon a Day." R. BATEMAN. Petit Prix de Colney Hatch. (Not the Grand Prix de Hanwell which is

reserved for works of more pretension.)

No. 158. The Gentle Craft. C. G. KILBURNE. Girl fishing for compliments. No craft in sight, and the gentle is invisible,—so why the title?

No. 200. Lovers' Leap, on the Dart, Devon. W. H. Mann. Nasty point to drop on—the Dart. No fall is shown—only a river. No. 221. A Normandy Caloge. J. M. Donne. Good, sketchy,

No. 221. A Internating Carry.
or half Donne.
No. 225. Early Morning, Belfast. C. H. Cox. Belfast is evidently a misprint for "Breakfast."
No. 230. On the Ure, Yorkshire. T. Orrock, who has also painted No. 238, Near Aysgarth, Yorkshire; or Ure another!
No. 235. Cecity George, and No. 236. Margarent Burn George.
A. Stokes. See silly George? I do. Margarent burn George by all means and then go into the next room and burn Jones.

A. STOKES. See silly GEORGE? I do. MARGARET burn GEORGE by all means, and then go into the next room and burn Jones.

No. 241. Irises. Miss L. V. BLANDY. Charming flowers of speech. But, my dear lady, excuse me, "I rise," not "I rises." However, Genius is above Grammar.

No. 270. The River Mole. A Morgan. Will he give us its companion, The Water Rat.

No. 272. The Miniature. F. J. SKILL. What's in a name? Skill. It is also shown in the picture—I mean in the signature.

No. 275. Corfe Castle. J. C. Robinson. A black and white dose. Corfe no more, Robinson.

No. 283. Studies in Greece. G. F. Watts. Well. of all—two

No. 283. Studies in Greece. G. F. WATTS. Well, of all-No. 283. Studies in Greece. G. F. Watts. Well, of all—two mere dashes, their presence here only to be explained by a probable extract from a possible letter—"Haven't time to send more. Dashed off in a jiffey. Call 'em whatever you like. Stop—why not Studies in Greece? Sounds well; and my studies in Greece are quite as valuable as my paintings in Oil. Yrs., G. F. Watts, R.A."

Then we come to the Burne-Jonesian works.

No. 326. A Sea Nymph. Intended probably for a picture outside a caravan where a real live Mermaid was being exhibited, but rejected by the Proprietor as calculated to injure his property.

No. 141. Morning in Tuscany. Miss E. Pickering. It would rejected by the Proprietor as calculated to injure his property.

No. 328. A Wood Nymph. A wooden

nymph; stumped!
These two and Cupid's Hunting Ground, of course, obtained the Grand Prix de Hanwell.

Hanwell.

Mr. Burne Jones has been hard run by other competitors, including Messrs. Holiday, Walter Crane, and Richmond.

No. 337. Design for a Frieze. Walter Crane. One young person naked between two others in gauzy drapery. It's more like a "Design for a violent chill" than "for a Frieze."

What a restion there will be on the part

What a reaction there will be on the part of those children, when they grow up, whose nurseries have been covered with these semi-sethetic wall-papers all about Boy Blue, Bo Peep, and Song of Sixpence!
Nos. 367 and 368. Decorative Panels,

by T. MUCKLEY are admirable.

No. 369. Coloured Design for Mosaic in the House of Lords. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Will probably be introduced there when some eminent Mosaic is raised to the Peerage.

I haven't patience for any more Grosveneer Gallery. Farewell, Burne Jones & Co.! I leave you there, and take a little Holiday—which is quite enough for me.

PLAYERS AND PAYERS.

II. "FLOWING FEES."

SIR—there is another grievance, not wholly unconnected, as Mr. MICAWBER would have said, with the pocket, which I look on as altogether monstrous, and without the shadow of an excuse. And here, I think, even SIR GORGIUS himself may go with me: for I have a notion, that, though like his great Patron, GEORGE THE FOURTH, of pions removed, he was a reason by the property. of pious memory, he may care not how many, and how large, are the cheques to which he subscribes his august name, he has a fond regard for his small change. The grievance I allude to, is that series of petty extortions, which may be generally classed under the head of Fees.

Let it be in fairness allowed, that at many of what we are vaguely accustomed to style our best theatres—using the phrase, I suppose, in the same sense as we talk of a drawing-room, where there are always to be found the best people—at many of these, I say, this iniquitous tax has been wisely abolished. The little High-and-Mitey, as it was the first to set one bad example as to prices, so it was the first to set another to prices, so it was the first to set another good one as to fees, and the latter, I am happy to say, has been followed, though not so largely as the former. At the Palace; the Mayfair; the Great Whig Theatre, where the memory of Pirr is nightly held up to execration; the Gigglety, which, is, as far as one can judge from the auditorium arrangements, as well managed as any playhouse in London: the Colisseum where house in London; the Colisseum, where the Eminent One presides, as rigorously as did Kears of old, over his little band of Eton boys; at the little High-and-Mitey itself, alas! not Lancelot, but another—at all these places of entertainment, this vile custom is honoured only in the breach. Here the victim is not subjected to slow torture; here he is not plundered piece-meal. He pays his half-guinea, if he can,



EDUCATION.

Lady (paying her Christmas Milk-Bill, complains of the inattention of the Carriers). "AND I SHALL BE OBLIGED TO WITHDRAW MY CUSTOM IF IT CONTINUES

Milkman. "I'm really very sorry, Ma'am, and I'll endeavour that it sha'n't occur again. But you see, Ma'am, it's their Ignorance.—(Confidentially.)—Now, you and me's Ejicated—Ejicated People won't carry Milk—and so we 'ave to employ the Lowest Sort!"

a unanimity that would have delighted Mr. Puff's heart, but the good has been eschewed with equal resolution. These latter have raised their prices, but they have not abolished their fees. Even at the Phænix, which has sprung from its old ashes, a remarkably smart bird, and which has its own little band of Etonians, though selected, I am afraid, from a lower remove this hateful custom still flourishes. I say it is a vile practice: what Policeman meal. He pays his half-guinea, if he can, and, as Hamlet observed on a somewhat different occasion, this ends it.

But what are these among so many? 'Tis human nature, all the world over, to copy only too faithfully the worst points of our model; the bad example that the leading Managers have set, has been followed by their less splendid brethren with

having disbursed your half-guinea, and made your way through the crowd of Gilded Youth—a little rubbed, perhaps, some of that gilding now—who are wrangling over the rival charms of Miss Boundard Burney and your series and you may think yourself lucky if you get off for that; then ing now—who are wrangling over the rival charms of Miss Boundard Burney of Miss Lochield of the "unprecedented success" you are shout to witness. As you reach the lobby a bevy of smiling damsels comes forward to greet you. "Pretty creatures!" you murnur—I am supposing that you are for the none, Sir, a backelor—and are much touched by the compliment. Poor fool, you are soon undeceived. With outstretched hands and hungry looks these beribboned daughters of the Horse-Leech are round you. One thrusts a programme into your face, and demands sixpence. Another requests you to hand over to her your hat, coat, stick, goodness knows what, and as the stalls at the Bandbox would scarcely be considered roomy by General MITTS or Mademoiselle Zanara, you probably in your ignorance consent to be relieved of these encumprances—and of more sixpences

Consider, my dear Paterfamilias, for a moment seriously. Suppose you decide on treating yourself and Mrs. P., with young Hopeful, nome for the holidays, and pretty Miss P., still radiant from the triumphs of her first ball, to a visit to the Bandbox, or any one of the theatres for which the Bandbox way stand for a specialty uncomfortable sample. First come the Stalls, four at half-a-guinea a-piece, two guineas; programmes,—though on pleasure bent, I know you are of a frugal mind, and will content yourself with two, one

THE COUNSEL OF PALLAS.

(A Neo-Classic Fragment.)

[At the opening of the New Year, information was telegraphed to the Mansion House that a statue of Pallas Victorious, supposed to be the work of Phidias, had been discovered at Athens.]



"ΘΙΣ 'IŽA 'OAE."

The Original Inscription found on the Pallas of Un-truth, or the Per-Phidias Greek Status.

To whom the Goddess :- "Mortal, canst thou hear A well-timed counsel with a willing ear? Pallas Victorious owed her victories quite As much to policy as power of fight. Born in full panciply, I scorn alarms Which shake the timid at the shock of arms,

But Mars is a brute blunderer, coarse and crass, E'en Homee limps him as a blatant ass, E'en HOMER limns him as a blatant ass,

Heady in onset, howling in retreat,
In victory vaunting, childish in defeat.

Take my particular tip, and trust him not,
He backed the Trojans, and they went to pot.
Don't fight—if you can help it. 'Tame advice
From bold Minerva'? Well, a little ice
Is good in scarlet fever. I could urge
Young Diomed to valour's very verge
What time occasion smiled,† and yet dissuade
The God of War himself from his own trade
When Jove and Fortune frowned.‡ There's warmish
work

work
Cut out for you if you attack the Turk.
Best bide your time, and let kind Europe play
The part of Mentor. Perioles to-day
Would tell Tricoupis that the Violet Crown,
Thrown as a gage too violently down,
Might get mire-trampled. Phidlas, when he posed
Pallas Victorious, knew that in me closed
Statecraft with valour, pluck with patient nous:
Facts which, perchance, in London's Mansion House
May have been missed by that high Civic cove
Who read the tidings of the treasure-trove
With much-awed mind and slightly muddled brain,
Hovering 'twixt Lemprière and Mincing Lane.
And though the treasure-trove should prove a hum. And though the treasure-trove should prove a hum, You'll find in Peace your new Palladium.

A doubtful omen? Well, of this be sure, If Pallas rule you, her sage sway may cure More ills than ever checked by hasty wars And the hot headship of all-marring Mars!"

> + Iliad, Book V. # Iliad, Book XV.

"Nigger" Emancipation.

"Nigger" Emancipation.

There is still a prejudice against the black man in Scotland. The Rev. Mr. Bissett, of the Free South Church, Peterhead, has resigned his Presidency of the Temperance Society in that town, because thirteen members played at "Christy Minstrels" at the Annual Festival. He thought they ought to have "appeared in their natural state." How few of us, even in the pulpit, appear in our natural state, and why not extend a little toleration to the harmless if dirty Christy? A man who puts soot on his face must, at least, wash himself thoroughly after the performance, and cleanliness is the neighbour of something better than narrow-mindedness.

"Disturbed Ireland."

Under this title Messrs. Machillan & Co. publish the interesting letters written by Mr. Beenard H. Becker, the Special Correspondent of the Daily News, where these letters have recently appeared. The same publishers brought out a volume about the Rebecce Riots. This new volume should be its companion—"The Becker Riots." Metro for Machillan, ""Keep up your Becker!"

SUCCESSFUL "BOYCOTTING" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

AUTHORS and Actors are to be congratulated on the success of The Money Spinner, an interesting two-act play by Mr. A W.

Mr. Kendal has rarely been better suited than with Lord Ken



rely been better suited than with Lord Kengussie, Mr. Hare revels in the Baron Croodle,
and never since All for Her has Mr. CLAYTON
given us such an artistic performance as his
Harold Boycott—a most unfortunate and risky
name just now. Had the piece been weak and
the acting indifferent, one voice from the
gallery, where the old gods are not yet
dead, shouting out "'Boycott' him!" would
have been fatal to the chances of a first night.
Turkily no melicious deity was present, and Luckily no malicious deity was present, and even had he been there, the strength of the piece and the excellence of the acting would have been too much for him.

As Jules Faubert, Mr. MACKINTOSH took us As Jules Faubert, Mr. MACKINTOSH took us by surprise. The character is perhaps a trifle overcharged, but it must be borne in mind that he is placed in three distinctly strong melodramatic situations, and above all, it must be remembered that Jules Faubert is a Detective, and therefore, bound by all stage rules to be perpetually "dissembling," and so to be always exciting suspicion and attracting attention. Taking this conventional view of the Detective into consideration, and remembering also that, it is a French

and attracting attention. Taking this conventional view of the Detective into consideration, and remembering also that it is a French Detective who is being represented to an English audience, great allowances must be made for exaggerated action, where so much—unhappily for truthful art—would be expected. Those who are familiar with M. Lecoca, the real French Detective at the head of his profession as drawn by GABORIAU, will at once recognise what a subtle performance Mr. MACKIN—TOSH might have given us—for he has the power—had he and the Author only dared to brave the conventional theatrical tradition. As it might have been, it would to brave the conventional theatrical tradi-tion. As it might have been, it would have been perfect; and taking it for what it is, and judging it by the usual standard, it is as good as it possibly can be. Mrs. Kendal's Millicent Boycott is faultless: even her little mannerisms are part and parcel of the character. She is the lady mentioned by the poet, who—

"Makes sunshine in a shady place."

And, truth to tell, the dramatis persona are a very shady lot indeed. But of this —more anon. As Dorinda, Miss KATE

—more anon. As Lorinaa, Miss RATE
PHILLIPS is a strong contrast to her sister.
But the vulgarity is just a little too
markedly "cockney" for a young woman
who has been all her life in Paris. Mrs.
GASTON MURRAY is a good international concierge; and the very
small part of the French porter, by a real live Frenchman, M. De
VERNEY, is intensely appreciated by everyone among the audience
who has been for at least two days to Boolong, and still more so by those who haven't.

And now comes the wonder-namely, that an author should have

MILLY HU-MILLY-ATED; OR, CHEATING NEVER PROSPERS LONG.

chosen such materials for a piece, have managed them so skilfully, and have had the luck to get it so per-fectly played as to cause its objectionable character and its wrong moral to be lost sight of in the real in-terest awakened by the personages in the short drama.

DORINDA,

THE

The story briefly is this:
-Harold Boycott, to rescue his father from some difficulties (probably in Ireland as he is never seen), robs his employers. A Detective

NEVER PROSPERS LONG.

is set to watch him, discovers the felony, and the state of the felony, and the s

from Lord Kengussie, her former lover now engaged to her sister, at écarté, and unable to do it by fair means, she cheats, and is discovered by the Detective. This leads to an all-round explanation. Kengussie, for her sake, makes up her husband's defalcations; the Detective gets a "slap side o' the head" from Boycott for insinuating that his wife cheats, never receives an apology for the violence when his charge is proved, loses his case, and is virtually kicked out of the house.

of the house.

Let us take the moral worth of these characters: Lord Kengussie, or Kengossie—not such a fool as he looks—while still evidently deeply in love with his old love, now Mrs. Boycott, engages himself to her sister, and naively asks, "Is it very wrong to marry a person because she resembles some one else, with whom I have been, and shall always be in love?" These are not the exact words, but they convey the true idea of the motive. Harold Boycott we may dismiss at once as an unprincipled man, who, at the first temptation, robs the till. Of course, the basis is weak, but the Author cares very little for that, as long as he secures his strong situation. Baron Croodle is simply a thorough old swindler, who is colour-blind to morality, with his eye on the main chance and his mouth to the brandy-flask.

Millicent has all the makings of a genuine Becky Sharp, and after being found out in her first attempt, it is impossible not to mistrust her altogether. When Lord Kengoosie, on leaving, gives her that



Kengoosie boycotting Boycott—"Let me Kiss her for her Sister."

kiss by Boycott's permission, she takes it so demurely, and has previously evinced such evident admiration for this young spooney, that no wonder her sister feels a pang of jealousy, and Boycott looks uncomfortable. Were there a sequel to this play, we should see the vulgar Dorinda—who is delighted to catch a Lord, even though she knows that he only takes her because he can't get her sister—an utterly unfit wife for Kengoosie, whose home would be miserable, whose relations would have cut him, and who would probably go off with Mrs. Boycott,—while Harold, sunk deeper and deeper in the mire, would play the rôle of Rawdon Crawley when he surprised my Lord Steyne with Mrs. Becky.

All these are miserable creatures, unhappily true to nature, as were THACKERAY'S characters who were never quite bad all at once.

were THACKERAY'S characters who were never quite bad all at once. The only upright honourable man is the French Detective who, faithful to his employers, conscientiously discharges his most unpleasant

duty and suffers for it. But apart from the admirable acting, which might have carried an inferior work, the faithful portraiture of the wife's weakness under strong temptation enlists our sympathies and makes the success.

As to the construction, easily as the action moves after the first mauvais quart d'heure, yet the opening is so awkward, the explanations so forced, and the introduction of characters so abrupt, that it seems as if a preso abrupt, that it seems as if a pre-fatial Act, necessary to a clear understanding of the plot, had been lost. This First Act should have shown Baron Croodle's gambling saloon, and presented the Croodle family and the Detective to the audi-

Our artist paid a second visit to Mother Goose, and sends us-



GENERAL (ARTHUR) ROBERTS, PRINCE FLORIZEL, AND THE E-LEG-TRICK HEEL.



THE DIFFUSION OF ÆSTHETIC TASTE.

Mr. B. (vaguely). "A NOCTURNE IS—AHEM!—A—A SORT OF NIGHT MUSIC, BELIEVE, MY DEAR."

Mrs. B. "Then you may depend upon it that mysterious Black-and-Yellow Smudge we couldn't make Head or Tail of meant the Waits!"

THE WRECK OF THE "INDIAN CHIEF."

OUTWARD bound in the *Indian Chief*, with skipper, and pilot, a Northern man, Thirty all told from the Yorkshire coast, we sailed for the Channel, to make Japan.

Icily cold from the nor'-nor'-east, the wind like an arrow went whistling by; The stars stood sharp by a frozen moon; and the moon stared white in a frosty

skv And the skipper he cried, as we changed the watch, "Keep a good look-out-do you understand?

We must strain our eyes for the bright Knock light, and clear the surf of the Goodwin Sand.

I've sailed on a fouler night, my lads, but many a vessel has come to grief, In spite of the light of the 'Kentish Knock.' Still, here's good luck to the Indian Chief!"

It seemed so strange that a starlit sky, should look so calm on a seething sea; And a crueller wind never shivered the skin, or made the mast like a bending tree. We were well within sight of the Ramsgate Pier, and our course set clear of the Kentish Knock,

When the ship gave a shy like a frightened horse, and then came a crash and a

sickening shock;
We knew what it meant when, without any fuss, the skipper and pilot folded

hands,
And the rockets went up in the pitiless sky—we had struck on the bar of the Goodwin Sands

What was the use of the compass now, or sail or rudder? No treacherous reef, Could ever imprison with firmer grip, than the sands that swallowed the *Indian*

It didn't take long for the end to come, when the waves washed savagely over our deck.

So we lighted a flare, as a desperate chance, to guide brave men to our hopeless

The pilot, the skipper, his brother the mate, and the thirty odd souls in a desperate plight,
Crept into the masts in the searching cold, looking death

in the face, on a New Year's night.

One by one, as the masts gave way, they dropped like birds from a frozen tree.

When the skipper, who clung to his brother the mate, sang out, "Thank God! There's the Lifeboat! See!" We thought him mad, with his fingers stretched to a distant speck, like a floating leaf; "'Tis a branch of olive!" the pilot cried, and the message is "Hope for the Indian Chief!"

Lashed to their oars, in the blinding storm, out they had

come in a steamer's wake, Ramsgate men, with never a care for a sailor's death, for

a sailor's sake. Out there followed from Clacton coast, Aldborough,

Out there followed from clacton coast, Aldborough,
Harwich, a score of hands,
When the tidings travelled, "An English ship is breaking
her back upon Goodwin Sands."
"Twas a race for life, and the Bradford won! But when
the boat from the tug was cast,
The sea stood in front of the Ramsgate men, as they heard

the shricks from the sinking mast.

Shouts of succour across the waves, and cries of agony past belief.

What is the use of a Lifeboat manned, when the sea has a prize in the Indian Chief?

The skipper lay dead by his brother the mate, with a smile on his face for the wife at home,
And the morning broke to the moan, "How long?" and the endless cry, "Will the Lifeboat come?"

But the evening closed on a conquered sea, and masts

where never a sailor clings; And they run to the end of the Ramsgate Pier, to see the prize that the Lifeboat brings.

It isn't in money, or gold, that's paid the terrible debt of

the enemy sea,

But flesh and blood of a shipwrecked crew is a richer reward, you'll all agree.

Many a ship, as the year rolls on, with skipper, and pilot, and faithful hands,

Will sail from home on a winter sea, and drift to death upon Goodwin Sands.

But when the plea for the Lifeboat comes, there'll not be many to grudge relief To the men who answered to duty's call, and stood by

the wreck of the Indian Chief!

JACOBINISM.

THE Member for Manjester - he should have said Manchester—presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and in consequence of the recent success of his humorous lapsus lingua, is willing to become a Sub-jester—he should have said Sug-gestor of facetious slips for various M.P.'s. Inclosed are a few samples:—

Hon. Evelyn Ashley. I have listened with attention to the soft and persuasive tones of the Hon. Member for the Oil—ha! I should say, Isle of Wight!

Mr. Biggar. An apology is certainly due from the Hon. Member for Cave-in—ha! ha! I should say, Cavan! Mr. Callan. We surely have had enough of the long and monotonous rhapsodies of the Hon. Member for Mouth—ha! ha! I should say, Louth!

Mouth—ha! ha! I should say, Louth!

Mr. Donald Currie. To be pleasant and good-tempered to both sides is the object of the Hon. Member for Mirth—ha! ha! I should say, Perth!

Mr. Daly. Of course, only a grunt of dissatisfaction could be expected from the Hon. Member for Pork—ha! ha! I should say, Cork!

Baron de Worms. I trust I shall not be considered guilty of disrespect when I say we all know the gammon of the Hon. Member for Spinach—ha! ha! I should say, Greenwich! Greenwich!

And so on, and so on! How's that, eh?

ON THE EDGE OF IT.—HERR GASCHER has been suddenly placed by the Porte at the head of its foreign secretariat department. If this does not look like war to the knife, what's in a name?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



as it were, sat down by crownless and weeping Erin, and only constant calls upon his manhood prevented him mingling his tears with hers. Mr. Chaplin's voice and figure admirably lend themselves to an aspect of woe, and he was all crape to-night. For my own part, I felt as if we, the Commons of England, were assembled at the graveside over which had already been lowered the British Constitution and that this was the Chaplir

the British Constitution, and that this was the Chaplin delivering the funeral oration.

the funeral oration.

Perhaps his remarks lost something of their force from the fact that they were not all audible. This was due to occasional bursts of emotion which swept across the tall figure attired in sombre black, and sunk its voice to a whisper, like the wailing of wind round many tombstones. Some Hon. Gentlemen on the Ministerial benches affected to laugh; but it was a very hysterical kind of mirth. Mr. Newdegate produced a very large red pocket-handkerchief, and unaffectedly dried his eyes. Lord Randolph Churchill nervously toyed with his moustache. Mr. Warton took prodigious pinches of snuff in a vain attempt to hide his emotion; and Mr. Biegar wiped away the unbidden tear with the back of his cuff. As for me, after withstanding the impulse as long as possible, I threw back my head, and gave vent to my feelings in a prolonged and melancholy howl, such as you may occasionally have heard in the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof, and there is a newly-chained dog in your neighbour's back-yard. The Sergeant-at-Arms came over to me, and, gently leading me out, explained that that sort of thing is unparliamentary. unparliamentary.

It seems we can make all sorts of noises save this particular one. We may laugh contemptuously or hilariously; we may call out, "Oh! oh!" like Mr. WARTON; we may grunt like the late lamented Admiral; we may pipe a shrill "Hear! hear!" like Mr. BIGGAR, or emit a highly-pitched and sonorous "Yah! yah!" like Mr. MONK; or we may even go out behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, and crow thrice, like Her Majesty's former Judge Advocate-General. But the line must be drawn somewhere, as Captain Gosser says; and it is fixed at rather an awkward place for me. at rather an awkward place for me.

Mr. CHAPLIN's touching oration was on the Amendment to the Address, which we have been debating four nights now, and appear to be a little further off the end than when we began. It seems to me the debates on Irish subjects are like the claret at the farmers' dinners. You take a great deal, but you "get no forrader."

11 r.m.—There is enormous excitement in the House. Everyone

is running after everyone else to tell him. One hears the news echoing in the Hall and rumbling through the corridors.

Mr. JACOB BRIGHT has made a joke!

Everyone says that the Hon. Member didn't know it, hadn't intended it, and couldn't help it. But that is just the way with a

new planet when it is discovered. It didn't mean it, didn't know it, and couldn't help it. But there it is, and astronomers watching on distant heights flash to each other the glad intelligence.



MR. BIGGAR (to himself). "JOEY B. IS SLY."

JACOB was slowly and painfully mounting his Ladder of proof that coercion was a very bad thing, when he had to make incidental reference to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who, as everyone knows, sits for Woodstock. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT in the exaltation of the moment tripped over a syllable, and alluded to the young statesman as "the Noble Lord, the Member for Woodcock." It was not precisely a flash of wit. But there was something irresistibly comical in its concurrence. The last man in the House from whom a joke is expected is the Member for Manchester. One of three men whom the House most dearly loves to poke fun at is Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The conjunc-

tion coming on a dull night, one of a series, was received with hilarious gratitude, and the sorrow of a nation is temporarily eclipsed by the lingering delight with which men dwell on what will probably hold a place in history to the remotest time as—"JACOB BRIGHT'S joke."

Wednesday.—The air is full of electricity to-day. The political storm-signal is run up, and presently we shall have gales from N.N.E., backing to E., accompanied by snow and sleet. The business is beginning perhaps a little early. I am told that when Mr. Gladstone came into power in 1868, it was quite two years before Cantlement below the converse helps of the control of the converse helps. before Gentlemen below the gangway began actively to work in the direction of bringing back the Tories. Now scarcely a year has passed, and the work is already merrily going on. There are private passed, and the work is already merrily going on. There are private meetings upstairs and downstairs, and in the young ladies' chamber where tea is dispensed. The gentleman whom everyone here calls "Peter," but who is known at Burnley as Mr. RYLANDS, has been walking about with long strides, looking unutterable

"Peter is the stormy petrel of politics," Mr. Briehr said, just now. "Whenever I see him walking busily about the House, with long strides and right arm swinging at his side, I know there is something up, and we on the front bench had better look out."

As far as I can make things out, it's all about F. At first I thought the initial letter was intended to represent Finder. But it is worse than that It

Fudge. But it is worse than that. It seems they want three F.'s. Why, I don't know, and have not yet been long enough in Parliament to have acquired enough in Parliament to have acquired the habit of talking on matters of which I am absolutely ignorant. What I am certain of is, that, up to now, people seem to have got along pretty well with one F. Even in China, where labour is cheap, and where they have two thousand letters in the alphabet, they have only one F. But now Peter and the rest will have three F.'s—or Blood shall Flow.

The worry is very plainly telling on Mr. GLADSTONE. He is a

The worry is very plainly telling on Mr. GLADSTONE. He is a great man, and can do almost everything but take matters quietly. great man, and can do almost everything but take matters quietly. He sits all night in his place, listening anxiously, and won't go home and be put to bed by twelve o'clock as he should. He passed me in the Corridor just now, looking five years older since the Session opened. "Toby," he said, wearily, "what would you do if your tail tried to wag you?"

"Sir," I replied, "I would sit on it."
"That's not a bad idea," the PREMIER said, walking off with fresh vigour in his stride.

vigour in his stride.

Thursday Night.—I like Sir Patrick O'Brien's Speech, as far as I can understand it. Perhaps some objection might be taken to his oratorical attitude. I don't suppose Demostrates was accustomed oratorical attitude. I don't suppose Demosthenes was accustomed to address his countrymen with both hands in his trousers' pockets, if indeed, he wore any garment that precisely answered to the modern pantaloon. Nor was Mr. Chadstone ever known to restrain the force of his gestures by the limits of his pockets. Mr. Bright, sometimes, in the easier passages of his oratory, will have one hand so disposed, and Lord Beaconsfield, when working out a perfectly impromptu joke, has, I am told, been known to have both his hands behind him, elegantly disposed in his coat-tail pockets. These examples, however, do not go all the way to excuse Sir Patrick's preference for his pocket, or render classic his favourite attitude.



But the Speech is the thing, and the Speech was magnificent. It was like a picture of TURNER, all haze and fragments of objects animate and inanimate. Regarded in detail, and with embarrassing intention to look up the sense of things, it was perhaps open to criticism. You begin here and finished there, or round the corner, or in the next parish, or in the furthest planet. But as no one would take a foot-rule and an Ordnance map to check off one of TURNER'S pictures, so none but a pedant would too curiously inquire what Sir PATRICK might mean by this emphatic and luminous speech delivered at midnight. It was a poem rather than a speech—such a poem as we might expect from Mr. ROBERT BROWNING if he set up his pulpit in Parliament. Sir Patrick himself saw it all clearly. His whole figure trembled with indignation, as he denounced somebody or something. His face flushed with honest indignation as he regarded the depths of infamy into which something or somebody had fallen; and each listener examined his own heart to discover whether it was possibly he at whom the Hon. and eloquent Baronet, with stern

visage and corrugated brow, pointed the finger of pitiless scorn.

Mr. Newdegate (who, I am glad to see, has got over the effects of his little nap in the House the other night) tells me a pretty story of his little nap in the House the other night) tells me a pretty story about Lord Althorpe, whom he remembers, as he knows a man whose great great grandfather's father-in-law was in Cromwell's Parliament. It seems, that one day Lord Althorpe, being Chancellor of the Exchequer, had occasion to make a certain statement, which he had intended to bear out by some figures he had tabulated. Coming down to the House in a hurry, he had forgotten his papers, and mentioning this circumstance to the House, added, that they must take his word for it that if he had his notes with him they would demonstrate his case. The House believed in Lord Althorphys would demonstrate his case. The House believed in Lord ALTHORPE, as it believes in Lord Hartington, and at once accepted his statement.

Thus it is with Sir Patrick O'Brien. Sense and consecutive meaning he has omitted to bring with him. But the House listening to his rounded periods, noting his earnest manner, and vaguely sharing his moral indignation, takes these for granted, and fully believes all he is understood to have meant to say.

Saturday, 1.30.—It is over at last! The division has been taken, and by 435 votes to 57, the House of Commons has declared its preference for the Queen's Government, as against the Government of the Land League. It has been a fearsome week, and though no one that I can hear of has got the three F.'s, we have all felt the influence of the three D.'s. Doleful, Dreary, Dull. Poor Mr. Forster has scarcely had heart or time to brush his hair, and has sat on the Treasury Bench night after night, in a condition of accumulated depression. As the three blind mice ran after the farmer's wife, to remonstrate with her on the misapplication of the carving knife, so these mysterious and omnipotent three F.'s have chased Mr. Forster through the dull hours of the week.

through the dull hours of the week.

The joy of deliverance is shaded by the knowledge, that on Monday, as early as possible, we shall begin it all over again. Scarcely had the roar of departing Members in search of cabs died out of the House, when Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY was on his feet, moving the adjournment of the debate with deadly intent to renew it on Monday. Everything runs in threes just now, and naturally there are three Amendments to the Address; also we should have three editions of this debate, which seems to answer the question, whether life is worth living. For my own part, reviewing the long hours of the week, and this debate, which seems to answer the question, whether the is worth living. For my own part, reviewing the long hours of the week, and venturing to slightly alter the eloquent phrase of Mr. Gray, which so delighted the House just now, I should say that three-quarters of it was certainly not, whilst one half is only partially so.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR. (Coming Edition.)

THE mightiest campaign that United Europe had witnessed for six

The mightiest campaign that United Europe nad witnessed for six centuries was over at last. The struggle was ended.

On they marched, the thin but heroic battalions that but a fortnight since had sped down that self-same thoroughfare, with blithesome step and full-numbered ranks, amid the frantic acclamation of a misguided but sanguine people. It was an ovation!

Then there is a terrible hush of respect, as the one living representative of the glorious 196th, an officer with the rank of Major, whose fresh and glistening uniform gleams like a beacon of fame in this river of pent-up fire, with head erect and brightening eve. in this river of pent-up fire, with head erect and brightening eye, passes between the seething masses of his fellow-countrymen. "The only survivor! He must have fought like a lion!" ories one.

The Major, the great survivor, has faced the Presence, and received the reward. A veteran, who remembers Wellington, overcome, is speaking thickly to him. "Ha!" he said, trying to compass the marvellous escape, "I see! You were not mounted: for had you had to keep your seat under such conditions—"

"Keep me seat, Sorr!" rejoined the other, quickly—"why, bless you, I've niver been out of it! Bedad, Sorr, don't ye know that I'm a Parliamentary Major!"

"A BIT O' MEAT."

A Back-Street Ballad.

"BUY! Buy! Buy! Here's your quality, Ladies!" No. a wag, And not merely a butcherman's tout, I could laugh at my cry. To go calling our customers "ladies," poor souls! Well it don't I have got to be sharp as my carver, and well nigh as hard as m

Bless your heart, if I gave way to pity, those "pieces" might go That would rough up old BUFFLES' sleek hair like a porkypine's. look nice F

P'raps not to the quality eye, but the poor aren't pertikler, you know You should just see the women a-swarming around 'em when prices r

Wouldn't quite suit a dalicot fancy to see how they handle and sniff; Have to shout at 'em sharp pretty often; they think I'm a regular griff; But one woman did come round me, somehow. I've never regretted it,— But I wouldn't have BUFFLES to hear it, not for the best beast in the Show.

Pinched figures, pale faces, and coughs 'mongst the women I serve, aren't so rare That hers should have fetched me so sudden; but somehow her soft pleading stare

Her thin tight-drawn shawl and clenched fingers, all trembling, and blue, and the sigh

With which she held out that three ha'pence, upset me-I hardly know why.

I suppose if she hadn't been pretty,—we've all a soft corner for that, Rather rough on the dowdy ones, ain't it?—I might have refused her plump flat. "It is all I have got, every bit,—and my husband, Sir"——here she broke down

And I tumbled quick into her basket what cost me a level half-crown.

I squared it with Buffles, oh! trust me, no doing the kind on the cross; But I think that the look which she gave me made up for the bit of a loss. "This may just save my husband," she said, with large eyes in which gratitude shone

Like those of a half-starved street cur when you fling him a scrap or a bone.

I saw him that evening, her husband, I mean. Such a broken-down waste. Three months out o' work, six weeks ill, and he'd pined, so she said, for the taste Of a bit o' fresh meat, after slops and short commons so long. That, you know, Is a longing the poor often have, sick or well, when the money runs low.

There's heaps of 'em scarce ever have it, not twice in a twelvemonth. Nature wants it in climates like ours—working hard in the wet and the cold. Well, I know Nature don't always get it, and so you mayn't wonder, perhaps, That their women-folk swarm round our trays of what you'd call unsavoury

They made that poor soul a rare meal. I sat watching him eat it, I did: Seemed to string up those limp shrunken limbs stretched out neath the old

coverlid.

Enjoyment? I've seen swells a-feasting, but never a sight to compare
With that bricklayer's supper of scraps in that garret dim-lighted and bare.

He died in a fortnight from then; too far gone, don't you see. Were all known "Starved to death" were a frequenter verdick than some folks are willing to own. For a strong chap can starve right enough upon slops, bread and scrape, and such tack;

And when death isn't sudden or public the crowner don't get on the track.

But there's hundreds of "natural deaths" as cheap meat might prevent, and cheap meat

Has been promised the poor pretty often; but butchers are rum 'uns to beat. I could tell some queer tales if I cared to. D'ye think BUFFLES cares one brass

button.
So long as "prime" prices are fetched, how he robs the poor man of his mutton?

Foreign stuff was to bring down home figgers, but then, don't you see, if it's sold As genuine British, top price, why the poor gets left out in the cold, Whilst old Buffles bags extry shiners, and chuckles at night o'er his till, And eager-faced woman must bargain for tainted block-ornaments still.

Now Yanks and the Big Ship, they say, mean to lower our prices all round, And lay down prime Texas in England at something like threepence a pound. Old BUFFLES cries "Walker!" and winks. Trade is trade, as he says, but fair 's fair,

And I know what "the odd copper" means too when there's only a copper to

No gammon, Sir. You should ha' seen that poor Bricky a wolfing his treat, Should know what it means, that same longing o' such for a bit o' fresh meat; Should see the hugged shawl and clenched ha'pence, the half-hoping gleam of

In women for whom but too oft there's mere mock in the butcher's "Buy! buy!"



"FORTITER OCCUPA PORTUM."

"FORTITER OCCUPA PORTUM."

It appears there has been a Sanitary Inspection of the Port of London. The information comes from the Shipping Gazette, so it is apparent what port is meant; but why should there not be a sanitary inspection of port wine. What a fine field of labour would lie before the Sanitary Committee which undertook such a task. The revelations which it would make, would, no doubt, be painful, but the information gained could not fail to be of value. It would discover, perhaps, that such unconsidered trifles as sugar, logwood, elderberries, litmus, beet-root and rhatany, entered into the composition of port wine, varied with carbonates of potash, soda and lead. The flavour so much appreciated would be found to be due to tannin, and the bouquet to laurel water, while the wine would give conclusive evidence of fortification with raw spirit of the lowest class, ordered by the British wine merchant, who, as a high authority states, is chiefly to blame for "all the corrupt practices pursued in the sophistication of wine."

The unhappy Committee would also discover that many checkited received.

The unhappy Committee would also discover that many absolutely spurious ports were in the market, which are made with a beautiful crust, while a venerable appearance is cleverly imparted to new corks. Somebody must drink such counterfeits, or they would not be made, and therefore somebody suffers. It is probable also that the Committee would suffer, and the family doctor would be in request after every tour of inspection. But still we might hope to find a gradual improvement in what Christopher North called a "sound constitutional episcopal" wine; and even Sir Wilfrid would hardly object to that, for be it noted, that adulterated stimulants never yet did anything for the temperance cause.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FLUNKEYISM.—As the day the King of GREECE went to the City to take up his freedom was the only day in 1880 when the Strand was cleared of its mud by the local authorities, the inhabitants would do well to get another King to go to the City. The Scavenger in this thoroughfare is as extinct as the Dodo.



THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT.

Lady Midas. "Now for your opinion, Dear!"

Ernest Raphael Sopely. "YES-YOUR CANDID OPINION, MRS. DE TOMKYNS."

Gorgius Midas, Junior. "As a friend of both Parties, you know-hay, Mrs. T. ?"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (equal, as usual, to the occasion). "Well—as a mere Work of Art, it surpasses anything I have ever seen either by Titian, Rembrandt, or Velasquez, and will live for ever! But—as a Likeness of my dearest Lady Midas, it is—you will forgive me for saying so, Mr. Sopely?"—(the Artist bows)—"a Libel!"
[Exeunt all to dinner, in the best of spirits, and just as E. R. Sopely is on the point of offering to paint Mrs. P. de T. for nothing, Sir Gorgius gives him a Commission for two full-length Portraits of that admirable woman, one for her, and one for himself and "er Ladyship."

LILLIPUT TO THE RESCUE!

THERE was a little man
Had a little Party clan,
Of which he was regarded as the head, head, head;
Neither Tory quite nor Whig,
Nor numerically big,
Oh, how bravely, how consummately 'twas led, led, led!

This little man was young, But he had a little tongue, Which glibly and audaciously he'd wag, wag, wag.

And his followers—there were three!—

Cheered his talk with noisy glee,

And the Universe defied their mouths to gag, gag, gag.

And the Universe looked on,
Rather tickled at the fun;
Puck-Demiurgus really wasn't in it, in it, in it.
Like four Minnows amidst Tritons
Dwelt that quaint quartette of Crichtons,
And the Tritons were not troubled for a minute, minute,

Then a crisis there arose,
And, as one might well suppose,
The little man that crisis rose to meet, meet;
Gave his locks a defter curl,
His moustache a tighter twirl,
And pitched his vocal pipes to accents sweet, sweet,

With one hand upon his hip, And the other with a grip On his little—very little—sword of lath, lath, lath,

He thrasonically cried, "Titans, I am on your side; So you needn't fear the lions in your path, path, path. "Though you look so tall and strong,
You're good giants quite gone wrong,
And you really, really are not a success, cess, cess.
From your simmering and surging,
I'm airaid that fear is urging
You to measures that will land you in a mess, mess, mess. "But there, don't you be afraid!

If you'll only up and do the thing that's right, right, right.

Just you range yourselves behind me,

And come on! By George, you'll find me

A much more than modern Malbrook in the fight, fight. "On! There's nothing I won't dare!

Can you hear my voice up there?

I must get a pair of stilts—yes, that's the plan, plan, plan!

Don't be frightened! Trust to me!

Why, I'll call up my brave Three,

And we four will fight for you—aye, like one man, man, man'

Then those Titans twain looked down-

They were giants of renown—At that perky, pigmy Paladin below, low, low, And one of them gave a puff
Of derision. 'Twas enough.
Lo! the Lilliputian vanished with the blow, blow, blow!

HINTS FOR "BLAIR'S SERMONS" (latest Wigtown or Torytown Edition).—"Cursorary" est orare. Revenons à nos moutons.



THE GIANTS AND THE PIGMY.

THE LITTLE FOURTH PARTY. "HAVE NO FEAR, VALIANT SIRS!—BEAR IN MIND THAT YOU HAVE MY SUPPORT!!"



Confidential Friend (to clderly and not unattractive Spinster). "So, Dear, you've given up advocating Women's Rights!" Elderly Spinster. "YES, I NOW GO IN FOR WOMEN'S LEFTS." Confidential Friend. "Women's Lefts! What's that?"

Elderly Spinster. "WIDOWERS, MY DEAR!"

THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

SIE HENRY, you 're hard on the British Elector;
In future a vote will be not "worth a rap;"
Of bribery you 're a ferocious detector,
And publicans even must turn off the tap.
If this Bill should pass, a man's out of his senses,
Wheever a Candidate's views may promote;
Why here it you won't allow pay or expenses Why, hang it, you won't allow pay or expenses,— So, pray, what's the use of an Englishman's Vote?

The days are all fied when the free, independent Elector gratuitous grog could imbibe;
His law-ridden son and unhappy descendant Will go off to prison for giving a bribe.
Time was when the Candidate's affable manners Were nought without gold, and a vote was a boon.
No more can we charge for our poles and our banners. Farewell in the future to "Men in the Moon."

No more will elections be festival seasons,
But dull as the water that lies in a ditch;
And Members won't bribe, for the best of all reasons—
Your penalties—making the poor like the rich.
Oh, England, my country! in silence and sorrow
I blush for your state, and your wees I bewail.
I'll give up my right to the franchise to-morrow,
For what's a Vote worth if it isn't for sale?

For Value Received.

FROM The Academy we learn that Lord Suffolk's famous La Vièrge aux Rochers by Leonardo, has been secured for the National Gallery for £9,000. Bravo! Exactly one thousand less than Messrs. Longmans are said to have paid for Endymion. What will be the value of Lord Beaconsfield's work when it attains the age of Leonardo's picture? Give it up: incalculable.

JUYENILE OFFENDERS.

As the clause concerning flogging has virtually dropped out of the Whiteboy Act, Sir W. V. HARCOURT'S new Bill, into which such a clause, must be introduced for the benefit of the dirty mischievous gamins, might be called, for all purposes of allusion and quotation, "The Blackboy Act."

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 3.

THE object of all education, as you are doubtless aware, is to soften your manners and suffer you not to be brutal. The kind, good, and patient ratepayer, who finds the money to refine you, is under the impression that he or his children will reap the benefit of this refinement in a decrease of criminality, or rather illegality, and its consequent expenses. Let him not live and die under a false impression. Soften your manners to the consistency of pap. Never let your angry passions rise beyond the level of genteel indignation; never let your more or less little boots, and the more or less little feet that are in them, be found jumping on a sister or a mother. Check unruly speech. Your little tongues were never formed to make disrespectful observations about each other's eves make disrespectful observations about each other's eyes.

I say check unruly speech. I may go further, and say never use language that is not largely diluted with water. Never say you loathe a thing, when you have such a harmless word as dislike. Never call people vicious when you can describe them as faulty. Never call people vicious when you can describe them as faulty. Never accuse a man of impudence when you can say he has a little too much confidence; never say he is headstrong when you have such a word as venturesome. Remember that nothing is atrocious, it is only notorious; that no one is callous, he is only unsusceptible. Remember that no one cheats, he only beguiles; that no one is criminal, he is only illegal; that no one commits a blunder, he is only guilty of an error of judgment. Things that coarse people would call trash, you must speak of as trifles; things that coarser people would call filthy, you must speak of as dingy; things that both would call gaudy, you must speak of as glittering. Never forget that people are not fools or foolish, they are simply simple; that they are not vulgarly fat, but pleasantly adipose; that no one gorges, but only fills himself; that murder is softened into despatch; that lies must always be called fibs, and the man who creates lies must be called a fibber.

This is only general politeness, which you will show to all sexes

This is only general politeness, which you will show to all sexes

and all classes; in the case of ladies you are bound to be even more careful. Let me impress upon you that a woman is never ugly, she is only homely. If she is accused of being forward, you must say she is progressive; if they go further and say she is free and easy, you must alter these words to liberal and unrestricted; and when the Poet (I think it is SHAKSPEARE) insists upon giving her the name of frailty, you must alter this offensive word to imperfection. Do all you can to so regulate your speech that no one will notice or care an you can to so regulate your speech that no one will notice or care to remember what you say; and, above all, avoid the abusive language which I am sorry to say is creeping even into once respectable journals. I need do no more than allude to the disgraceful attacks which have been made in *Punch* on that great and good man the Duke of MUDFORD.* When such an ornament of the vegetable kingdom is held up to unmerited ridicule, we naturally ask what next, and next?—and pause for a reply.

* And may be made again .- ED.

The Conspirators in Bombay.

When the Professional Magicians employed by the Indian Conspirators failed to bring up money out of the earth by their charms —they were evidently not young lady magicians—they very wisely recommended another way of raising money, i.e., by subscription. They would have proved themselves better conjurors had they begun with this method, which the cookery books would call "another and a shorter way."

NEW PHRASES.—"Boycotting a Lendlord" is now accepted. To describe the means used to prevent citizens from serving on a Jury, or to intimidate them when they had once been sworn, the phrase "Em-parnelling the Jury" might be used. For a witness perjuring himself under intimidation, we might have as an expressive phrase "taking his Half-a-Davitt."

OUR NEW BOGEYS.

ONE is called a Fenian; the other a Nihilist. The Fenian is the most dreaded, as he is a Home or domestic demon. He causes water-pipes to burst, the Thames water-pipes to burst, the Inames to overflow, and the gas to burn badly; he creates the fogs to choke and blind us, and the mud to spoil our clothes. He corrupts cabmen and makes them abuse cabmen and makes them abuse and overcharge us, he makes ser-vants insolent, and theatrical at-tendants rapacious. He encou-rages the Billingsgate fish-ring in their dirt, and the Duke of MUDFORD in his obstinacy and obstructiveness. He inspires the Meddlevex Magistrates with restrictive notions and contempt for Magna Charta and the Bill of for Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. This may seem Anti-Fenian, but it is a peculiarity of Extremists to be a little inconsistent. He upholds the Water-Monopoly and their extravagant demands, and he stands in the way of author and fair and sensible copyright. He does all he can, in fact, to make life not worth living.

The Nihilist is a foreign demon, with a curious passion for clockwork. He is credited with many offences of which he is probably not guilty. He is accused of placing dynamite on railways, of setting fire to Custom-houses, and

other outrages; and he and his brother Bogey, the Fenian, have caused the Volunteers to look sharply after their arms, and the policemen after their truncheons.

NEW DEPARTMENT AT SCOT-LAND YARD.—The Criminal Instigation Department.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 15.



CAPTAIN SHAW-THE FIRE-KING.

"Through fire I do wander everywhere." Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Oh, did you never hear of a jolly young fireman?"—Ballad adapted.

A NEW IRISH MELODY. (As Sung by the Premier.)

ATR-" Break, break, break!"

TALK, talk, talk, In thy cold calm tones, O "P."! And I would I might utter the language

That sometimes occurs to me!

O well for Lord B. that he sits As a Peri among the Peers!
O well for the Radical "Reds,"
With their "warnings," ar worry, and jeers!

And the stately Whigs go on Demanding a moderate Bill.

But O for a prison for PARNELL and DILLON,
That the Land-Leaguers' voice may be still!

Talk, talk, talk, In thy cold calm tones, O "P."! But the tender grace of your style just now

Shall never bamboozle me!

A Capital Title.

A MEETING of West Kent Farmers was held the other night at Bromley in Kent, "under the auspices of the Farmers' Alliance, in support of Mr. INDERWICK'S Bill to amend the Extraordinary Tithes Act." This Tithes Act "imposes a tax upon improved cultivation of the land." It certainly has in a sense the In proved cultivation of the land."

It certainly has, in a sense, the advantage of an extraordinarily good name. As an Act discouraging Agricultural improvement, the Extraordinary Tithes Act must be allowed to be an extraordinary Act indeed. dinary Act indeed! Such an Act should be amended altogether.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

(Sittings Resumed after Christmas Holidays.)

THE BEADLE.

Our Commissioner. Pray, Sir, what are you?

Beadle. I am the Beadle of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders.

B. They are so numerous as to be rather difficult to describe.

O. C. More numerous than important, perhaps.

B. That, Sir, will be for you to judge.

O. C. Describe some of them.

B. I have to deliver all notices of meetings to the Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants, and occasionally to the whole of our Livery

O. C. But could you not send them by Post?

B. It has never been the practice of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders to employmere Postmen, except in very extreme cases.

cases.

O. C. And why not, for goodness' sake?

B. We shouldn't consider it consistent with our dignity.

O. C. Ah, I see! Proceed.

B. I live at the Hall, and have to see that it is kept in proper condition, and the rooms prepared for all customary meetings.

O. C. Don't you keep any servants then?

B. Oh, yes, plenty of 'em, but I superintend them.

O. C. Proceed, Sir.

B. I have to arrange with our Contractor for our various State Banquets, and to act as taster on those important occasions, so as to be able to vouch, from actual experience, that the early peas, the early strawberries, the early sparrowgrass, and the early grapes, are what they profess to be.

O. C. Dear me, that must be a very trying duty.

B. It is so, Sir; but it is a duty from which I never shrink, and Company?

never will. Why, I have sometimes paid as much as two guineas a pound for Grapes, so I am obligated to see we are not imposed upon. O. C. Two guineas a pound for grapes!

B. Yes, but they were remarkably fine, and a Royal Dook even praised them.

praised them.

O. C. Did he indeed! What else?

B. I have to get the cheques changed into £5 notes and half-crowns for the Court's Fees.

O. C. Why in that particular form?

B. They each receive a £5 note and two half-crowns. It used to be the custom to put the half-crowns into the Poor Box, but, some time ago, one of them moved that £50 should be put in at Christmas, out of the Company's Funds, instead of the half-crowns, so now they wran them up in their £5 notes, and quietly pocket the lot. wrap them up in their £5 notes, and quietly pocket the lot.

O. C. From what I gather from the Master and from you, the

Company seems to have an enormous income.

B. Fortune has smiled upon the Worshipful Bellows-Menders.

B. Fortune has smiled upon the Worshipful Bellows-Menders.
O. C. So it seems. Can you give me any special case?
B. Yes, Sir, I can. The one Member of our Company whose name we reverence above that of all other men, is SIMON SLODGE, who, as I have often heard our Reverend Chaplain say, "in the true spirit of a patriotic Bellows-Mender," left us £20,000 "to enjoy ourselves," and, as our Worshipful Master would say, we devote every shilling of it in accordance with the will of the pious Donor.
O. C. No doubt of it.
B. We hold a Grand Festival on St. Simon's Day every year, and drink in solemn silence to his pious memory. On one occasion, I remember, when we had a rather unlearned Master, he made a curious mistake, and actually proposed the health of St. Simon!
O. C. Some of your Masters are, I suppose, what are called self-made men.

made men.

B. Yes; but I always take charge of them at dinner, keep them straight with the Toasts, and never leave em till it's all over. O. C. Have you any singular customs in connection with your

B. Well, we have one that is rather strange. One of our Liverymen, who lived in the reign of that most religious and gracious Monarch, King HENRY THE EIGHTH, of blessed memory, wishing to show his ex-treme repugnance to the unnatural custom of Fasting, left a certain sum of money to the Company, the interest of which is to be devoted to a magnificent Banquet to be held devoted to a magnineent banquet to be neta during Lent, and it is certainly one of our very best, though we do call it our "Lenten Entertainment." Ah, Sir, men adopt various ways of showing their pious opinions; but where, I should like to know, outside a Livery Company, would you find such a combination of earnest zeal and a capital

O. C. Is there no distinction whatever made on this rather unusual occasion?

B. Oh, yes; we are rather particular in regard to the music. We draw the line at Comic Songs.

O. C. Ah, well, that's something. Pray what is your Salary?

B. Something under £200 a year.

O. C. Any perquisites? B. A few fees of quite insignificant cha-

racter.
O. C. Are you boarded as well as lodged? B. Oh no, certainly not; but the Court always have a copious Lunch, after their frequent meetings; and it would be considered derogatory to return any portion thereof to our Contractors.

O. C. Ah, I see. I should think upon the whole yours must be a particularly

comfortable position. B. I make no complaint, Sir. I am one of those fortunate men who are easily satisfied. I seek no change, for it might be for the worse. I do my duty as a Beadle, I enjoy my rights as a Liveryman of London, and I have my full reward in a clear conscience and a good digestion. O. C. You may retire.

He retires triumphantly.

A BRADLAUGHABLE AFFAIR.

Mr. Bradlaugh's decisive refusal to accept M. Laissant's challenge having, for the moment, terminated the "incident," the following further correspondence on the subject may be confidently expected :-

GENTLEMEN,
If the difficulty is Mr. BRADLAUGH'S modesty in naming a couple of friends to represent him, we write to say that we shall represent nim, we write to say that we shall all be delighted to act in that capacity, and are prepared to arrange for a meeting on any terms forthwith.

We are yours, &c.,
Two Hundred and Seventy Three
Members of the House of Commons.

We were confident that chivalry was not dead in your great country. On what terms do you propose that the encounter shall take place i

Be assured, &c.,
CAMILLE PELLETAN, Chief Editor of
"La Justice."

Louis Guillet, Deputy of the Isère.

As the provocation seems to us, we frankly admit, to have been most grave, we should suggest butcher's hatchets tied on to broomsticks; the duel to take place in a diving-bell, in the dark.
We are yours, THE TWO HUNDRED, &c.

GENTLEMEN.

Though at present unfamiliar with this method of conducting an affair of up as Lord Chief Justice of Queen's Bench.



DISPLACEMENT.

Old Gentleman (Military man, guest of the Squire's, conversing with smart-looking Rustic). "Wounded in the Crimea were you? Badly?"

Rustic. "The Bullet hit me in the Chist, here, Surr, an' came out at me Back!" Old Gentleman. "THE DEUCE! COME, COME, PAT, THAT WON'T DO! WHY, IT WOULD HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR HEART, MAN!"

Rustis. "Och, faix me Heart was in me Mouth at the thoime, Surr !!"

honour, our principal is so keenly sensible of the insult passed on him by Mr. Bradlaugh, that he is prepared to wipe it out in the manner you indicate. Be good enough to inform us when you propose the encounter should take place, and

Be assured. &c.. CAMULLE PELLETAN

GENTLEMEN, At the very earliest moment possible. Thanking you most sincerely for your kind We are, THE Two HUNDRED, &c. assistance in this matter.

LEGAL RECEIPT.—How to make a Lord Chief Justice of Queen's Bench.—Take a Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, and a Lord Chief Baron; mix well, roll into one, and serve



DIGNITY.

Pretty Cousin. "Well, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WOOLWICH, BOBBY ?" Bob Snooker (Gentleman Cadet). "OH, IT AIN'T BAD!" Pretty Cousin. "AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK ?" Bob. "A-AT WOOLWICH WE DON'T 'GO BACK,'-WE-A-JOIN!"

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMMONS.

MOST EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

Most Excellent Mr. Punch.
You have always found Toby a good housedog, and will doubtless find him a good House-of-Commons dog. What is very much wanted in that House, is a suitable dog to do the work of a watch-dog.
The purpose for which a watch-dog is requisite in Parliament, and especially the Lower House, is that of keeping a look out on Private Bills, which very often get smuggled through it to the privation of the Public.
Amongst those Bills, some of the most objectionable and injurious Bills are Railway Bills, through which Public Land is expropriated by Private Associations.
Attention is due to an alarming statement, which you may have seen, that divers Railway Companies design to obtain Acts enabling them to annex, or encroach upon, sundry Commons in the neighbourhood of London.
In particular, Wimbledon Common is named as one of the Commons threatened by Railway Companies with spoliation. A sharp, thorough, wide-awake parliamentary watch-dog is needful to protect that most beautiful of the Commons and most valuable of the open spaces about the Metropolis from devastation.

It is to be hoped that Toby will not have too much else to do than keep his eye as a watch-dog on Private Bills. His two eyes are as good as a hundred, and there is no other dog equally endowed with optical organs, up to snuff, and vigilant, except indeed your Ancient Canine Friend,

Cerretters.

P.S. Guard well against every attack on the Lungs of London; or, considered as open spaces radiant with enjoyable sunshine, we might call them, London Lights.

Charon Kennel, Hades House, Styxshire.

NOT "IDLE HANDS."

THE Prince and Princess of WALES, and a "Select Party"—(who's this?)—have been staying at Oakham. It shows a strong bias in H.R. H. the Prince towards active employment, that having so many charming country residences, sports, and pastimes to choose from, he should go into the country and pick Oakham!

LOWTHER-ARCADIA.—Ireland under the Right Hon-JAMES LOWTHER, according to his own opinion.

THE AID TO CRIME.

Scene—A Paunbroker's Premises.

Dramatis Personæ—Mr. WILLIAM SIKES; Burglar; Mr. AARON SEZTO MOSES, Pawnbroker.

William Sikes. Are you the gur'nor of this 'ere shop?

Aaron Sezto Moses. Yeth, I'm the proprietor of these spathious

Aaron Sexto Moses. Yeth, I'm the proprietor of these spathious premithes.

W. S. That's right, as I've got a little job in your way; goin' to put a bit o' summat up the spout, yer know.

A. M. I'opeth ath 'ow you're a rethpectable man.

M. S. Respeckable! Yah, look 'ere!

SEDE Takes a piece of coal from his pocket, by which sign the Paunbroker is made aware of the profession of his client.

A. S. M. Thatth all nithe and rethpektable. I thee you're an 'onetht man; but to buthiness, ma tear—to buthiness!

W. S. Well, 'ere yer are. A little thing of my old 'ooman's. She got a bit tired of it, yer know, as women will.

A. S. M. Of courthe, of courthe; but hain't I theen thith afore?

W. S. Never pawned it afore in my life.

A. S. M. Ah, tho', but, oh I know, I have theen it. Vy, it's the Crown of England, out of the Tower of London!

W. S. Right you are! I saw it down there, and my old gal she likes it, so I buys it for her, and now she's sick of it. How much?

A. S. M. Vell, on the Crown of Hingland I mutht give yer five poundth. poundth.

poundth.

W. S. All right, and look 'ere, 'ere's summat else!

A. S. M. Vy it'th picturth, oh vot picturth. Who'th they by?

W. S. They calls him RAFFLES, these are his Cartoons.

A. S. M. And theth picturth are yourth?

W. S. No, they are my daughter's. My gal SARAH's, she took a fancy to 'em down at South Kensington, so I bought 'em for her, and now she wants summat else; so how much?

A. S. M. Vell, ath you're quite the gentleman, thay two pound ten.

W. S. 'And it over!

"Mr. AARON SEZTO MOSES, the pawnbroker with whom the Crown Jewels and the Cartoons of RAFAELLE were pledged, the recent robbery of which has created such excitement and alarm, stated in his evidence that he had made every inquiry as to the character of the person who had pawned the priceless articles at his establishment."—Times Police Report.

THE IRISH JURYMEN.

THE IRISH JURYMEN.

Twelve Irish Jurymen trying Prisoners seven,
One had a frightened wife, and then there were eleven!
Eleven Irish Jurymen consulting up in a pen,
One of them had oxen got, which left but only ten!
Ten Irish Jurymen brought there by a fine,
One dreaded "Boycotting," then there were but nine!
Nine Irish Jurymen listening there in state,
One got a threatening note, and then there were but eight!
Eight Irish Jurymen not without some leaven,
One had had a Landlord, then there were but seven!
Seven Irish Jurymen sitting in a fix,
One feared the highway shots, and then there were but six!
Six Irish Jurymen in the legal hive,
One knew a murderer, then there were but five!
Five Irish Jurymen springing from the poor,
One of them half-witted, leaving only four!
Four Irish Jurymen wishing to be "fhree,"
One spouted treason, and then there were but three!
Three Irish Jurymen softly whispering "Pooh!"
One backed out of it, and then there were but two!
Two Irish Jurymen loving not the fun,
Tossed up a halfpenny, then there was but one!
One Irish Juryman a verdict had to give,
Nobly said "Not Guilty," and was allowed to live!



AMATEUR PALMISTRY.

(How Jones became converted to a belief in the same.)

Miss Sopely.
ITABLE WILL. "I SEE HERE GREAT PHYSICAL COURAGE UNITED TO AN INDOM-Brave to recklessness, you have nevertheless immense SELF-CONTROL, AND THOUGH GENEROUS TO A FAULT, YOUR PRIDE MAKES YOU CONCEAL IT. You hide a Poet's sensitiveness beneath a reserved and SOMEWHAT HAUGHTY DEMEANOUR, AND A SINGULARLY POWERFUL INTELLECT ENABLES YOU TO HOLD IN DUE CHECK PASSIONS STRONGER THAN THOSE OF THE GENERALITY OF MEN

Jones. "BY HEAVENS, IT IS WONDERFUL!"

THE DEAN OF THE ARCHES.

(A Canzonet for Canterbury Hall.)

Junge Spiritual I, Penzance, Am posted in a special station Thence bear a name, but by mischance, Lack any local habitation.

In Lambeth Library I sat, And there a judgment did deliver; But out of place was ruled on that Site by the margin of the River.

Then in a Court on t'other side, A case within the Lords' Committee Room, 'tis averred, I wrongly tried; And so my own case claims your pity.

Dean of the Arches I am hight, But I've no Arch to lay my head in; Worse than the wanderers of the night, Who Arches find and go to bed in.

No Railway Arch for me, no dry Arch of a Bridge can I sit under, And so my sentences, oh fie! Get voided through a formal blunder.

And then delinquents go exempt From penalties by me awarded, And my committals for contempt Contemptuously are disregarded.

In the New Law Courts, much I fear, No place for me has been provided, Therein that I may causes hear, And they be legally decided.

How shameful that a learned Judge, A Lord Judge in the Land of Britain, Should have his fiats turned to fudge Because he has no room to sit in!

Corporation Measure.

FIVE Hard Frosts make one Fall of Snow. Three Falls of Snow make one Street Impassable. Six hundred Streets Impassable make one Newspaper eader.

Twenty Newspaper Leaders make one Public Howl. Five thousand Public Howls don't make one Municipal

Government move!

THE CLÔTURE IN PARLIAMENT.

My Dear Sir,

Like myself, you have doubtless read the report published on the various methods of shutting up Members of the Parliaments of the civilised countries of the world. They are all more or less useless. Allow me to give my experiences. I have travelled much. At one period of my life I sojourned among the Sioux Indians, to whom I was honourably known as Paw-paw-da-ko-ta, the Big Liar with the Red Hair. They were accustomed to meet in conclave. Did any member speak for more than a minute and a half—the Red Man, I may tell you, is not given to loquacity—he was bound to a tough stake, a slow fire was ignited round him, and his political opponents chopped him with tomahawks. This method of repressing verbiage and obstruction was certain. Again, when I was with my friends the Patagonians, I studied their parliamentary procedure closely. Did any man make himself obnoxious to the majority of the house, the majority of the house incontinently took him out and ate him. That the adoption of either of these systems would effect a marvellous change in the working of the Assembly of St. Stephen's is the sincere belief of

Yours perfectly truly,

Mendez Musch Ausen Pinton

Red Lying Street, London.

MENDEZ MUNCHAUSEN PINTO.

My Dear Mr. Punch,

Men will never do that which women can do better. If you wish to silence excessive talkers in the House of Commons, admit us. We could talk an ordinary Member of Parliament down in five minutes, and an Irishman in a quarter of an hour.

Yours sincerely,

LAURA MATLIDA SPOUTINGTON.

The Office of the Society for Placing Woman where Man Is: but Oughtn't to be.

MY DEAR PUNCE,

THE remedy is simple. It lies in the hands of the Press.
These men don't speak for each other, but for their constituents.
Abolish parliamentary reporting, and they will be dumb. This will be for the good firstly of the papers, which, instead of devoting columns to dreary dreary reports of twaddling speeches, will be able to give us pleasant articles on social life, reviews of books and music, and lengthen their reports of the police cases.

Yours visionarily.

Laputa Villa, Singeon's Wood.

Yours visionarily, COPERNICUS JONES.

SIR,—I am a business man. England is a business nation. Let us start on a commercial basis. Let Parliament be conducted on the same simple rules by which the Telegraph Offices are governed, but for the sake of convenience let Time, not Words, be the commodity charged. Here is my scale:—

A speech of fifteen minutes before 12 P.M. . . 2 10
Any speech after 12 P.M., per minute 1 0 Any speech after 12 P.M., per minute . .

From this rule, Sir, I should except all past and present Cabinet Ministers. You may say that none but the wealthy will be able to address the House. Precisely so; the man who is clever enough to make money for himself, or having money is clever enough to keep it, is sufficiently intelligent to help govern England, and is the man for my money.

St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

JOHN SMITH.

ADAPTED QUOTATION.

Last Week's Winter (loquitur).—" My name is Ab-Normal on the Primrose Hill."



UNREASONABLE!

Our Dairyman (in dismay). "'ERE'S THE PUMP FROZE UP NOW! AND YET IF MILK RISES
A 'A'PENNY A QUART, BRI'SH PUBLIC GRUMBLES!"

WHISTLING FOR CABS.

It is quite pitiful to see and hear the Club-porters whistling for cabs, which either come not or pass them by with contempt. "Whistle—and I won't Come to You, my Lad," is the burden of the Cabmen's song,—the only burden he carries gratis. It is not that the roads are much worse after a heavy snow-storm than in the height of the muddy season, but snow is the one thing that thoroughly uppets official rules and regulations, Scotland Yard, the licensing system, and the beautiful hard and fast price of sixpence a-mile. The timid cabmen strike, and go home to bed; the more courageous come out, and ask a pound an hour, and get it. Government trading is bad, but Government interference with trade is ten times worse. Perhaps the Seldom-at-Home Secretary will make a note of this.

No CHOKE!—Are the Fogs to be relegated to a Select Committee? What do King Coal, The Fog Fiend, Baron Bronchitis, & Co., care about Select Committees? The subject ought not to be choked off in this manner.

THE TALE OF THE TELEGRAPI CLERK.

With aching eyes and fingers worn By private craze and public crash, I'sit and slave from night to morn,
And do my turn at "dot" and "dash. see that some are free to roam, To rest a little while, and laugh; But this small office is my home, Where I've to work the Telegraph.

The messages come pouring in—
From ALICE "love:" a growl from DICK;
I know what horse is bound to win;

But still this everlasting click! At home, my dear, I cannot dine," Wires craftily some better half; Would his reversion could be mine, But I've to work the Telegraph.

My fingers spin the ball that whirls
The world's roulette from dawn to dark I plead for broken-hearted girls, And catch the unsuspecting clerk;

I'm messenger of birth and death,
The voice of fate, the jester's chaff;
'Tis mine—the universal breath—
Whilst I command the Telegraph!

Within my breast securely lock'd, I hold the secrets of the town; Life hangs on me when lines are block'd, Without me commerce tumbles down. The great world stops when work is done: There's rest for managers and staff, But for the operator—none; He still must work the Telegraph.

In summer time I scent the breeze
That comes from mountain and from

I seem to hear the waving trees Conveyed by electricity; "touch" the towns where maidens skate, And long, these winter days, to laugh; Why moan? when I manipulate The Departmental Telegraph!

Oli, fellow-workers! we but ask— Not as a favour, but a right— Some slight concession in our task, A pause by day, some rest at night.
We beg for bread, and not a stone—
The whole of prospect, not the half.
Come! earn the blessing, not the groan,
Of men who work the Telegraph!

Wire-drawn Salaries.

THE giggling girls, precocious boys, and half-starved clerks, who form the Telegraphic Staff of that money-grubbing department of Government—the Post Office, have petitioned for a slight increase of pay, and have been officially snubbed for their pains. They have petitioned for eight years, and for eightyears they have received no answer. The Manchester clerks were too wise to petition. They struck, and their demands were at once attended to.

The Straight Tip.

In a clever and interesting book called Horses and Roads, by "FREE LANCE," it being taken as proved that shoeing is a mistake, "tipping" the hoof is suggested as a compromise. This is a practical application of "Money makes the mare to go." To effect this, hitherto, most people have had to "tip" the construct. the coachman. The farrier's answer to the query "Shall the horse have shoes or not?" must be, "Whichever you shoes, my little dear, you tips and you takes your choice."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Tuesday, January 18, 1 A.M.—It seems that the practice of doubling parts, highly popular in the theatre elsewhere, has extended to the stage at Westminster. Mr. Parnell cannot oblige the House with an imitation or a reproduction of his oratorical manner of speech when addressing Gentlemen in Ireland, whose souls he has already exalted to the lofty height of determination not to pay their rent. But so flowing is the wealth of his genius, that he can on two nights afford Hon. Members two opportunities of fresh study. Last night, speaking on Mr. McCarthy's Amendment to the Address, he treated the House, not for the first time, to an exhibition of almost touching humility. He threw himself (in a Parliamentary sense of course) upon his knees before Hon. Gentlemen, and pleaded a misericordiam for an audience. "Strike, but hear me for a downtrodden but law-abiding people," was the burden of his prayer. To hear him you would have thought that butter would not melt in his mouth—though why that should be made a test of meekness of disposition I never could quite make out.

It is pretty to see on these occasions how the House rubs its head.

It is pretty to see on these occasions how the House rubs its head. Stares about, and pinches itself to see if it is awake or the victim of phantasmagoria. Is this the man who has set Ireland in revolt, and has stumped a foreign country for the sinews of war? Is this the man who has poured into the ear of the Irish peasant a stream of bitterest denunciation of all things English? Is this the man who pinches is the man who pinches to the foulest calumnies against of execution with which the proposal was received by the House,

I liked Mr. Parnell's later manner better, as seeming, if one may say so, a trifle more honest. It was at one o'clock this morning. The House was full and eager for the division, lapsing at last from the miraculous patience with which it had listened all night to infinite droning. Mr. Gladstone, like a sensible man, had gone home at eight o'clock, and was now, where we all ought to have been, safe in his kennel. But before departing, the Premier had delivered his soul in some few burning sentences that had grievously scorched the Irish Members. Lord Hartington was pretty good last week; but Mr. Gladstone, by grace of greater oratory, was better last night. The diminishing number of Irishmen who follow the lead of Mr. Parnell had learned not less from the glowing periods of the Premier than from the cheers of the House that their game was very nearly up. They were dull and dispirited, and so far forgot themselves as to make short speeches.

was followed by a few words from Lord Hartington, the more telling by reason of the absence of passion with which they were spoken. Then Mr. Parnell rose, and the House beheld a strange transformation. His tall, slim figure was literally trembling with passion, his hands were clenched, his teeth were set, and it was with difficulty he could frame his words. Once it seemed as if he were thought the passion of the participation of the passion of the pass

difficulty he could frame his words. Once it seemed as if he were about to throw off the restraint, so long maintained, by which he has been able to stop just when on the verge of traversing the utmost limits of the elastic rules of order.

"You are going to strike down the liberties of the Irish people!" he hissed through his teeth, turning fiercely upon the Speaker, while his hands convulsively moved in a way that suggested anxiety to soothe themselves in the folds of the Right Hon. Gentleman's

Wig.

The Speaker has a manner providentially designed to give excited orators time for reflection. Rising with slow movement from his seat, and standing erect with hands clasped before him, he solemnly warned Mr. Parnell that he was disregarding the authority of the Chair. Perhaps this took not more than sixty seconds in the passage, but it was time enough for Mr. Parnell to master his frenzy before it had proved fatal; and when he rose again he had once more put on the deferential manner and assumed the smooth speech which are the indispensable adjuncts of successful obstruction.

Business done-None.

Tuesday Night.-Mr. WARTON is so gratified with the success of his recent appearance as a poet, that he has some notion of devoting himself to the business. His Muse has indulged in a fresh flight suggested by the condition of affairs in the House of Commons, and I am gratified at the opportunity of lightening the pages of my Diary with it:

"The Harp that once through Stephen's Halls The soul of humour shed, Now hangs as mute upon its walls As if that soul were dead."

Mr. Warton explains, what is hardly necessary, that he means the Irish Members of the present day are sorely degenerated, as compared with their predecessors; and I think the poet is right. We have had another night of Irish oratory, and it has proved

heavier than the snew-storm, and it has proven heavier than the snew-storm, and, in point of obstruction, equally successful. There is something about the articulate Irishman, which altogether prevents him from being dull. But the just complaint is that the proportion of grains of corn to bushels of chaff, is so ridiculously small. There was Mr. MARUM just now who suddenly flashed forth a perjust now who suddenly flashed forth a perfeetly charming notion. He was denouncing to the score of Members present the calumnito the score of Members present the calumnious habits of newspaper writers and others who, it seems, have spoken disparagingly of the loyalty of the Land League. Mr. Marum had a triumphant proof in refutation. Once he was at a Land League dinner, and amongst the toasts proposed when the whiskey was brought in was "The Queen and the rest of the Royal Family." What more was needed to prove the loyalty of the League? Only one thing; that Mr. Marum should respond on behalf of the Queen and the other members of the Royal family, and this he did. Mr. Marum is a Gentleman with a red face Mr. Marum is a Gentleman with a red face and a loud voice, who reminds me of a com-mercial traveller I have met somewhere. He related this little story without the slightest

Mr. O'DONNELL SUG-GESTING A REVIVAL

OF THE OBSOLETE Suspicion that there was anything comical in Axe of Parliathe notion of his responding for this particular toast; which made the episode charming.
But it was a heavy penalty to pay for a full hour of otherwise unadulterated Marum. Mr. O'DONNELL's fervid fancy has accidentally hit upon a new standing order for dealing with obstruction, that seems to go to the

root of the whole matter.

It is the Axe in the Lobby!

"If," said the Hon. Member, just now dropping his voice to deepest tragedy-notes, "if the Axe were waiting in the Lobby at this moment for Irish Members, it would not deter them from doing

their duty."

The House, which has a sharp eye for bathos, laughed consumedly at this notion. But, upon reflection, it has seriously recommended itself to consideration. It is thought that the Axe waiting in the Lobby might, if wielded in strong or skilful hands, do good service to Ireland and the Empire. If it were to shorten by a head verbosity, ignorance, vulgarity, and the deadlier crime of deliberate attempt to stir up enmity between races, a greater amount of good might be

effected than is usual with so small a measure of compensating evil. Mr. GLADSTONE has been out of practice with the axe of late; but perhaps he might be induced to bring one down to complete the fur-

niture of the Lobby.

Business done.—Mr. McCarthy's Amendment, proposing that the Executive should divest itself of the power of carrying out the law,

negatived by 223 votes to 40.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Some Member who sits within the influence of Mr. WARTON'S snuff-box, has just made a most remarkable and useful contribution to debate.

I have a pardonable pride in mentioning the circumstance that at first there was a general dispo-sition to think it was the Member for Barkshire who had thus interpellated his maiden speech. This was an error; though I am bound to say that if I had spoken at this juncture I could not have given more idiomatic or fuller utterance to my views. It presently occur-red to Hon. Members that the sound did not come from that part of the House where I usually sit; and Mr. GRAY gave a precise turn to suspicion by hailing Mr. Warton as the contributor of what is certainly the most useful and most pointed speech in a Mr. Warton, the Bard of debate already ten days long. Bridport, who didn't say Mr. Warton is, however, the soul of honour, and though it would have been easy for him to have appropriated the kidos that belonged



nave been easy for him to have appropriated the kids that belonged to the anonymous orator, he at once frankly disclaimed the shouth. But the orator was as modest as he was gifted. He persisted in maintaining his anonymity; but, as it will not occupy much space, I may as well give a verbatim report of the speech. Said the Hon. Member, "Shut up!"

Business done—None.

Thursday. -To-night for a brief space, the House of Commons has resumed its old functions as a Debating Assembly. It was not a very lively discussion which Sir Wilfrid Lawson raised. Nobody wanted to hear just now about the war in Basutoland, nor as far as expression went, did anyone seem to have very grave distrust of the ability and honest intention of the Government to deal with the question. If Sir WILFRID LAWSON's speech would have kept, (and there were singularly few jests in it) it might have been as well. But these things were overlooked in the sense of relief and mental exhibitantion felt at once more hearing men really discuss a question. with evident intent to arrive at a conclusion which argument might mould, and facts influence. Though not calculated to further any practical purpose, the discussion really assumed the form of Parliamentary debate. The House liked it too. But it was scarcely generous to fall upon poor Sir George Balfour in the way they generous to fall upon poor Sir George Balfour in the way they did. Sir George has been dumb all the Session, and this was the very earliest opportunity he had of making a speech. But no sooner had he opened his mouth, than with one accord the House roared for a division, and Sir George, after feebly battling with the storm, drooped his wings, and lowered his beak, sinking back into his seat with the strange pathos of a magpie that has fallen upon cvil days.

Business done.—Address agreed to. Report on Address carried.

Friday.—Mr. RYLANDS really meant to be good this Session; but circumstances are sometimes too strong for the best intentions. has for so many years had charge of the affairs of the Universe, that when that portion of them which falls within the limits of the British Empire is cared for by a man in whom he has the fullest confidence, he still finds himself involuntarily interposing. Everyone will give him credit for the truth of his assertion, that when he put down, at the beginning of the Session, a Resolution on affairs in put down, at the beginning of the Session, a Resolution on anarrs in the Transvaal, he did not mean to do anything that would be inconvenient to anybody, much less to the Government. Of course, after gratifying himself with the look of the thing on paper, he might have taken it off, or he might have sat quiet to-night when Supply was called on, and his Amendment became possible. But the sudden opportunity was too much for him. He had his speech ready; in an arril moment he delivered it and for the rest of the right might evil moment he delivered it, and for the rest of the night was in a perfect fever of excitement lest some one should take him at his word, and insist upon a division. Sir Wilferd Lawson, who will have his joke, maliciously challenged a division; and to see Peter get up and leave the House when it was called, followed by Mr. Cartwright, who had purchased the right to make a speech at the cost of seconding the Amendment, was a cheerful conclusion to a dreary week.

Business done-Peter's Amendment (from which he ran away) rejected by 129 votes against 33.

PLAYERS AND PAYERS .- No. III.

"Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete."-Rejected Addresses.



Some few years ago, four, it maybe, or five, a little pamphlet was published by the Gallant SHAW, not the Life-Guardsman of amphitheatrical fame, but a more practical guardian of our life, Captain SHAW, of the London Fire Brigade. It was on Fires in Theatres, and a most sensible and timely little work it might have been, sending, as it did, a strong well-directed stream of good sound advice on what may truly be styled a burning question. I say might have been, for unfortunately too large a part of it came a little late. steed had been stolen before the Captain undertook to show us the best sort of

fastenings for the stable door. His ideal theatre was, indeed, a little paradise of comfort and safety: but, as ill-luck will have it, asternings for the statile door. His licial theatre was, indeed, a little paradise of comfort and safety: but, as ill-luck will have it, here stand our theatres, very grave realities, with little of paradise about them,—for though tolerably easy to get into, they are uncommonly hard to get out of; and if the bard who sang "The Loves of the Angels" knew anything of his subject, 'twas just the reverse with Paradise in "that time of bloom" commemorated by the late Thomas Moore. Here stand our theatres, I say, and it would, perhaps, be asking too much to insist they should all be pulled down and built up again on Captain Shaw's most excellent plans. If some I could name were pulled down and not built up again on any plan, I do not know that we should be great losers.

The Captain gave, moreover, plenty of advice which we can profit by, and ought to be allowed to profit by, but it seems nobody's business that we should. One might suppose it to be the Lord Chamberlain's, and I think I can remember an emanation from that august source, following close on the Captain's heels, which entailed tremendous penalties on all Theatrical Managers or Lessees who should dare thereafter to neglect certain sensible and simple regulations framed to ensure the safety of Her Majesty's liege subjects.

tions framed to ensure the safety of Her Majesty's liege subjects. But I am not aware that the threatened parties paid much heed, and I think that his Lordship, after these extraordinary signs of vitality, pretty soon dropped off to sleep again. Twice a year, I have been told, an official inspection is made of all the theatres and places of public entertainment within the Bills of Mortality, and a report furnished, so I imagine some sort of precautions against fire are supposed to be taken. But what they may be, I don't know, nor what the penalty of their violation; the latter I take to be some such as honest Dogberry instructed his watchmen to enact. Indeed, I sometimes wonder whether, in this one of his many capacities, his Lordship has any real existence, or is not rather a venerable myth, in the words of the poet, "the sort of thing one reads about, but very seldom sees."

I say then, we must perforce make the best of the theatres we have already got, and I allow, that in a few of the latest additions to our Temples of the Drama, some slight regard has been paid to the safety, as well as to the comfort and luxury, of the visitors; as much, perhaps, as could, in the circumstances, have been expected, for these have rather been altered than rebuilt. But the Phoenix was altogether rebuilt; was that builded on the Captain's plan? and if not, why not? Most of our Theatres date from a time when we were not why not? Most of our Theatres date from a time when we were not so wise, nor so careful of our precious lives as we are now. But surely in no time, no, not even in the time of our toil-bearing ancestors, should any underground auditoria have been licensed. Facilis descensus, but if ever in one of these subterraneous places of amusement there should be—which Heaven forbid—an alarm of fire, then revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras, what an awful struggle for life there would be in those narrow mazes! I am a lonely old bachelor, and not so old but that I can take pretty good care of myself in a crowd, yet I protest I always feel vastly thankful to find myself again in the upper air, sound in limb at least, if not in wind, for I admit, I don't find this getting up-stairs as easy as I did once. For Pious Æneas, with all the immortals on his side, there was the labour, that the work!

was the labour, that the work!

Let us then, I say, make the best we can of our bad bargains; but is the best made, and if it is not, why does not somebody insist, why do not we insist, who, after all, are the most nearly concerned, that it shall be? The Official Circular, I remember, indeed, I happen to have a converse made it a particular point that "all gangways, to have a copy by me, made it a particular point that "all gangways,

passages, and staircases, intended for the exit of the audience, are to passages, and staircases, intended for the exit of the audience, are to be kept entirely free from obstructions, whether permanent or temporary." Surely a most wise rule and simple, for it must be obvious to the capacity of even a Theatrical Manager, which is not always, I fancy, so capacious as his house, that a passage through which you cannot pass is not of any particular value in cases of sudden emergency. Now, this is a rule which I think most playgoers, poor or rich, will agree with me, is honoured in the breach. There is scarcely, I make bold to say, a theatre in London where this simple and most necessary precaution is not recklessly disregarded, not once, maybe, nor twice, but over and over again, whenever some lucky hit happens to draw the town in larger numbers than the architect bargained to draw the town in larger numbers than the architect bargained for. It would be Utopian to expect the lucky Manager to turn away the visitor with money in his hand, in deference to a rule which he has every reason to laugh at as a dead letter, so long as any hole or corner can be found in which to stow him. No doubt every precaution Shaw, much after the fashion of those prescribed on board ship, by which every servant of the theatre would know what to do in case of fire, and how, and where to do it, would be observed. But in front of the curtain we, without whom Manager, servants, theatre, could have no existence, must shift for ourselves. And so, wherever a chair or stool can be set down, wherever, often, even a couple of legs can get standing room, there you may find them. I shudder as I think of the effect of a panic in the stalls of the little Bandbox Theatre. In one theatre I know of, the passages between the rows of the dress-circle are fitted with permanent seats, that can be let down

by a spring whenever the press is greater than ordinary!

I do not say that these things are done everywhere, nor always in the same proportion, but I do say it is a shame they should be suffered anywhere. Some day, I suppose, something will be done—which will be very consoling—for the sufferers. They say we shall never have done with railway accidents till a Director is smashed: the gentle singeing of a Lord Chamberlain might, perhaps, be found an efficacious remedy for this evil.

efficacious remedy for this evil.

THE CLAIMS OF GREECE.

THE Claims of Greece! The Claims of Greece! No doubt Miss Sappho loved and sung, But how can Europe keep the peace, The wily Greek and Turk among: Eternal summer may be there, But noise of war is in the air.

The nations look on Marathon,
And wonder sometimes will there be
A fight like that which erst went on
Between the mountains and the sea: Where Turk and Greek may find a grave, If neither party will behave.

A BISMARCK sat with furrowed brow, And scanned the Treaty of Berlin, Quoth he, "There'll be a fearful row, My interference must begin.
We'll arbitrate." He spoke, when lo!
Both Greece and Turkey answered "No!"

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks," Was Byron's sage remark to Greece; He bid the Hellenes close their ranks, Their only hope for full release. They 've ta'en his counsel it would seem; Yet surely 'tis an idle dream?

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine," Whatever Samian wine may be; And still let Grecian temples shine, Be Greece inviolate and free : But ne'er shall European peace Be broken for the claims of Greece!

Rare Birds at Romsey.

WHOSOEVER, if anybody, shall write a Natural History of Hampshire, may, or may not, therein please to insert the following extract from a local journal of the 15th instant:—

"RARA AVIS.—A few days since several swallows were to be seen in the neighbourhood of Romsey, some on the Broadlands estate and some near the Abbey Church."

We know that "One swallow doesn't make a summer," and it is now perfectly clear that neither do several swallows. Some wag may, peradventure, have written to a newspaper, saying he had seen swallows out in mid-winter and affording that information with a view to a lark of a species not described by naturalists.



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Aunty. "And now, how many Sittings shall you require of My Niece, Mr. Sparks?"

Our Artist (a modest but most inflammable youth). "Oh, not more than Thirty or Forty, or perhaps Fifty,—we will say Sixty if you like, or Seventy—at all events Eighty or Ninety at the utmost, or——"

Aunty. "Good Heavens! why, you painted me in Four!"

Out Artist. "No !-DID I REALLY THOUGH? AH, BUT I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE THAT YOUR NIECE'S EXPRESSION WILL BE PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT TO CATCH, YOU KNOW!"

MUFTI NO MORE.

FAREWELL to thee, Mufti, now never again
Shall great Vice adorn me in exquisite style,
Oh, where are the waistoots that set off the chain,
And the trousers an anchorite's heart might beguile?
Oh, where are the dittoes in mixtures and browns,
And the faultless frockoot that he built me of yore?
My clothes were the glory of garrison towns,
But now I shall put on my Mufti no more.

I march in full dress to the concert or ball,
With my red tunic buttoned up tight to my throat;
Egad, Sir, I'd much rather not go at all,
For there's nothing I hate like my uniform coat.
And what's recreation? I give you my word,
We're to dress up like guys when we go for a ride.
One General declares—is it not too absurd?—
That a soldier should skate with a sword by his side!

The Subaltern moaned as he looked at each vest,
With his coats of all patterns that tailors unroll;
Let us hope that the Queen's Regulations he blest,
When he put on his full dress to go for a stroll.
Time was when the soldier was proud of his gear,
But his uniform now is considered a bore;
What wonder civilians at scarlet should sneer,
When the moan of the Army is—Mufti no more!

Seasonable Announcement.—The Shiver, for January,—a new magazine, companion to The Quiver.

OBSTRUCTIVE PADDYISM.

According to some sage authorities, History never repeats itself. Others affirm that it does repeat itself sometimes. How far is History going to repeat itself in the House of Commons? In a measure it has repeated itself already. Obstruction has repeated itself. For Obstruction is a matter of Parliamentary History. There appears to be also a remarkable, and really curious coincidence between a case of Obstruction which occurred once upon a time, and the particular Obstruction offered by Nationality to Legislation in the present day. Correspondents of the Times relate that:—

"On the 19th of May, 1604, Sir William Paddy, entering into a 'long' speech, it was agreed for a rule that 'if any man speak not on the matter in question, the Speaker is to moderate."

And so, of course, PADDY was moderated. That was one PADDY. Now at this present there are numerous Paddies habitually creating Obstruction. The House of Commons in time past moderated an Obstructive Paddy. Now then, will the Parliament of Queen Victoria prove itself equally well able, with that of JAMES THE FIRST, to put an end to Obstruction by moderating the Obstructive Paddies? Let us hope that Parliamentary History will so far repeat itself.

NOT FROM LIMA.

News of the Chilians! Latest Intelligence!!—England is full of 'em! Chilly 'uns everywhere! This, by a reference to the barometer, can be—as a melodramatic heavy villain would say—"easily peruv'd."

CHANGE OF NAME.—Mr. VINCENT HOWARD, Chief of the Detective Police Department, to be Mr. Lose-scent Howard.



"BOYCOTTED!"

Mr. Bull. "HI! HERE! WILLIAM! HOW CAN I GET TO BUSINESS IF THIS ISN'T REMOVED? TALK OF COERCION-1!"

POLICEMAN. "ALL RIGHT, MR. BULL-I'VE GOT MY EYE ON 'EM!!"

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(A Military Story for those whom it may concern.)

"WE must secure him as a Volunteer, to fill up the Regiment ordered abroad, to a respectable strength," said the Secretary of State for War, decisively.

The Field Marshal Commanding in Chief bowed submissively, but shrugged his shoulders. This almost imperceptive demonstration of incredulity, seemed to lash the already excited Cabinet Minister to

moreaunty, seemed to lash the already excited Cabinet Minister to absolute fury.

"Confound it all, your Royal Highness!" he began.

"Nay, Sir!" returned the Hero of the Crimea, calmly, but firmly;

"I am aware that you are my official chief, but for all that, I cannot consent to listen to an imprecation! Your language makes me shudder!"

The Secretary, seeing that he had gone too far, mumbled an apology. He gave the Royal Duke a sealed packet.

"You will only open this, Sir, when all other arguments have failed to convince him. I trust that your mission will end in a considerable addition to the strength of the Battalion, now under orders

The Field Marshal bowed and retired. Within six hours or so, he had entered his Stanhope Phaeton, had driven down Pall Mall, and had seated himself in a room in the Horse Guards overlooking St.

"I want to see Private THOMAS ATKINS," said the Duke.
The Warrior was sent for, and appeared. ATKINS measured fourteen inches round the chest, stood five feet two in his boots, was
either fifteen or fifty, and in fact presented the very type of a British

"Arkins," said the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, "England is in danger. We are passing through a serious crisis. You must assist us to reorganise our Land Forces. And first, what is your Regiment?"

"Sergeant said as how it was the 198th on Parton Planagers."

Sergeant said as how it was the 198th, or Putney Plungers, Sir,"

was the hesitating reply.

"A gallant corps, indeed!" commented H.R.H. "The fact, that nearly all the rank and file were recruited in Canada, I have no doubt, does not in the least lessen the love they must bear to their native place—Putney the Pride of the Thames! "

Private ATKINS was silent—perhaps overcome by the Duke's

eloquence.
"THOMAS," continued the Field-Marshal, "the 242nd Shoreditch
Slashers are ordered to Timbuctoo, to save the flag and honour of Old England from being ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader. For various causes (for which, of course, we are none of us accountable) the Establishment of the Slashers has been reduced ns accountable) the Establishment of the Slashers has been reduced to one bugler, three sergeants, and the usual complement of officers. The Slashers have a vacancy for a private. Will you volunteer to accept that unique appointment?"

ATKINS was silent, and scratched his head.

"How long have you been in your present regiment!" asked the Duke, noticing the soldier's hesitation.

"I don't rightly know, Sir; but counting the time I have spent in hospital and cells, it may be about three weeks."

"Three weeks!" exclaimed His Royal Highness.

"Then I can well understand your prajecyouthy irresolution! In three weeks

well understand your praiseworthy irresolution! In three weeks you have learned to love your officers, and they have learned to love you! In three weeks you have mastered all the glorious traditions of your gallant corps! You would not give up the proud privilege of wearing one button short on your Norfolk jacket—no, not for worlds! In three weeks you have mastered the legend—how in the Posingula a Plunger fixed a button instead of a bullet at the enemy Peninsula a Plunger fired a button, instead of a bullet, at the enemy, and killed his Colonel (an indifferent commanding officer) in mistake for a French General. How this saved the battle, and won the day!"

ATKINS admitted that he had heard "summut" about it in the

ATKINS admitted that he had heard "summut" about it in the Canteen, but didn't understand what it was all about.

"And knowing this, you refuse, of course, to volunteer out of your own regiment! Brave lad! Good fellow! There is something in esprit de corps, after all! My gallant youth, you can go!"

THOMAS ATKINS saluted, and turned on his heel.

"Stay!" cried the Royal Duke, as he suddenly remembered the sealed packet that had been given to him by the Secretary of State for War, to be used as a last resource. "I have yet something to do. It is my duty. Listen while I read to you."

His Royal Highness opened the letter, and smiled disdainfully as he perused the contents.

he perused the contents.
"I do not like to insult you," he said, "but I am ordered to offer

you a bounty of a pound —"
"Bounty of a pound!" ejaculated ATKINS, in a fever of excite-

ment.
"Pardon me for causing you so much warmth," continued the Duke, soothingly—"The bounty of a pound if you change your present regiment for another! My good fellow, of course you com-

mission me to say that you refuse his offer with respectful ignominy and dutiful contempt? You will never barter your esprit de corps

"Why, I would sell almost anything for a pot o' beer!"

The Duke fainted. But it was all for the best.

The next day the Shoreditch Slashers sailed to Timbuctoo with their new private, and—the country was saved!

THE THEATRES.



Mr. Taylor and Master No Tail-er. TWO OF THE COVENT GARDEN PARTY.

"REPRESENTATION of Wigan"-we were delighted to gain—we were defigited to a notice this heading to a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, but were disappointed when, on reading it, we found it referred to the election, and not to the capital comedian who has been unaccountably absent from the boards for a long time. The best "Represent-ation of WIGAN" we ever remember to have seen was his Hawkshaw the Detective in the Ticket-of-Leave Man; and before that, in Robson's time, his *Chicken*, the exprizefighter, was a Tiptonslashing performance.

The Connaught Theatre in Holborn, is open under the management of the experienced Mr. CHARLES MORTON,

who, years ago, worked up the Philharmonic at Islington into a success. He has produced La Fille du Tambour Major, which went merrily enough at the Alhambra. It is what Mr. Arthur Roberts would call "strictly proper"—not Con-naughty, but nice.

The late Mrs. Bateman was a devoted mother and a thoroughly good woman of business. We sincerely wish Miss Isabel Bateman all success in her management of the New Sadler's Wells Theatre.

We have also to deplore the loss of Mr. Sothern, who died last week. He will be famous in theatrical annals as the creator of Lord Dundreary, the typical Foppington of John Leech's time. He had a very strong sense of humour, was a most genial companion, and a flyer in the hunting-field. He was an excellent stage manager, was impatient of tradition, and detested conventionality. Alas! poor Yorick!

Our Special Representative wrote to us last week to this effect:—
"Not all the Cab Horses, nor all the King's Men—including the Provost Fellows, and Scholars in residence at Cambridge, who are evidently the King's men of the Humpty Dumpty ballad—could have succeeded in dragging me away from the fireside, or, to be accurate, the fire-front, on either Monday or Tuesday last week—certainly not Tuesday—to witness Mr. BOOTH, first as Othello and then as Lago. Tuesday—to witness Mr. Booth, first as Othello and then as lago. With the very slightest hesitation necessary for the jeu de mots, I said to myself, '1-ar-go not to night;' and, let me add, being a man of my word, I didn't. I saw the eminent American actor in my mind's eye, Horatio, and well out of all draughts. The weather must have been peculiarly rough on the Theatres. Idle people who have got carriages and horses won't take them out, have a dread of cabs, and won't ride in 'busses: while busy people, glad to get away from business, walk briskly home, and stop there. Logs and grogs were the order of the night, and their Majesties, King Log, and King Coal, spite of all his smoke, were warmly welcomed by their cheery subjects. The greatest success in the Theatrical World can't win much, when the Clerk of the Weather turns up Zero very often." often."

Logs and Grogs indeed! The idea of a Critic preferring the Chimney Corner to Othello!

Supposed Correction.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Spectator, pointing out that when Mr. Stofford Blair—the poisoned-mutton man—used the word "cursorary," which so much tickled Sir W. V. Harcour's fancy—and our own—he had Sharspeare's authority for it. Vide Henry the Fifth, Act. V. Sc. 2. True; but in whose mouth does Sharspeare place it? Why, in the French King's, whose speech, of course, can't be taken as model English. Judicial Mr. Spectator oughtn't to have yielded to so weak an argument.

DEEPER THAN THE SNOW.

Telegram from Mr. Larkhall (of egram from Mr. Markidae (y the Firm of Briggs and Lark-hall, Fenchurch Street) to Mrs. Larkhall, Duckpond Villa, Marshfield Heath, Herts.

"Roads impassable: no cabs, no trams, no omnibuses; all railways blocked with snow-drifts. Shall stay in town, and clear up office arrears till weather breaks.
Will telegraph to-morrow.
Don't be alarmed. Address Tavistock Hotel."

Note sent by Messenger to young Mr. Sparkhall (of the Firm of Sparkhall, Dobbs, and Sparkhall, Mincing Lane).

DEAR DICK,—This snow's a godsend. Shall get two or three godsend. Shall get two or three days—perhaps more—in London, for a spree, which I want badly after six months at Marshfield. The country's healthy, but dull. Let's dine together to-night at the "Ship and Turtle," and do a theatre or a couple of musichalls together. We can wind up at the "Tax." with supper, and smoke till all's blue. smoke till all's blue.

> Yours. Tom.

"From THE RANKS." — Our esteemed Contributor, "TOMMY THE TOFF" called in to say that the weather has been so hard on him he could hardly hold a whip let alone a pen, but we might depend on his giving us his number (three) next week for

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 16.



"THE STORY OF LEFEVRE."

THE FIRST MAN AFTER ADAM AS COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

THE eloquence of Mr. McDonough, Q.C., during the Land League trial produced a startling effect on the Court. In the report of his speech given in the Free-man's Journal, January 14, the Learned Counsel is represented to have said :

"That question struck the Govern-ment of the country, but was first prompted by the men who you are asked to send to gaol. They were the first to ask the question; they were the first to hearken to the cry of distress, and they were the first who came to the relief of the starving people.—The Court then adjourned for lunch."

The Court couldn't stand the touching picture — at least it couldn't sit any longer. It rose as one man—one very hungry man—and went to luncheon. Did Mr. McDonougu retire to study somebody's legal Digests?

INSUF-FIGHT-ENT ACCOMMODATION.

A LITTLE coercion is wanted in the City, just to make the Corporation apply some adequate remedies to the Billingsgate Market nuisance. Are Aldermen and Common Councilmen no better than a multiplication of Ducal Mudfords? As it's a Fish market in question, couldn't the Prince of Whales throw his weight into the scale?

How to KILL TIME IN THIS WEATHER.—Go on "sleighing" every day.

ALL FROZE OUT;

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO. (From a Glacial Diary.)

January 21.—Glorious, healthy, bright, brisk bracing weather. Thermometer five degrees above zero. Have just out following from Daily Telegraph ?

"There have been great changes of the world's climate before now, and we may be sure there will be again. . . It is a solemnising thought amid the hush of the snow-buried metropolis, to remember, that once upon a time, our London parks and English waters were the pleasure-grounds of Arctic animals, and that they might become so again—if the frost continues long enough."

Believe there is something in this. Hope there is. Buy a damaged

Believe there is something in this. Hope there is. Buy a damaged lot of indiarubber hot bottles at two and ninepence a piece, and fifty tons of prime coal at thirteen and six, on the strength of it. Mercury still falling. Hooray! Exchange shower-bath for its weight in ginger lozenges. To bed, seeing my way to a good thing.

January 31.—Tenth day of thermometer thirty degrees below zero. Effects of continued cold tremendous. Snow thirty-two feet deep in Lowther Arcade. Thames frozen to the Nore. Wolves at Rosherville. Admittance to gardens reduced to fourpence. Sold my last ton of coals to a Royal Duke, for £15,000, a Scotch moor, the Order of the Garter, and five lucifer matches. To bed in an anthractite stove.

cite stove.

February 10.—Glacial period rapidly developing. Shot my first mastodom in Cranbourn Street. Left it to be stuffed at the Haymarket Stores, and purchased an Hereditary Dukedom in Pall Mall, later in the day, for a hot bottle. Sun rises 11°45; sets at 12°15. Met a batch of frozen-out Peers in the Cromwell Road, gave them into custody, and wrote to the Charity Organisation Society. Came home in a hansom drawn by a couple of steam-rollers (tandem). Current prices (this day):—Hot potatoes, £25 apiece (without discount); douche baths, four a penny. The attendants at Madame Tussaun's frozen, and permanently added to the Catalogue; 572 Mambers of Parliament congealed in the Lobby. The Debate on Peace Preservation Bill continued in hot baths. Many people with weak chests ordered to the North Pole. Grey shirtings rather dull.

February 21.—Palæolithic pterodactyl shooting commences. Gas extinct. Westminster Abbey lighted by fireworks. Sell my last damaged hot bottle to a distinguished personage for a magic lantern (lamp trimmed). Polar bears, without being admitted after seven, appear in the pit at the Haymarket Theatre, and are addressed courteevely by the Management.

March 2.—A Primeval man seen in Rotten Row, and subsequently put up at the Beefsteak Club, and twice black-balled. The whole plain of London, from the Surrey Hills to Hampstead, a silent wilderness of dark and frozen desolation. Low necks still worn at the Drawing-room. "Hot Codlins," by universal consent, declared the National Anthem. Several foreign expeditions in search of the North West passage go into winter-quarters in Upper Wimpole Street, and are never heard of again. A most eventful day.

March 11.—The glacial period full vestablished under King Gunter

March 11.—The glacial period fully established under King Gunter The First. Hearing that Punch was now being published in the crater of Vesuvius, and finding St. James's Park full of icebergs, and Piccadilly patrolled by frugiverous mammoths, I this afternoon sold my remaining shares in the Chelsea Waterworks Company to the door-keeper of the Christy's Minstrels, who still perform in town.

April 1.—Up to town once more, on hearing that the Dean and Chapter had opened St. Paul's as a Turkish Bath. Exchanged two ginger lozenges for a Life Member's ticket, sit in the Crypt, and determine to read back numbers of the Daily Telegraph until the next coal period.

CAPTAIN NOLAN.

Mr. Parnell dropped his Whip last week. This threatened mischief to the Obstructionist coach. It was evident he must have him back, quand même, any way,—Nolan's volens.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Kyrle Society meets to-morrow—Prince LEOPOLD in the Chair. Several Kyrle-papers will be read. The Society has a great many irons in the fire. Speeches will be made in various barberous tongs.



SEASONABLE WEATHER, 1881-SO DELIGHTFUL!

Old Gent. "Now, YOU BOYS! I WILL NOT HAVE-" (Snowball!)

TRANSVAALIDITY.

(A Word in Season.)

AT a time when Mr. Punch has been in common with all their best friends, watching, not without some anxiety, though with every confidence, the course pursued by Her Majesty's Ministers, in dealing with certain exasperating troubles near home, he is the last to put forward any suggestions likely to cause them embarrassment further afield. Yet the latest advices from the Cape, have set him thinking rather seriously: for, eagle-eyed, and clear-brained as Mr. Punch admits himself to be, he is compelled to avow, that of all the difficult and delicate problems he has, for some years, been called upon to examine and solve, this Boer business seems to him to be about one of the very worst.

of the very worst.

The threads are in an almost inextricable tangle, and rights and wrongs are so jumbled up, that the excellent law-abiding people who would send off a British army of 15,000 men to "crush out a rebellious enterprise," are no nearer a just estimate of the situation, than are Mr. Richard and his enthusiastic friends, who would give "a struggling community their legitimate liberty." The last-named Gentleman would, if logical, dissolve the whole British Empire in about five minutes, while the former would extend it with something rather less than the apology of a Darius. But the justum medium is not evident.

Would it, then, surprise Mr. Punch's friends, who do not read Blue Books, to learn that these heroic Dutchmen, who are appealing to their sympathy, have in times past, by their brutality to the natives, their total inability to govern themselves, and their general unfitness either to establish or extend civilisation, as understood by its greatest pioneer, the British Colonist, almost jeopardised the hold of the white man on South Africa altogether? Would it again surprise his friends further to learn that, notwithstanding these social, political, and other rather unsavoury drawbacks, Mr. Preforms and his following are unquestionably within their rights in denouncing the Proclamation of Sir Theophilus Smertone, of April 12th, 1877, as invalid, since he might just as legitimately, by a similar instrument, have tacked on to the possessions of the Crown of England the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street?

To put the matter, as Mr. Punck usually does, into a nutshell,—there is wrong and right upon both sides. Before the matter is allowed to take the proportions of a disastrous and bitterly-contested campaign, Mr. Punch trusts that some wise and comprehensive basis for a settlement may be arrived at by a Cabinet not deficient either in the ready pluck which deals with pressing danger, or the quieter courage that is not afraid of timely compromise.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—III. GEOLOGY.

SAY, Mastodon, say, how you wandered of yore, 'Mid the Red Crag of Suffolk on Pliocene shore; The Ichthyosaurus was gone when you came, With the strange Pterodactyls, what wonderful game! But the mild Dinotherium rose on your view, And the festive Rhinoceros lived with you too.

Did you ever conceive with a sort of a shock, Ezzöns had lived in Laurentian rock; And then came the fishes with very fine scales, While the Trilobite waltzed in the waters of Wales. In the oolites large Labyrinthodons walk, Till the Ammonites came with the oceans of chalk.

Oh! Mastodon, tell when your troubles began, From the flint-headed arrows of cave-dwelling man; Those swells of the Stone Age were gournets, one owns, For we've proved that they often enjoyed marrow-bones. While the size of their joints would make modern men stare. How Sirloin of Mammoth would please the Lord Mayor!

Now we'll bid you adieu, and we'll read how, in sooth, The Thecodontosaurus could boast a queer tooth: How Daewin has told us with labour well spent, That live types and old fossils have common descent; With our LYELL we'll learn how man first had his birth, And with MURCHISON study the crust of the earth!

OBSTRUCTION CASES (part heard).—Snow v. Civilisation; Mudford (Duke of) v. Metropolitan Ratepayers; Parnell v. Gladstone.



THE ANTI-SEMITIC MOVEMENT.

Brown (M.P. for Bloomsbury). "What a shame, this persecution of the Jews in Berlin!"

Sir Gorgius Midas (flaming up): "'SHAME?' SERVE 'EM RIGHT, I SAY! THEY 'RE ALL VERY WELL SO LONG AS THEY 'RE KEP' UNDER, THEM 'EBREWS ARE; BUT JUST YOU LET 'EM GET THE UPPER 'AND, THAT'S ALL!—AND THEIR HIGNORANCE, THEIR HOSTENTATION, AND THE HAIRS THEY GIVE THEMSELVES KNOWS NO BOUNDS!

Baron von Moyer (who flatters himself, on the strength of his personal appearance, that no one can suspect his origin). "Hear! Hear! Sie Corchus! You neffer shedee a druer vort zan zat!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 4.

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 4.

In addressing people there are many daily blunders which you should strive to avoid. If you are addressing your superiors, you should try to do credit to the Board; if you are addressing your inferiors, you should set them a good example. You should always tone down your adjectives, and place them as close as possible to the nouns they qualify. You should never speak, as house-agents do, of an "antique gentleman's residence," but should say a "gentleman's antique residence," showing that the house is old and not the gentleman. The aisle of a church is pronounced "ile," but oil has not by any means the same pronunciation. Always should not be written "allways," but should always be written always. You should be very careful in the use of negatives, you call them bronchial troches, and you pronounced the words "bron'ki-al tro'kez." Chough is pronounced "in writing dunghill you use two. Enoore is pronounced "only". Berkeley is "Barkly," and colquhoun is "Coon." In writing spoonful you only use one 1: in writing dunghill you use two. Enoore is pronounced "only" and ennui "on'-mes." Guillotine may easily be confounded with gelatine, unless you are careful; and Bourgeois, if it means a certain kind of type, it is pronounced "only" in English, except on the stage, where it becomes "Jake-quees." Perspiration should never be pronounced. "Only respiration," though that is even betfer than saying a muck of sweat." Radish, even if it is reddish, should not be pronounced "only respiration," though that is even betfer than saying a muck of sweat." Radish, even if it is reddish, should not be pronounced "only their different meanings must be evident to the means a certain though their different meanings must be evident to the means and cover be returned unless accompanied with the first, and give freely to the much-suffering poor.

comes from GILLOW or Tottenham Court Road, and this shows the folly of importing French words into a language so rich as the English. The use and abuse of the letter H are subjects I could say much upon, but until the authorities have settled the correct pronunciation of hospital, herb, and humour, I prefer to remain silent.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

(A Back-Street Ballad.)

THE hum of those skate-irons sounds in my ear;— Or is it the wail of the driving wind? Or is it the wall of the driving wind?
There, in the Park, all was gladness and cheer,
And the blast, that was blowing my old eyes blind,
Reddened the cheeks of the laughing girls
As they bent to its gusts and in frolicsome whirls
Flew—flew—flew!——And my girl lies there!
White as the winter, still as the snow,
And, but for a few rags of raiment, as bare
As the wind-swept flags below.
And that hum beats time in my half-dazed brain
To her more of pain—to her mean of pain.

As the wind-swept flags below.

And that hum beats time in my half-dazed brain To her moan of pain—to her moan of pain,
Till my lips could writhe with a maddened curse At the sound, half ghostly, that seems to link
The rich world's joy and its gold-plumped purse With a seene like this! Ah, to think, to think
Of these helpless hands—they are dead with cold—
That have no more power, alas! to hold
The thing they love, than that empty grate
To warm this garret bare;
And I dream if the rich folk roystering there
Knew half the pinch of Poverty's fate,
When streams are frozen, and blood runs slow
In frost-chilled veins, and the cruel snow,—
Aye, cruel, though white as an angel's wings,—
Blocks the ways of work to such drudges as we,
It would check, which were pity, their noisy glee.
Yes, they'd shiver, and sigh, "Poor things!"
As a passing thought of us robs their laugh
Of a ripple or so, they will shudder, then quaff
A little deeper the warming wine;
And how should they guess how a bit of fire
Would make my girl's eyes widen and shine?
Well, a thrice-told tale will tire,
And Poverty's wail
Is a thrice-told tale.
Hark! here it blusters, the driving gale
Bearing the snow-dust, finer than rain,
Worming its way through the curtainless pane;
And the shrunken door, as though eager, mad,

Worming its way through the curtainless pane; And the shrunken door, as though eager, mad, To pinch yet bluer our frost-numbed feet.

There is wild work sea-ward to-night And watchers and workers on shore are glad

And wateners and workers on shore are glad
To crouch in corners. And yet to meet,
On sea or on land, in a fair hard fight,
Cold on the wave with the life-boat crew;
Cold on the cliff or the wide white moor;
Cold in the streets, 'gainst the hoarsest roar
Of the blackest North-easter that ever blew
Were better; 'twere battle, and battle will warm
The stagnant blood in the frailest form.
But helpless Poverty huddled alone



Master Tom (whose Godpapa has come to take him for a great treat to the Winter Eachibition at the Royal Academy). "Bother the Old Masters! Jus' as if I hadn't enough o' them at School! Ugh!—precious sight too much!— JUS' WHEN THERE 'S SUCH A LOT O' JOLLY ICE ABOUT TOO-

[Grumbling "ad lib."

DIARY OF THE PREMIER ON SHORE.

Monday Morning of any Week.—Let me see! What's the Parliamentary business for to-day? Oh, Ireland, of course. Why can't they be satisfied with my Land Bill of 1870? Read a book of the Odyssey, to console me. Find it doesn't console me at all. Query. Aren't sufferings of Ulysses exaggerated by Homer? Did Ulysses ever listen to an Irish Obstructive? Write sixteen postcards, and rattle off a parallel (for Nineteenth Century) between much-suffering Ulysses, troubled with Sirens, and myself ditto with Home-Rulers. Send it over to Forster. Forster returns it, with thanks: says he never heard Biggar called a Siren before—nor did I. I think I shall write an Epic entitled "The Much Enduring Ulysses (myself) and Impatient Parnellope."

11 A.M.—Boy comes to say, Deputation of Irish Members wants to see me. Don't want to see them. Query. Can it be "Impatient Parnellope" and Suitors in a fit of remorse?

No; only moderate Home-Rulers come to ask me to "re-consider Land"

Suitors in a fit of remorse?

No; only moderate Home-Rulers come to ask me to "re-consider Land Bill." Say they 're afraid there won't be anything about the "Three F.'s." in it. I say I don't know at present what will be in it. They ask if I don't believe in the "Three F.'s." This pertinacious curiosity disgusting. I reply by some general remarks on the state of the weather, the prospects of the potato-crop, the Gulf Stream, &c. They leave, apparently quite satisfied.

Tuesday.—Very disturbed night. Dreamt I was cutting down a Upas-tree.

Mention it to Doctor. He says it is caused by a slightly abnormal extravasation of the lesser clavicle of the cerebellum. It may be. He also wants to know what a Upas-tree is: says he never saw one. Nor did I! Says I must leave off reading Homer, and orders a course of post-cards instead.

10 A.M.—Rather heavy correspondence awaiting me this morning. Angry letter from "Greek patriot," wanting to know why I didn't at once give Thessaly and Epirus to Greece. Send post-card, referring him to GAMBETTA. Twenty-six Midlothian electors want my autograph, my opinion on "Sabbath travelling," and my views—if any—on hypothec. Very flattering communication from a Home-Rule organisation in Donegal: "perfect confidence in me: feel sure I'll never rob Irish tenants of advantages they've gained by constitutional agitation," &c. Find the advantages they've gained so far by constitutional agitation, are that they pay no rent, and that their landlords are either

starving in England, or "Boycotted" in Ireland. Dictate conciliatory post-card. Nothing like vox populi, after all. 10'30.—Read newspapers for half-an-hour. All of 'em urging "strong measures"—and blaming me! Query—who was it who said something about "chatter of irresponsible frivolity?" Must have been a very clever—oh, Lord B., to be sure! Ah, well—rather a vulgar remark, after all. 12 A.M.—Been closeted with Thorong Rockes and

SPEAKER is right person to interfere with Obstructives.
SPEAKER says he'd rather I did it. I'd much rather he did it. We both suggest that Thorold Rogers should

did it. We both suggest that Thorold Robers should do it.

5 P.M.—Wire to Gortchakoff, asking him what they do with Obstructives in Russia. Wires back—"Siberia." Too stringent. Wire to Garfield, asking ditto in America. Reply—Lucrative office in Post Office or Custom House. Good idea, rather.

7 P.M.—Parnell just quoted Bright—"force is no remedy." Stupid thing of Bright to say. Post-card to him, asking if he wouldn't like to repudiate the remark. He says, not at all. Then won't he explain that he only meant that force and remedy were two different things, and that former must precede latter? No.

Next Morning.—Feel rather fatigued on rising. Must take quiet exercise. Do so. Write last five chapters of my Life of Lord B. Also article for magazine on "Endymion Legend, and degrading Modern Caricatures of Same." Also postcards to Krugeer, Colley, Gortchakoff (with congratulations on his retirement from public life), &c. Then into St. James's Park with axe. Deputation, consisting of Park-keeper, Doctor, and First Commissioner of Works, imploring me not to cut down trees. Doctor says that over-exertion may superinduce cerebral phlegmatosis.

Thursday (I think, but the days have got so mixed).—Feel rather fatigued. Read Iliad through to refresh me. Doctor suggests composing draught. Tell him I repudiate suggestion. Says he doesn't know what I mean by "repudiate:" if I mean I'll take it, that's all he wants. I say I do mean that. Doctor complains of my ambiguous language. I tell him, not half so ambiguous as his. Mustn't quarrel with one's Doctor. Go to bed, and dream of Grantully Castle. Would I were in it now!

BRUNSWICK'S FATED CHIEFTAIN.

(A Tale for the Schoolboards in the City of London.)

Once up-on a time a per-son called the Duke of Bruns-wick died, and left much mon-ey to the Ci-ty of Gene-va, which made the peo-ple vo-ry glad, for they were a-ble to beau-ti-fy their Ci-ty; and, be-ing grate-ful peo-ple, they built a fine sta-tue of the Duke. But they built it on a mor-ass; and now we read in the pa-pers that it is sink-ing, and will soon dis-ap-pear al-to-gether, and nev-er be seen a-gain.

And once up-on a time the Cor-po-ra-tion of Lon-don, there being no now never the second of the part of the second of th

And once up-on a time the Cor-po-ra-mon of Lon-aon, there being no poor peo-ple want-ing mon-ey or food, spent ten thou-sand pounds in build-ing a ve-ry ug-ly thing they call-ed a Me-mo-ri-al, but which all oth-er peo-ple call-ed a Fol-ly. But they did not build it on a mor-ass, and it will not go a-way; at least not just yet. Don't you wish it would?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-FEBRUARY 5, 1881.

A SCARE!

WHAT APPEARED TO OUB TERRIFIED ARTIST LAST WEEK (JAN, 24) TO BE THE APPROACH OF THE " GLACIAL PERIOD," AND THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

IXTRACTED IRO4



Monday Night, Jan. 24.—Regarded as an oratorical composition, Mr. Forster's speech to-night was excellent. It had just enough of proof to justify the position taken up. More would have been tedious, seeing that the world has been saturated with proof for weeks; less would scarcely have been decent. There was a hearty, honest, uncompromising ring all through. No cry of exultation, as of a bloodhound long held in leash, at length slipped on its prey; but rather the tone of a man who has at last made up his mind to do an undesirable and distasteful task, and who, having put his hand to the plough, will certainly not look back.

Business done.—Bill for the Protection of Life and Property (Ireland) brought in. Debate adjourned.

Tuesday. Midmath.—A feeling of gloom preveils among the

Tuesday, Midnight.—A feeling of gloom prevails among the Gentlemen from Ireland. Mr. Healt is tearing his hair. The Rev. Mr. Nelson sits all in a lump by the Cross Benches with his hands hanging limp before him, and his chin prone on his chest. Mr. Dillon more tightly closes his lips, and Mr. O'Donnell keeps a nothing of its pathos by reason of contrast with the immobility of

tight grip on his eye-glass, knowing full well that should he let it fall there will drop with it a tear. Mr. Gray, whom nature has gifted with peculiar vocal advantages for the task, gives sorrow tongue. He is addressing the House in general, and the Treasury Bench in particular. "Let us," he says, with a tear in his voice, "adjourn till our little party is complete."

It is the old old story told with more or less monotony of mournfulness since the time of Mulroy.—

fulness since the time of MILTON:

"For LYCIDAS is dead, dead ere his prime, Young LYCIDAS, and hath not left his peer."

Here a moment in the full bloom and strength of Parliamentary

the English and Scotch. The last touch was given to the impressiveness of the scene by the fact that the Parliamentarily disembodied LYCIDAS looked down upon it, heard the lament of his faithful friends, and watched the scornful attitude of his hereditary enemies. Though the body of Obstruction was under hatches on the floor of the House, its soul had gone aloft to the Strangers' Gallery. Here he sat—known in the flesh as JOE BIGGAR, in poetry

sat—known in the flesh as JOE BIGGAR, in poetry as LYCIDAS—whose untimely end his compatriots bemoaned. But a short time since he was standing over there, buttressed about with blue books. He had come in full of hope and statistics. Great things were expected of him, and he meant to equal expectation. Illustrious men are often spurred on to desperate acts by rivalry with themselves. Mr. BIGGAR had made his Parliamentary fame by a speech of four hours' length. That was while his career was yet opening. Now it had been long and gloriously established, and it became the veteran to outshine the deed of the youth.

So Mr. BIGGAR entered, weighed down on one side with blue-books, and with a gleam in his eye, which told of coming conflict. When his turn came he rose with the grace that distinguishes every movement, and, holding out his right hand, shook it with fingers loosely down-dropped in the direction of the SPEARER.



down-dropped in the direction of the SPEAKER.
This is a semaphore signal with which Mr.
BRAND is only too well acquainted. It means
that, for an indefinite period, all Parliamentary traffic must be
stopped. Stopped it was now, whilst Mr. BIGGAR spread about him his
papers, and having fixed his glasses astride his nose, and suspended
his right hand by the thumb hooked in the arm-hole of his waistcoat,
began to discuss matters generally. He had not gone far before the
SPEAKER called him to order, Mr. BIGGAR occupying the few seconds
of interval thus supplied, by re-arranging his papers. Once more
on his feet, he travelled a little further and was again called to
order. This happened three times, Mr. BIGGAR, growing accustomed
to the process, utilising it more obviously and with greater satisfaction in looking through his notes, and preparing fresh extracts for tion in looking through his notes, and preparing fresh extracts for present reading as soon as the SPRAKER would be pleased to sit down. It appeared to him, however, that it would be as well, rather in the present reading as soon as the SPEAKER would be pleased to sit down. It appeared to him, however, that it would be as well, rather in the general interest than in his own, if he should have authoritatively settled a question that was always arising. What was order? It was not like a side of bacon, that you could feel and weigh, and smell, and if need be, taste. It was an abstract something, now here now there, but always evaded the clutch, like the ghostly dagger that haunted Macbeth. Would it not be well to have this matter settled, and was there any time better than the present? Mr. BIGGAR thought not; and so, laying down all his papers to the end that he might hook both hands by the thumb within the hospitable recess of his waistcoat, and with head cocked a little on one side, he proceeded in his endeavour to solve the difficulty.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said, the metallic tones of his voice modified by earnest inquiry. "Now, what is order?" For all reply the SPEAKER "named" Mr. BIGGAR; and before that great Patriot quite knew where he was, he found Mr. FORSTER putting the question that he be suspended from further service in the House. To some men it might have occurred that since by some sudden turn of fortune he had become the object of personal and particular discussion, a dignified course would be to leave the company. Mr. BIGGAR took another view of his duty. Perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he thought the process of the service in the service in the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he thought the perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting for the answer to his question: perhaps he was waiting to the answer to his q



SCENE FROM THE "BIGGAR'S OPERA."

question; per-haps he thought that he of all men should have a voice in the decision. However it be, he not only remained, but voted in the division. Even when the figures were announced, and his suspension decreed, he showed no signs of initiating action. Perhaps if he waited a little

longer, the SPEAKER would tell him what order was. Instead of which the SPEAKER, "observing the Hon. Member for Cavan in his place," requested him to withdraw; which he did with a graceful smile, and a few cheery words to the Sergeant- at-Arms, who was so polite as

to show him to the door. A few minutes later he was discovered up in the Strangers' Gallery in friendly converse with the doorkeeper, himself unmoved, while below his bereaved friends filled the dank night with illimitable lament.

"Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more; For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. So sinks the day-star in the ceean bed, And yet anon repairs his drooping head, And tricks his beams, and with new spangled oar Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: So Lycidas, sunk low, has mounted high.

Business done. - Mr. BIGGAR suspended.

Thursday Night.—The House of Commons is very like what I fancy the sea must be. Sometimes you look over the expanse of green benches and everything is quiet, even humdrum. Suddenly a breeze arises. A quick commotion fills the place. Members, hurrying in, crowd up the seats and stand at the Bar. The storm blows with ever increasing fury, and sometimes, as happened on Tuesday night, Mr. Biggar is flung like a piece of seaweed on the rocks (here represented by the Strangers' Gallery). After a while the storm goes down as suddenly as it arose, and the next evening, when you come to look on the scene, lo! the wind is hushed, the waves are stilled, and the stranded seaweed, sun-dried during the day, has dropped off

the rock, and is once more gently rocking in the summer sea.

Thus it is to-night. The House is full but quiet, and eminently respectable. Mr. Bregar has been restored to its bosom, and occupies his usual place thereon. No one, unless it be Mr. GLADSTONE, bears the slightest traces of having sat up all night. The PREMIER, truly, looks ill and worn, and has the restless movement which tells have compared to be a compared to the restless to the sight of the restless movement which tells have compared to the summer and the restless movement which tells how sorely his nerves have been overwrought. When in his usual good health he finds it impossible to sit still and listen to inanity or

impertinence with the imperturbability that has made long life possible and agreeable to Lord Beaconsfield. When mind and body are overmade long life possible and agreeaue we lord BEACONSFIELD. When mind and body are overwrought this absence of self-control is more painfully marked, and to-night those who hold the PREMIER'S life precious, watch him with grave face as he excitedly shakes his head, whilst Mr. O'CONNOR POWER is speaking, and anon interpellates remarks inaudible above the din of the Representatives of Ireland who sit below the concease of the man make mock of the man gangway opposite, and make mock of the man who delivered their country from the thrall of the Church, and is even now working to complete the deliverance of its land from the grip of the

rack-renter.
"If GLADSTONE could only keep himself quiet!"
Lord HAETINGTON growls, as he thrusts his hands Lord Hartington growls, as he thrusts his hands in his pockets, tips his hat over his nose, and prepares to take charge of the ship, which on the stroke of midnight the Premier hands over to him. Then the mocking cheers subside, the interruptions cease, and the broad smile that festoons the lower part of Mr. Biggar's expressive countenance disappears. The Irish Members look across at the Treasury Bench; and, knowing that they might as well attempt to remove the Griffin in Fleet Street by battering it with their heads, as try to disturb Lord Hartington with their contumely, they subside, and presently go



Business done.—None.

Friday Night.—The debate on the First Reading of Mr. Forster's first Coercion Bill was to be concluded to-night, and Hon. Members came down prepared to do their duty. But it appears that as yet we had only touched the skirts of the question. There are scores of gentlemen ready to boil over with words of counsel, and floods of eloquence. It seems we don't know nearly enough yet of the views of the Irish Members; and that if, after talking of the one thing for three weeks and a night. a decision which every one is views of the Irish memoers; and that II, after tarking of the one thing for three weeks and a night, a decision which every one is prepared to give, were straightway to be taken, it would be an undue limitation of freedom of speech. Freedom of speech is already strictly limited to one side of the Channel; and to-night, when Mr. Gladstone proposed to state his views, he was rudely and violently interrupted from the Irish quarter in a way I am told the like of which has not hitherto been seen in the House.

Reviewed data — None Business done .- None.

UNIVERSITY WEATHER.—Sixteen degrees of frost were registered one morning last week, and ninety-six degrees in the Cambridge Senate House for the Mathematical Tripos, when Mr. Forsyth, of Trinity, appeared as Senior Wrangler. Bad weather for those who were plucked and left out in the cold.

THE THEATRES.

HOUP-LA! Here we are in a stall at HENGLER'S, moving or rather resting in the very best of Circles, capital entertainment being contributed, "for man and beast," by "Toro the Performing Bull," who, with the aid of two Spanish gentlemen,



CIR-CUSSORARY REMARKS.

in gay costume, a horse-whip, a halter, and an occasional monthful of dog biscuit, successfully, though not without a severe intellectual struggle, grapples with the intricate problem of standing contemplatively for a considerable time on two inverted milk-white mash-Watching the intense thought brought to bear by this reflective creature—who, for mere steak, must be worth at least two-and-ninepence a pound-upon feats which a couple of ponies earlier in the programme, and a

disposed of with a facility bordering on contempt, one was inclined to ask oneself whether *Toro* would not, after all, be more completely at home penned up, and slightly overfed, with a ticket, at a Cattle Show. However, his performance was very creditable even in a programme filled with good things, and including "Six Merry Clowns."

Sanger's.—After Mazeppa comes the Pantomime of St. George and the Dragon, or, The Beauty and the Beast. Capitally mounted, well acted, and with never a flagging instant, we pass from the Cave of the Enchanted Champions to the Limpid Lake in the Land of Love (what a title for Mr. SWINBURNE!), from the City of Somewhere to the Palace of Rummy Fizz, from the Terrace of the Palace to the Hall of Nations; and this is a good scene. The Hall is handsomely

is handsomely painted. Armies of troops of all nations flock on the stage till it is well nigh full; but this is but half of what we have to see. Here come the Messrs. SANGERS' chances, and they avail themselves of No less them. than twenty gor-geously apparelled knights ride in on real live horses; Eastern warriors on real live camels: half-a-dozen real live elephants. Then rides in St. George, mounted on a white charger. From above descends the Beast, a gruesome monster, who threatens Beauty. St. George and the Dragon



A FLY WITH THE DRAG-ON.

fight. The great Beast is slowly overcome, and sinks to the ground, where St. George gives him his final death-thrust. Brayo, Messrs.

The weather has been something fearful for Managers. They sped the departure of the Unwelcome Guests, Frost and Snow, and hailed the first appearance of the work by a new and seasonable Dramatist, whom they saluted with cries of "Au-thaw! Au-thaw!"

TO SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

"The best name for a firm of wine-merchants that I ever heard of," observed an eminent teetotaller, "is Wisdom and Warter." An Irish Gentleman remarked that there must be some mistake in the second syllable of the first name, which ought to be "key."

THE GRIFFIN! GOING! GOING!

(1st Bid.)

Birmingham, January 27, 1881.

OUR firm does a large business in South Sea divinities, and we are prepared, if the figure be not too high, to take the Griffin off your hands. A Kajawasa potentate writes us, that having sent his god to the Paris Exhibition, it was honourably mentioned, but never returned. He also enclose his esteemed order for another. never returned. He also encloses his especially. We offer £5, a very good second-hand price.
Yours, &c.,
Grolly, Mould, and Castem.

(2nd Bid.)

I HAVE been commissioned by an Austrian Arch-Duke to supply him with a wedding-cake, of handsome proportions; and it has occurred to me that the City Griffin, carefully coated with white sugar, would make an effective centre-piece. If you are willing to take 15s. 6d. for the animal, as it stands, and throw in the chalk bas-reliefs, I am prepared to treat with you.

Yours, &c.,

J. Buffin.

(3rd Bid.)

Paris, January 27, 1881.
GLORIOUS FRATERNITY,—Is not the memory of your Temple
Bar immortalised by the display of the head of Charles the First?
This consecrates it. France kisses the Griffin. Send it, carriage prepaid, and complete our solidarity. Blessing your embraces.

Yours, &c.,
Victor Hugo.

(4th Bid.) Eddystone Lighthouse, January 27, 1881.

LOOK here. There ain't much going artistic down this way from one year's end to another. Send 'im 'ere; there's room for 'im on the rock.

Yours, THE KEEPER.

(5th Bid.)

Bayreuth, January, 1881.

IF capable of being filled with steam, and supplied with mechanical legs, I have a part that will just suit the mystic creature Yours, &c., RICHARD WAGNER. in my new Opera.

(6th Bid.)
Give it to the Duke of Mudrord to mark the site of Covent Garden when the rubbish is cleared away. J. T. BEDFORD.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

Dialogue in the Manager's Private Room.

Mr. Forster (the Author of a New Sensational Irish Drama). Then you will keep the piece?

Mr. W. E. Gladstone (Manager of Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's).
Decidedly. It must be done in two good strong Acts. Act I.,

Coercion. Act II., Remedies.

Author. Yes. And I'll take care in the first to allude to certain

important points in the second.

Manager. Of course. They must be carefully led up to.

Author. The reading will occupy some time.

Manager. It will play sharper than it reads. I'll superintend the rehearsals, and depend upon me to cut out all useless scenes, which only waste time, try the patience of the public, and delay the action.

Author. I think it'll be a success.

Manager. I hope so. [Exeunt severally.

The Police and the Public.

"Charges of assault preferred against Policemen have of late been lamentably frequent."—Standard.

THE Police should protect us, and do well enough 'Gainst assaults of the burglar and raids of the rough; But it seems, as reward, that they wish to go out And on no provocation to knock us about; So 'tis clear if this sad state of things should increase, We must call in the burglars for aid 'gainst the police!

Bumbledom, Fumbledom, and Grumbledom.

GRUMBLEDOM is always complaining of Bumbledom, when it ought to attack Fumbledom. Fumbledom will not attend to its own affairs, but hands them over to Bumbledom. Bumbledom consists of three members, Ignorance, Impudence, and Incompetence, and these have the administration of Forty Millions sterling a year—or a sum equal to one half of the Imperial revenue. If Grumbledom and Fumbledom were to unite their forces and destroy Bumbledom, London would have fifty thousand converge the serve of Portion would have fifty thousand scavengers the same as Paris.



"DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!"

Mature Siren (archly putting up her "ickle tootsicum"). "AH! NOW WHICH OF YOU IS GOING TO PUT ON MY SKATES FOR ME!" [Momentary hesitation amongst the Gentlemen—due, no doubt, to bashfulness,

STRANGLING THE MONSTER.

Extract from a Forthcoming New Edition of Lemprière. (Irish Version.)

THE O'Cacus was a famous depredator, son of O'Tellus and Eris or Discordia) by some erroneously confounded with the nymph Erin, and bearing a marked family resemblance to his grandparent Chaos. Like Polyphemus as described by Virgil, he was—

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, qui lumen ademptum."

He was a three-headed monster, and from his several and unshut-up-able mouths vomited forth fire and fury on all such as snut-up-able mouths vomited forth his and fury on all such as opposed or angered him. For twenty-four hours at a stretch had the Ogre been known to spout out unintermittent lava floods from his inexhaustible vocal volcances. He resided for the most part in Hibernia, and ever plotted to plunder the surrounding country. He dwelt in the gloomy recesses of the Hills (Ills he called them) of Erin, was vengeful as the Erinyes themselves, and the Avenues of his Avenus were strewn with the remains of slaughtered cattle, and with dead men's hones. with dead men's bones.

When Heroules returned from the conquest of Ben D'Ymion, the O'Caous "conveyed" some of his Bulls (for the most part of the breed known as John Bulls, though some were Hibernian ones) and dragged them into his cave, terrifying them into submission by the most dreadful and mysterious menaces. Hercules, after partaking of Makarthus's hospitality, was on the point of proceeding quietly on his way without discovering the extent of the difficulty into which on his way without discovering the extent of the difficulty into which the O'Cacus had drawn him; but his John Bulls' loud bellowings were answered feebly from the Cave of the O'Cacus, and the here thus realised his loss and the new labour before him. He therefore attacked the O'Cacus, and, after a desperate conflict, during which the Monster vomited forth even more fire and fury than was his pleasant wont, strangled him in his arms, and erected the Ara Maxima to Jupiter Liberator, in commemoration of his victory.

It is thus the poet describes the encounter between Alcides and the O'Cacus:—

the O'Cacus:

The cave of the O'Cacus, bared to sight, Glared with the force of late-admitted light:

The long-pent vapours with a thunderous sound Heaved from beneath and shook the rocks around. The Commons, breathless, as the fight they view, Bend from their seats and watch the desperate two.

Graceless O'Cacus's three mouths expire Mixture of lurid smoke and lambent fire; In hope the hero to obfuscate quite, And so prevent his taking aim aright.

But great Alcides through them fought his way,

Nor turned nor paused until he grasped his prey.

The monster spouting fruitless flame he found, Gripped his three threats, and raised him from the ground. Choked in mid air, his crippled members coiled In a close knot, the Incubus was foiled. The Bulls, now freed, breathed open air again, Safe from the despot warder of the den. The wondering populace, with glad surprise, Beheld his triple head, his horrid size, His mouths that spout no more, and his extinguished eyes.

"CLIPPING!"

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following clipping from The Glasgow Herald :-

WEST-END SCHOOL OF COOKERY, Corporation Buildings, 2, Dalhousie Street. Mrs. Black, will Commence a Course of Demonstrations in Superior Cookery on Thursday, 27th January, at 11 o'clock. The First Lesson will be Clear Starching and Ironing. Ticket for Course, 10s.; Admission, 1s. Syllabus of Lessons on application.

Is Mrs. Black introducing a new School of Cookery? Does this lady propose to commence a dinner with a basin of "thick" starch, and one of "clear?" And then the "Ironing?" What has this to do with a dinner? In view of a course of clear starch and flat irons, a weak constitution would require a considerable amount of ironing to stand it. Precious Black joke this, though,

GRAND IDEA FOR SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE IN THE CITY.—A Turtle Soup Kitchen!!



STRANGLING THE MONSTER.

Pole.

FROM THE RANKS.

III.-Fare and Unfair.



YES, Sir. It's crule to have to say it, but "Babes in the hands of the Bilkers" is about what we are. We ought are. We ought to have eyes in the backs of our heads, and three of them, at least, to avoid the shoals and pitfalls that are spread to trip us up. Ah, Sir! there's the affectionate bilk. What do you think of that? I've seen several specimens of that lot. There was a lady as had just returned from India to look at her blessed husband's tomb. Did I know the way o Brompton

Cemitary? Of course I did. She had a smile like a cherubim. And then she wanted a nice quiet lodging, with a bit of garden, and we were several days looking for it, and when we weren't looking for it she had tears in her eyes, and smiled at me dreamily as she thought of her dead husband. I took quite a fancy to that sweet lady as loved her husband so, and it stuck in my throat to bother her for a few shillings when she was so pleasant and so sorrowful and not settled with her things. And then when she did get settled, and I called, she asked me into the parlour, instead of leaving me on the door-mat, and made me sit down, and wanted to know what I thought of the carpet-pattern and of the portrait of the lost one, who was a stout gent, over the chimney, with a bull neck and a uniform, and when I said something about my money she looked wild and spoke of her cheque-book and how great a privilege it was wild and spoke of her cheque-book and how great a privilege it was to be able to do a little good to those we love—and cried a bit—and then cheering up, asked me to go and fetch the cab and take her for a drive, being so low-spirited, for I'd have cause to bless her some day. So I took her (as great a fool as my betters) for lots of drives and shopping and that, and got into awful scrapes at home and deep in debt to old SKINNUM, and was obliged to pawn my Sunday suit and the few things I had, to keep at all above water, and not get the sack, and I don't know where it would have ended, if I hadn't one day seen the bill put up "To Let" in those windows where she used to sit smiling that intoxicating smile. All the tradesmen were shouting round the door. She owed me many pounds, of which I never saw a farthing, and that served me jolly well right for being such an old fool as to be took in by a artful woman's flattering rubbish; and the months of hard work it took me to pull

for being such an old fool as to be took in by a artful woman's flattering rubbish; and the months of hard work it took me to pull myself together after she had bolted, were a judgment on me.

But if there's so much of the ugly side to be met with in the cabtrade, why do honest men turn cabby? Well, because there's a fascination in the uncertain life, and the liberty. You can go where you like, and smoke a pipe when you like, and be at no one's beck and call. What? A public servant, and bound to obey? Pooh! If you see a party hail you, and don't like his face, it's easy to say you've cut to change horses or if the persists to pretend to cast a shoe, or if got to change horses, or if he persists, to pretend to cast a shoe, or if he will get inside, you've only to crawl till he's exasperated and too delighted to get out again. One day a prize, the next a blank, taking the bad and the good together, like a sort of lottery. You start on a the bad and the good together, like a sort of lottery. You start on a bright morning, like a rover searching for adventure; without knowing what'll come of it. You feel your wits are pitted against other wits, which is exhilarating if you began as a gutter-snipe. You'll tumble against queer people during the time you're out, and you'll see 'em do things as'll make your hair stand on end—for somehow they don't count Cabby as anything more than a bit of furniture, and they'll do things before him which they'd be ashamed to do except in search. It's scarifying sometimes to see their shame. to do except in secret. It's scarifying sometimes to see their shame-lessness. They lay bare the black parts of their lives to you, some of 'em, with a recklessness that's wonderful. If I was a detective, and wished to study a man, I'd disguise myself as a cabby and throw myself in his way. He mightn't nibble for a cast or two, but if played properly he'd bite at last, and throw off the mask

before me. I'd be so useful and obliging that he'd order me again and again as many a gent does who takes a fancy to his driver.

Mr. VINCENT of Scotland Yard, please copy. Pah! How I hate the name of Bobby! Yours respectfully, T. H. (alias TOMMY the TOFF).

TALK FOR THE TUNNEL.

"The impossibilities of yesterday, thanks to science, become the certainties of to-morrow; and such a system of communication will, no doubt, before long revolutionise all the traditions of travelling."—Daily Paper.

BEFORE STARTING.

DID I understand you that the fare to Paris and back was only half-a-crown?

Dear me - my mother-in-law will now survive the Channel passage!

What do you say to taking the children for their summer holidays to Constantinople?

Is that hole in the pavement a receptacle for coals, or the entrance to the station?

I do not think the horse of the four-wheeler can comfortably descend this circular staircase.

As we are now seven hundred feet below the surface, you may as well tell the cabman at the top, that I decline to pay him an extra

eighteen-pence.
Will these tickets admit of our getting out for a fortnight on the Goodwin Sands? Yes, I should like to come back by the new route under the North

DURING A JOURNEY.

Why have we come to a dead lock, with the lights out, and experience a considerable difficulty in breathing?

Is it sea-water that is pouring down my back in gallons?

If I had purchased a complete Diver's suit, with an air-pump, at the bookstall, this inconvenience could not have occurred.

As there appears to be a hole seven feet in diameter in the roof of the tunnel, I shall certainly, as soon as I get out, write to the Times

Will you kindly detach the six-and-sixpenny lobster from my cheek?

Guard! remove the shark to the third-class compartment.

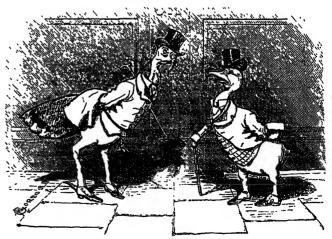
The funny man in the corner says the tunnel ought to have been lined with blotting-paper.

I wish the Shareholder wouldn't tear his hair out in such large handfuls.

If this goes on much longer, this will certainly be the very last time I shall patronise the Company.

FAREWELL TO FESTIVITIES.

A REATHERED DUET



THE dark days of dinners are over When gourmets were gathered indoors,
And we both are fairly in clover,
Though comrades have perished by scores. A plague on the festival season!
May all men who eat us be ill;
And go, and with very good reason,
In search of a dose of Blue Pill!

FASHIONABLE INTELLI-GENCE

THE next series of Tableaux Vivants (the vulgar call them Posés Plastiques) at Mrs. Sky-LARK's are already arranged, and we believe we are violating no secret in divulging the subjects. "Orson endowed with Reason."

This will be represented by a distinguished Meddlevex Magistrate deciding to license a London

Casino.

"Ajax defying the Lightning."
This will be represented by a distinguished London Theatrical Manager deciding not to close his house during the late elemental strife. He will recite a new version of Wordsworth's poem, beginning

"My heart leaps up when I behold A snow-storm in the sky," &c.

"Samson carrying the Gates of Gaza." This will be represented by a distinguished Journalist removing the barriers of the Duke of MUDFORD's estate in Glooms-

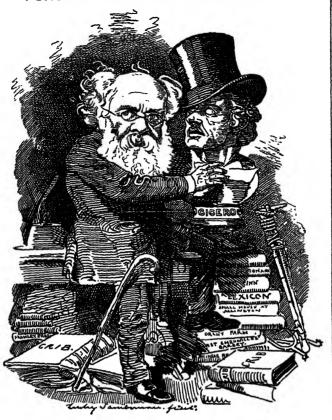
"My Mother bids me bind my Hair." This will be represented by a distinguished member of the House of Lords carrying out the

Lew of Primogeniture.
"Hamlet making disrespectful observations to his Mother." This will be represented by one of the Members for the Tower Hamlets.

TENANTS AND TELEPHONES.

COERCIVE Measures might be expected from a Government in which there is such a display of Force; viz., Force-ter in Ireland, and Force-it at the Post Office.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 17.



ANTONIUS TROLLOPIUS.

AUTHOR OF THE LAST CHRONICLES OF CICERO. "O Rare for Antony!"-SHAKSPEARE.

OLD FRIENDS.

MARE'S-NEST and Gobemouche are remarkably active at the present moment. Mare's-nest knows a man who knows another man who says he saw, with his own eyes, a placard posted outside the Munchplacard posted outside the Munching House, advising the public to lay in a fortnight's provisions, as seven days of perpetual frost are expected, and the snow will be fifteen feet deep. Gobemouche immediately spreads this report, and Mare's-nest helpshim. Sometimes they predict fifteen days of frost and seven feet of snow and frost and seven feet of snow, and sometimes seven days of frost and fifteen feet of snow. When the weather fails them, they have the Fenian scare to fall back upon. The Bank of England, the British Museum, the Marlborough Club, the *Punch* Office, according to Gobernouche, are all guarded by detachments of soldiers. Marc's-nest knows that the Insurance Companies have not booked a policy for several weeks, and he is very great on the subject of Mother Shipton. It is a pity that so Shipton. It is a pity that so much inventive talent cannot find harmless occupation in legitimate works of fiction.

A Trying Wait.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Globe asserts that the lads who attend the Weighing-Machines in the Metropolitan and District Rail-way Stations, are kept at their posts from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M., and on holidays till 11 P.M. Fourteen on holidays thi 11 P.M. Fourteen hours a day of asphyxia plus refrigeration! "Try your weight!" indeed. Poor lads! The British Public would hardly care to try their wait—if that is its length.

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS .- No. 5.

Before taking leave of you and this subject, perhaps you will allow me to say a few words on the virtue of humility. You must not despise your elders who were born in an age when ratepayers were not benevolent, and the rule in matters of education was—"the devil take the hindmost." You must not look with contempt on your father and mother, or your uncles and aunts, because they find a difficulty in aspirating the letter H, in asking for a beefsteak at Boulogne, or in spelling or pronouncing words of more than two syllables. If you correct them when you notice their shortcomings, it must be in the most delicate manner. If you know they are wrong you must not say so, but must gently hint that authorities differ on certain points, and that the generally received spelling or pronunciation of certain words is so-and-so or so-and-so. You must behave with the utmost politeness to the working classes. You must not order them to work as if they were slaves and you were a slave-driver, but you must ask them if they will kindly oblige you by executing a certain task at their own time and pleasure for a remuneration quite inadequate, though generally considered liberal. You must their was reasonable or the product of the working classes. executing a certain task at their own time and pleasure for a remuneration quite inadequate, though generally considered liberal. You must anticipate their weakness for the dinner-hour by requesting them to take it much earlier and prolong it much later. You must be liberal in the matter of beer, and not obstinate in the matter of tobacco, even during the hours of labour. Instead of leaving them to assert their claim to a half-holiday on Saturday and a late arrival on Monday, you should request them not to work after suses on Friday night until midday on Monday. Leisure is the gift of the gods, and no man should be deprived of it. Do not enquire too curiously how this leisure is utilised. One man may distribute tracts which he does not read; another man may read tracts which he does not read; another man may read tracts which he does not read; another man may despise both, and prefer to spend his time and money in increasing the Excise revenue of his country. Seated, as you are, on a lofty pinnacle, in the yount hardly be astonished at. Nearly every living thing in this country is taxed, except vermin—the child in its country is taxed, except vermin—the child in its oralle, the dying-man on his bed. The only thing practically the dying-man on his bed. The only thing practically the dying-man on his bed. The only thing practically the graph; is the corpse in its coffin. However sluggish the Government that once taxed the light of Heaven, can see no injustice in the matter of the taxer, gatherer is superhumanly active. A Government that once taxed the light of Heaven, can see no injustice in the dying-man on his bed. The only thing thing in this country is taxed, except vermin—the child in its country is taxed, except vermin—the child in its oralle, the dying-man on his bed. The only thing practically the ment may be, the tax-gatherer is superhumanly active. A Government that once taxed the light of Heaven, can see no injustice in taxing a Telephone Company may carry their wires to Stoke-Pogis and no further. The

charitable tolerance on the weakness of those who were born before you. Their intellect may be equal to yours, but their training is inferior, and it is your own fault if the world is not governed in future by able-minded paupers.

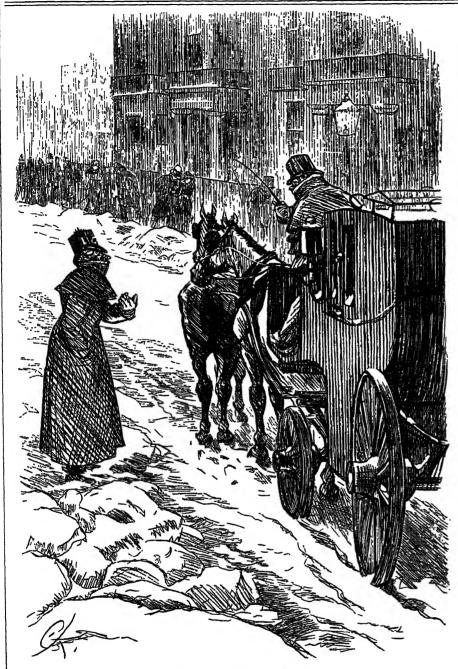
THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

THE Telegraph Monopoly-popularly known as the Post Office-is proving, if any proof were needed, that no Government can be trusted. Tory, Conservative, Liberal, or Radical, are all alike when the law gives them, or leads them to believe that it has given them, unlimited powers as traders. The so-called Post Office, having made a bad and improvident bargain with the Telegraph Companies, is determined to burke invention, and earn an evil reputation as the champion of everlasting stagnation. The impertinent inventors of the Telephone have been made aware of this in a court of law, and are now made even more bitterly aware of it in their subsequent

are now made even more bitterly aware of it in their subsequent negotiations with the Government.

In the first place they are told they must be taxed, and this is a communication they can hardly be astonished at. Nearly every living thing in this country is taxed, except vermin—the child in its cradle, the dying-man on his bed. The only thing practically exempt, is the corpse in its coffin. However sluggish the Government may be, the tax-gatherer is superhumanly active. A Government that once taxed the light of Heaven, can see no injustice in taxing a Telephone wire. In the second place, the impertment inventors are told that their radius must be limited.

Because the Government wasted ten millions of public money in 1866, the Telephone Company may carry their wires to Stoke-Pogis



AN ULTIMATUM.

Cabby (Master of the Situation). "TAKE UP YOUR MASTER AT CAVEL'SH SQUARE? NOW, LOOK 'ERE, YOUR GOV'NER'LL HEV TO COME HISSELF,—AND TELL ME WHERE HE WANT TO GO, AN' HE CAN MAKE ME A HOFFER!

THE END OF IT;

Or, Last Leaves from a Coming "House" Journal.

September 30.—Two hundred and fifteenth day of the debate. Led staggering, but gently to my chair by Usher and Sergeant-at-Arms about 9:30. Seems a fine morning, but feel I can't keep my eyes open much longer. Think I might manage if I could wear a wet towel round my Speaker's wig: or, better still under it. Wonder if the fatigue kills me, whether I shall be buried, like the other seven Speakers who have filled the post and succumbed since April last, in Westminster Abbey? Not that I care about it! I would far rather go home. Notice that the Irish Secretary seems to have been asleep without moving since last Tuesday week. Hope he 's all right. Perhaps they wake him when I get delirious. Finding, towards 11:20 p.m., that the Reporters' Gallery appears to grow purple and to commence waltzing, I Theowing down crumbs for the frozenget the Mace Bearer to ring a dustman's bell in my face whenever I bob. Try to make signs to the Premier that I can't stand this much longer, when am immensely relieved to see the

Deputy Speaker carried in on a notice-board by his five medical advisers. Just time to observe he has had his head shaved. Then collapse, and am borne out senseless into

October 31.—Another month gone, and business but little advanced. Seventeen more Irish Members, thank goodness, removed permanently to Colney-Hatch, but remnant still seem in fair condition. Am carried in my chair into the House, amid a respectful hush. Afraid I'm breaking, though large Turkish towel, steeped in vinegar, under my wig, is an immense relief. Avoid "ruling" as much as I can, for fear of saying silly things, and laughing weakly afterwards. Catch myself asking a weakly afterwards. Catch myself asking a Member below the gangway, out of order, an obscure French conundrum. Feel there's no precedent for this, and begin to cryquietly. Hear "cheers" and "countercheers." Can't help it. Cheer away! Saved from a fit of hysteries by the new standing order, that enjoins that "The Officers of the House shall every five minutes, or more frequently, if it be necessary, empty a pailful of cold Thames water over the head of every Member or Members engaged in the debate." Wonderfully refreshed for half a minute, and nod to a friend in Strangers' Gallery; but seeing the Deputy Speaker brought in on woolsack (borrowed from "another place") to relieve me, go suddenly off my head, and am carried out into the Lobby, singing chorus, and last into the Lobby, singing chorus, and last verse of "I hope that they won't tell Jemima."

Jemima."

November 5.—Am brought into the House still singing, "I hope that they won't tell Jemima." Home Secretary explains to me that in a Committee of the whole House, my doing so officially has been voted "not out of order." Everybody very kind. Notice that all the striking apparatus from the Clock Tower has been arranged over the heads of the reporters in their gallery. It seems to keep people their gallery. It seems to keep people awake. Find the ice helmet under and over my wig an immense benefit. Observe that the whole of the front benches are that the whole of the front benches are dancing a fandango on my table. Smile and say nothing. Am told by Sergeant-at-Arms, who is crying like a child, that last Irish Member has been taken in a cab to Bedlam, and that debate is over. Try te cheer, but am overcome. Remember nothing more till I find myself going up Parliament Street towards Charing Cross, in my chair smidst a tremendous mob rariament street towards Charing Cross, in my chair, amidst a tremendous mob singing something about the fifth of November. Am hit with a halfpenny from a third-floor window, and so to sleep for a fortnight, thankful the Session is over.

A Word with Mr. Vaughan.

No, Mr. Vaughan, the Cabman's charges were not exorbitant, and Cabmen, as a rule, are not extortionate. If you had applied this language to the Parochial Authorities, who literally rob the public of money for services that are never rendered, no one could have cavilled at your judgment or doubted your justice. Instead of fining the poor Cabman, who deserved a reward for coming out at all in such weather, you would have done well to have caught a few Vestrymen, and put them on their trial for

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Toxophilite Grounds, Regent's Park.

In the summer time I imagine the Toxophilites are rather a quiet body. They possess a sort of neglected kitchen-garden in the Regent's Park. To make up for their not very pretentious "real property" (from its position I fancy it must have been a gift from the Crown) they have erected a kind of pocket edition of a baronial hall in a secluded portion of the grounds. This pocket edition of a baronial hall is chiefly remarkable for stained-glass windows, antlers, queer inscriptions, and an enormous fire-place. The architect no doubt was told that he might "revel" in the hearth, and he seems to have strictly obeyed his instructions. The fire-place was evidently intended to silence the impertinent suggestion "that, after all, the baronial affair was only a summer-house." When I saw it, it was closed, its place being taken by a German stove, connected with the original structure by a yard or two In the summer time I imagine the Toxophilites are rather a quiet



POOR MAMMA!

structure by a yard or two of neat iron piping. Very likely this departure from the first idea had been necessitated by the chimney smoking, or some other calamity of a character. For domestic kindred character. the rest the stained-glass windows informed me that King WILLIAM THE FOURTH had been an archer, a fact that made

Poor Manna! FOURTH had been an archer, a fact that made it a subject of sincere regret that a portrait of His Majesty had not been taken for the Club in full Robin Hood costume. So much for the Toxophilites, who have given up their ground to the Skating Club.

In spite of the snow it was not difficult to find my way to the rink. Numbers of nice young Ladies and determined-looking middle-aged Gentlemen were going in the same direction. I followed them. A wooden gate was opened by a brisk Commissionaire, who welcomed me with a military salute full of encouragement. His eagle glance divined in a moment that I (like Mr. Winkle) was a "little awkward" on a pair of skates. I passed him with an assumption of dignity, and came to the rink. It seemed to be a flooded lawn. It was surrounded by snow, out of which peeped here and there an aged target, which apparently had been left there in the summer by some toxophilite, too languid to carry it back proudly to the Archer's Hall with him, as a trophy of the chace. But these targets had their value. Round the frozen water were one or two aged ladies, who shivered, and cast glances at rosycheleked damsels who were seen disporting themselves gaily on the were one or two aged ladies, who shivered, and cast glances at rosycheeked damsels who were seen disporting themselves gaily on the ice in the distance. Now and then these damsels gleefully approached the veteran dowagers, and cheerily asked them "how they were getting on?" The aged dowagers then attempted to hide their shiverings, and nodded more or less merrily. In a moment, the rosycheeked damsels were off to another part of the rink, and the dowagers were once more alone. Then the targets came into requisition. The dowagers employed their ample leisure in prodding them thoughtfully with an umbrella!

Leaving these "sad ones," (as they would have been called in the English libretto to an Italian Opera)

to their own mournful reflections, I came to a much more cheerful sight. A young lady of singularly prepossessing appearance was performing some extremely intricate evolutions round what should have been—and no doubt was —a very happy orange. The young lady now advanced coquettishly, then retired with a graceful curve. I thought she was gone for ever, when, in a moment, with a gentle glide, she was once more close to me. She hovered about that orange like a bee upon a flower. As I noted her charming performances, I came to the conclusion that I was watching a very pretty figure. I felt almost annoyed when she was called away

annoyed when she was called away
by a short stout gentleman, to form
a party of four with two other extremely disagreeable-looking persons
to take her place, in what seemed to me to be a sort of mad quadrille.
Having now nothing better to do, I turned my attention to the antics
of two Clubbiats of the male sex. All on the rink were adorned with
tiny silver skates, showing that they had passed the qualifying

examination for Membership. The two gentlemen I was now watching, did not lack the decoration, or I should have imagined

watching, did not lack the decoration, or I should have imagined that one of them at least was in statu pupillari.

"Can you do this?" asked the first of the other, and he started off as if he had been subjected to an electric shock, which had deprived him temporarily of all control over his legs. Fortunately his lower members seemed to be on kindly terms with the remainder of his body, and, after two or three wavering moves, brought him round in a circle without causing him any serious injury. His thind delay in a circle, without causing him any serious injury. His friend shook his head, and adopted a feeble smile, apparently assumed with the

intention of disarming criticism.

"I don't know, but I will try," he murmured, as he attempted to imitate the movement. The effort entailed great labour, but was perfectly successful. He struck off with an energy born of resignation, and his legs, too, carried him round in a circle out of danger. Then he absolutely beamed with satisfaction, and boldly stooped

down to place the inevitable orange in another position.

"Very good!" said his instructor, with an air of intense patronage.

"Now we will try something else!" I heard at my elbow, and noticed that the Champion Skater was on the eve of re-commencing his instruction. He appeared to be watching me through the corners

of his eyes.

"I am not quite sure you will be able to manage this just yet," said he to his companion. "It is very effective, but requires practice. But you can look at me while I do it."

He glanced at those near him as if inviting their serious attention, and observing cheerily, "I shall cut a pretty figure," was taken by his legs into the air, and—sat down! He did not lose his composure. He was up in a moment, with an agility arguing much familiarity with the manœuvre, and added, "I told you it was rather difficult, but take my word for it, with a little practice, you will do it as well as I do!" And at this point of his lecture I thought it time to leave, and return to a comfortable fire-side at home.

A GROWL.

(From a Frozen-out Traveller.)

SIR,—We all have been more or less affected by the inclemency of the weather, empty cisterns, frozen meters, and pitfalls in the shape of slides artfully manufactured by malicious urchins. I do not resist exorbitant cab-fares as I invariably walk. But what have I done that I am compolled to trust myself once a week to the tender mercies of the South-Western Railway Company? Are my social offences so grave that I should expiate them by having to travel, for an hour and a half, a distance that on most other lines would be done an hour and a half, a distance that on most other lines would be done in half that time, in a first class carriage that must have been purchased second-hand from the Midland Railway Company at the time they discarded their second class compartments. Granting the South-Western Railway Company a monopoly of dirty and uncomfortable carriages, why should not the luckless travellers on this line have at least the consolation of knowing that they will arrive at their destination within half-an-hour of the time specified in the Company's Time-tables? Or, allowing even the privilege of arbitrary delays to the Company, might we not expect, in this somewhat trying weather, our poor feet to be comforted by the grateful foot-warmer during the occasional twenty minutes wait between stations? I admit that I have seen a foot-warmer on this line. It was provided for a young lady. She was young and lovely. I am neither,—but that 's all the more reason I should have had the foot-warmer. foot-warmer.

As the authorities of the London and South-Western Line seem to have a natural propensity for getting themselves into hot water, why don't they put a lot of it into hot bottles for the long-suffering public, before the latter cries out threateningly, "We'll warm you!"

Yours,

AN UNSEASONABLE TICKET-HOLDER.

AN UNSEASONABLE TICKET-HOLDER.

Forms and Seats.

Home-Rulers are apter at noise than at nous,
But at least they 've accomplished the strangest of feats;
They have managed, by straining the forms of the House, To fix it for twenty-two hours to its seats!

RESULT OF THE IRISH STATE PROSECUTIONS.—All engaged in them acquitted themselves—entirely to their own satisfaction.



ADJUSTMENT.

Our Station-Master (to old Jinks, whom he had kindly provided with a foot-warmer on a journey down the Line to see his sick Daughter). "Well, DID YOU FIND THE BENEFIT OF IT, MASTER JINES?"

Old Jinks. "Oh, AYE, THANKEE, MR. GREEN! THA' THERE BOX O' HOT WATER THA' WOR' UNCOMMON' COMFOR'ABLE, SURE-LY! I SAT ON 'M THE WHOL' O' THE WAY, AN' THA' DID WARM ME UP TO-RIGHTS, I CAN TELL 'EE!!"

Thomas Cariple.

SHUT fast the door! Let not our vulgar din Vex the long rest of patriarchal age; But one step more eternal peace to win, England's Philosopher! old Chelsea's Sage!

How they will greet him! When he nears the home Where dwell the deathless spirits of the dead—GOETHE and SCHILLER, "sovereign souls," will come To crown with immortelles his honoured head.

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past-CRONWELL of England, FREDERICK the Great—Will lead the grand procession, and recast
The roll of genius that he joined so late.

What will his message be, from life to death Grand hero-worshipper of years ago? "Is England true?" they'll ask him in one breath. "Faithful to history?" He'll answer No!

To this indictment he must pledge his word,—
What warrant else could an historian sign?—
He lived through England's triumph, but he heard With dving ears the shudder of decline.

Perchance the revolution and the shame That like black shadows crossed the Commons' floor, Were spared him dying! Whisper not their name—Shut fast the door! He's sleeping. Close the door!

· A Very Vulgar Incident.

Scene-A Public-house in Ratcliffe Highway.

Professional Burglar. Vot do I calls you? Vy, I calls you a blank old fool; and if you says you ain't, why I'll knock yer blank old 'ead off yer blank old shoulders.

Professional Ejector from Licensed Premises. Now, then! Now, then! This ere language won't do ere! It ain't Parlermentary.

Professional Burgiar. A begging your parding, which you 'aven't a-read the Debates, or you'd know it was the most reg'lar Parlermentary language.

Professional Ejector from Licensed Premises. Which parding is granted, and I begs of yours. Your language is Parlermentary. But out you goes!

[Struggle, and vehement adoption of the clôture.

SUNDERLAND OR BLUNDERLAND?

WE are led to ask this question as to the proper name of the great northern town by the proceedings of its Board of Guardians. The workhouse children were invited to see the Pantomime, as most poor workhouse children were invited to see the Pantomime, as most poor workhouse children in most dull towns are invited at this season. Mr. Yule—who is evidently no descendant of Yule-log, whatever branch of the great log family he may belong to—objected to the children being contaminated by contact with theatres. This sentiment, once started, found plenty of supporters, who overruled the more liberal dissentients, and the Aldermanic Chairman, by his casting vote, deprived the hungry little paupers of a meal of pleasure. There is evidently no more need to send Cant to Sunderland than there is to send coals to Newcastle. Towns that give themselves these virtuous airs are not always shining models of propriety. Once upon a time there was (and is still) a semi-religious, half-Scotch periodical, conducted by an editor with broad views and generous sympathies. To make his magazine popular, he admitted, amongst a host of mixed parsons, a few writers of the worldly school whose names were familiar to the public. This excited the indignation of a number of busybodies in an obscure Scotch town, called Something-Bogie, who burnt the magazine in a corner called the market-place. One of the worldly writers was so stirred by this that he made a few searching inquiries about Something-Bogie, and found that it possessed the highest rate of illegitimacy of any place in the known world. Perhaps Sunderland has just as much right to throw stones at the theatre, as Something-Bogie had to burn the productions of worldly writers? workhouse children in most dull towns are invited at this season. worldly writers?

FROM BOHEA-MIA. -- Motto for Five o'clock Tea-drinkers. -- Dulce est Tea-sipere in loco.

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

SWITZERLAND on the 27th instant was visited thrice during the day, in several places, with a touch of the earthquake reported by wire. It caused both a lateral and vertical oscillation, preceded by a subterranean rumble, made the clocks of churches to strike and their bells to toll, shook books off their shelves, detached pictures from the walls, and, in Berne, for one place, threw down more than one hundred chimneys; but beyond that, appears not to have done any notable damage. The people, therefore, who experienced the shock, were much more frightened than hurt; but so much frightened, some of them, that-

"Children and teachers ran pell-mell from schools, and all study had to be given up for the day."

"Study given up for the day!" Oh won't English school-boys wish there were occasional Earthquakes about. The Head-Master of Eton would grant a holiday, or even an extra week, for an earthquake, if it only quaked enough. How merry the proverbial "merry Swiss boys" must have been on the occasion.

Shakspearian Valentine, Adapted.

(From Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Michael Davitt.)

I'LL have our MICHAEL DAVITT on the hip.

How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot? Michael. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak. Exit MICHAEL, in custody.



MAUDLE ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Maudle. "How consummately lovely your Son is, Mrs. Brown!"

Mrs. Brown (a Philistine from the country). "What? He's a NIGE, MANLY BOY, IF YOU MEAN THAT, MR. MAUDLE. HE HAS JUST LEFT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW, AND WISHES TO BE AN ARTIST."

Maudle. "Why should he be an Artist?"

Mrs. Brown. "Well, he must be something!"

Maudle. "Why should he Be anything? Why not let him remain for ever content TO EXIST BRAUTIFULLY?"

[Mrs. Brown determines that at all events her Son shall not study Art under Maudle.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES

IV .--- BOTANY.

What reck I though she be fair If the flowers are not her care; If she ponder not upon Many a Dicotyledon; If she have no admiration For all forms of æstivation.

Let her learn through happy hours Properties of plants and flow'rs; Know how Watercress should be Rank'd with the *Cruciferæ*; How the Sundew without question, DARWIN tells us, has digestion.

If perchance her ardour burns For the Cryptogamic ferns; She will see how spores become Cased in the Indusium; And how wondrously you vary Scolopendrium vulgare!!

She shall calmly learn to state, Clover is tri-foliolate; And describe in words exact. Awn and axis, blade and bract: So shall I in her sweet presence, Find my love hath inflorescence.

Burton on Trieste.

Burton we know stands on the Trent, and Mrs. Burton, traveller herself, and wife of a great traveller, has been standing three-quarters of an hour in Trieste, lecthree-quarters of an hour in Trieste, lecturing those who have not, and rewarding those who have distinguished themselves for humanity to animals. Mrs. Burton is converting Italia Irridenta into Redeemed Italy. And may her good work prosper. In future it is to be hoped that Cave Canem will mean "Beware of the dogs, the oxen, and the horses you possess, and do not beat them so mercilessly as you have been in them so mercilessly as you have been in the habit of doing, or you will receive no prizes for humanity from Mrs. Burron, who, by the bye, wants two hundred pounds to reward you this year." Address, Mrs. RICHARD BURTON, Trieste.

Advice to Business Men.-Keep your good name without a single Spec.

A CHILD'S REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM only a school-girl home for the holidays, but I am told that you are very fond of young people, and always ready to listen to their little grievances, and I have a grievance which is anything but a little one. Dear, dear, how dreadfully disappointed I was last

My Uncle has lately become a Councilman somewhere down in the City, and, as he has no children of his own, he very kindly took me with him to the Children's Party at the Mansion House! I had thought of nothing else for a week before, and Mamma had bought thought of nothing else for a week before, and Mamma had bought me such a beautiful dress, such as I never saw anywhere except at the Theatre. Well, we got there at seven o'clock precisely, so as to be in time for the first dance, but almost the first thing we heard was that there was to be no dancing! No dancing! And a beautiful band of soldiers playing such nice music, and plenty of partners, and plenty of room, and no dancing!

Of course Uncle wouldn't believe it at first, but it was too true, the Lord Mayor told him that some of the most important people there would not have come if he had not promised there should be no dancing!

no dancing!

Dear Mr. Punch! I am nearly fifteen, I quite love dancing, I was most beautifully drest, and there was plenty of partners, and yet what do you think were the only things provided for my amusement? He was ove There were three or four very plain people with their faces chalked, 'the Jehus.

dressed up like statues. There were four dreadful-looking men with dressed up like statues. There were four dreadful-looking men with their faces blacked singing comic songs; there was one terrible-looking black man who seemed to be imitating a poor paralysed negro, and who was so horribly ugly that a poor little fellow had to be carried out of the room in a perfect agony of fear, and, worst of all, there was a hideous-looking black man dressed up in woman's clothes! and trying to sing like a woman! After that there was Punch and Judy and a Conjuror, and all that sort of rubbish, and that's all!

that's all!

Oh, it was so dull! One little fat gentleman told us, that if we waited till 11'30, a Mr. Spurgeon would come and preach to us, and after that we should be allowed to dance, provided all the young ladies danced with young ladies, and all the young gentlemen with young gentlemen! But that isn't my idea of dancing, and so, by eleven o'clock we were all so tired and so sleepy, that we went home.

Oh, dear Mr. Punch, if this is what is called a Children's Party at the Mansion House, what dreadful stories some of my friends must have told me about last year's.

Yours almost ready to cry with disappointment, FANNY.

An indignant Traveller, who, during the late snow-storm, thought he was overcharged by a Cabman, said he felt he was in the hands of

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



The SPEAKER has been in the Chair, the Mace has been on the Table, the Sergeant-at-Arms has worthily presided in the Vice-Chair; all the accustomed sights and sounds of a Sitting in the House has been observable. But it is outside in the Lobby that the real business of observable. But it is outside in the Lobby that the real business of the night's Sitting has been accomplished. Here Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, working harder and for longer hours than would; be possible under the Factory Acts, is making arrangements by which Members may come and Members may go, but the Sitting shall run on for ever, or at least till the division on Mr. Forster's Bill be taken. At the door, invigorated by a too brief Sunday in the country, cheery Mr. Cotes, with book in hand, is ticking off Members as they come and go, cautiously sounding them as to their preference Members may come and Members may go, but the Sitting shall up on for ever, or at least till the division on Mr. Forster's Bill be taken. At the door, invigorated by a too brief 'Sunday in the country, cheery Mr. Cotes, with book in hand, is ticking off Members as they come and go, cautiously sounding them as to their preference for sitting up all night or getting up early in the morning, and promptly booking them for one or the other "shift." Sir William of this stern enthusiasm that is obliterating all parties and sections

THE NEST A BOYT - THEIR . EARS

of parties, making the one common bond of union a desire to re-

Business done.—Got ready to sit all night.

Tuesday.—Mr. Newdegate, smiling knowingly, throws up his hands, shakes his head, and beats his knees, in token of arrival at



the conclusion that there never were such things seen in the House of Commons-whether at the corner seat of the fourth bench below the gangway, or elsewhere. It is midnight, and the House has now been sitting, without intermission, for thirty-two hours. The Irish Members, few in number, but unfettered by the con-siderations that ordinarily maintain discipline among bodies of gentlemen, have taken that time-honoured institution, the British House of Commons, by the throat, have flung it ignominiously on its back, and have been mercilessly kneeling on its chest. One might say that this, the so-called mightiest assembly in the world, is like Gulliver in Lilliput.

Lust now there are signs of

Just now there are signs of movement in the sleeping giant. Oddly enough,—though I believe such things sometimes happen in the Pantomime and in real life,—the first person to feel the weight of revealed and are in the state.

GREAT COTES.

first person to feel the weight of reawakened authority, is one of the most inoffensive. Mr. T. D. Sylfield for speech that distinguishes Dr. Commins, nor the pertness that makes Mr. Dawson insufferable, nor the coarse vulgarity that in the person of Mr. Healt libels on the floor of the House of Commons the Irish peasant class. Yet it is on Mr. T. D. Sullivan that the big guns of the Opposition suddenly brought into play, open fire. Of course, flasco followed. The Speaker could not rule Mr. Sullivan out of order, and the well-meant, but ill-directed attempt failed. Mr. Milank, succumbing to the excitement of the movement, and seeing double, jumped up when Mr. Dillon had been twice called to order, and declaring that he had four times been cautioned invoked the thunder of the Chair. But the Chair, rather embarrassed than assisted by these wild attacks, declined to act, remained immovable when Sir Stafford Northcote pricked the sides of it intent, and was not to be incited to premature action, even when Mr. W. H.

able when Sir Stafford Northcotte pricked the sides of it intent, and was not to be incited to premature action, even when Mr. W. H. Smith made, from the front Opposition Bench, a third appeal.

Then came chaos, and departed the Leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition. They had thrice warned the Chair, and now in accordance with the spirit of Parliamentary discipline, they proceeded to punishment. With angry gesture the usually mild and placable Sir Stafford rose, and with stiff obeisance to the Chair, left the House, accompanied by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. W. H. Smith, and some others. At the gangway the Fourth Party, who but yesterday pledged their support to a pleased Ministry, joined their forces to the out-going stream, as, ever broadening, it reached the door and passed out amid thunderous cheers from the Home-Rulers; Mr. Parnell from the Home-Rulers; Mr. PARNELL himself standing pale and motionless the while, waiting for opportunity to speak. Then Mr. MILBANK, standing well out on the floor of the House,



well out on the floor of the House, waving his hat as if it were a drawn sword, cheered on Her Majesty's Ministers to the support of the Chair. His enthusiastic demeanour drew forth from some gentleman opposite a chilling remark of a personal character. This brought up Mr. MILBANK again with hat outstretched and denunciatory gesture towards Mr. Biggar, whom he accused of uttering the unparliamentary phrase. Then, somehow or other, amid the confusion a Division befell, and when the Tellers came back Mr. Biggar reported to the Deputy Speaker that Mr. MILBANK had walked across the Division befell, and when the Tellers came back Mr. BIGGAR reported to the Deputy Speaker that Mr. MILBANK had walked across the floor of the House and observed to him (the Member for Cavan) "Mr. BIGGAR, Sir, you are an impudent scoundrel." "I should like, Sir," said Mr. BIGGAR, who is always putting conundrums to the Chair, "to have your opinion as to whether he is justified in that opinion." This was not quite what Mr. BIGGAR wanted to say; but nobody was at the moment saying what he meant, or doing what he should, and the appearance of Dr. Commins with evidence of possession of notes for a speech of an hour or two long, was gladly welcomed as

an opportunity for everyone to go out and reflect upon what we are coming to.

Business done.—Prepared for another all-night Sitting.

Business done.—Prepared for another all-night Sitting.

Wednesday.—By kind permission of the Speaker, the House adjourned this morning at half past nine, having sat 41 hours and 41 minutes. Everyone went home, had a thorough good sleep, a bath, a canter in the Park, or a walk right to the top of Constitution Hill, winding up by breakfast to the fork. Back again mightily refreshed at noon, to begin another sitting, which might as well last to Sunday morning, as there is no use in making more than two bites at a cherry. This morning we passed the First Reading of the Protection Bill. This afternoon we were to have passed the Second Reading, but the Irish Members objected, and the afternoon agreeably wore away with discussion on motions for adjournment. The last thing I saw as I left the House, was Mr. Biggar and Mr. Finigan, who, having evicted ex-Ministers from the Front Opposition Bonch, had taken possession of their holding, and were with a nice impartiality objecting to everything. Everyone says to everyone else, that we had a great triumph, and scotched Obstruction this morning. Certainly this has some look of the kind.

Business done.—Loave given to introduce Protection of Persons and

Business done.—Leave given to introduce Protection of Persons and Property (Ireland) Bill.

Thursday Night .- Gulliver has awakened, and Lilliput lies low. What happened yesterday morning turns out to have been merely a



THE O'GORMAN MAHON-QUITE CLARE TO EVERYBODY.

restless movement of the halfsleeping giant. Now he has moved in good earnest. It was a fine dramatic scene. It opened admir-ably. A few introductory remarks from Mr. PARNELL; then Mr. DIL-LON suddenly discovered standing with folded arms, dark browed and defiant. Mr. Dillon's action was a stroke of original genius. The House of Commons, after long ex-perience, has thought what it should do with various kinds of Obstruction; but it never occurred to it that some day would be presented to it for solution the difficulty of an Hon. Member standing silent and motionless, with folded arms, as if he were having his photograph taken. Poor Mr. GLADSTONE was

hopping between the Treasury Bench and the Table like a hen on a hot gridiron. Beckoned forward by the SPEAKER, pulled back by the HOME SECRETARY, cheered on by the Ministerialists, howled down by the Home-Rulers, and all the

while fixed upon him the basilisk eyes of this silent man with folded arms. The PREMIER had an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour.

JOHN DILLON disposed of, Mr. PARNELL popped up, and insisted upon being made a martyr of. The House hastened to oblige him, and the unfortunate PREMIER had once more commenced his speech when Mr. FINIGAN came forward and claimed attention. SPEAKEE was now warming to his work. Mr. Gladstone had permanently got possession of the slip of paper on which were written the terms of the Suspensory Order, and Mr. Finigan was worked off in a twinkling. But if they were in a hurry, Mr. Finigan was

not.
"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I ree-spectfully dee-cline to dee-part except in o-bedience to su-perior force."

Nothing could be refused to a Gentleman so syllabic in his intonation. Superior force was forthcoming in large quantities—as many as six of the oldest and most infirm attendants of the House marching in with pale faces and most infirm attendants of the house marching in with pale faces and trembling knees. But Mr. Finigan was not particular to a few score years. He gracefully surrendered his sword and ree-tired. Then the fun grew fast and furious. At one sweep of the net twenty-eight Obstructionists were caught. It was here the piece began to drag, and here where a judicious cutting down might be effected. Each man was suspended separately. Each declined to be speaking a few lines with recree or less effect and declined to go, speaking a few lines with more or less effect, and to each severally and separately the Sergeant-at-Arms addressed him self, sometimes with his merry men and sometimes without. It got a trifle wearisome when the twentieth man had played his part, and by the time the twenty-eighth was reached, one began to feel as if he were dining exclusively off pickles. But at last they were all gone, and then the House of Commons for the first time for many years, soberly and sensibly settled down to its work.

Business done.—Parnellites suspended. Mr. GLADSTONE'S new Sessional Order passed.

Friday Night.—Irish Members cow'd. No more bulls. Mr. Dillow in Ireland. Mr. Davitr in prison. Mr. Parmell nowhere. House eminently respectable and decidedly dull.

Business done.—Second Reading of Protection Bill moved.

INOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



ove change? not as a rule I doesn't; but I begins to think as sumthink might be done to make our Sundays in London just a leetle more cheerful. Of course don't mean nun of your ontinenshal wickedness Continenshal as I've heard spoke of sumtimes, such as Horse Racing and Theayters; no no, nothink of that dredful sort; but I sertenly do wish as our Sundays wasn't quite so dredful dull as they are. Now here am I and my two boys, of course we've no professhunal engagements on that day, and what on airth to do with ourselves we don't know. If it appens to be fine, of course, after church, we goes for a walk, but it seems every year that we has to go further and further to get into the country, and, as everybody knows, about three times out of four the wether's somethink howdacious. Then what are we to do? There ain't no Libery open, or we should go there and

or we should go there and look at sum picter books. There's one great book that I myself am rayther fond of looking at called Wanity Fare, that has picture of all our Publick men, and makes'em all look like Ideots, or Lunertics, or Monkeys, drawn by a Gent of the name of Ape. I'm not werry ansum myself, and that book's a grate comfort to me. I wunder some werry ill-natured feller don't try a simelar book of our beautiful Ladies, for all the plane women would be sure to buy it.

WILLIAM is rather fond of Wunderful Historys, such as Gulliver's Travels, Baron Munchausen, STANLEY'S Livingstone, and the Rabian Knights, and some of the things as he reads in them and tells us of arterwards, are real staggerers. My Missus acshally says as she don't believe half on 'em; but then, unfortnitly, her eddicashun was a good deal niglected.

don't believe half on 'em; but then, unfortnitly, her eddicashun was a good deal niglected.

I shouldn't think myself it could well be considered a kind of wicked deborchery to go to the British Museum and see all the wunderful things there; but no, it's all shut up, and so is the Nashunal Gallery with all its beautiful picters. To be sure there's plenty of City Churches open in the arternoon, but they don't seem much used. For instance, me and William went into a nice little Church in Cheapside one Sunday, and there was only one person besides us, and she was only a old woman. The service was one of the regular old sort, with the Clerk in a little box all to himself, to say Amen, and after it was over, he came to me and he said, if we werry much wished it, the Wicar would preach us a sermon, but there was a capital precher over the way, and should we mind going there. So up we got and went out, and didn't trouble the capital precher over the way.

Well, as we was a going home, who should come dashing along but the Lord Mare in his butiful Carridge with his 2 Footmen, and the Sheriffs in their butiful Carridge with their footmen, and a Bishup in his butiful Carridge with his footmen, and the hunder Sheriffs and lots of Common Councilmen and Churchwardens, all

Sheriffs and lots of Common Councilmen and Churchwardens, all going off to the Manshun House to Lunch!

"Hullo," says William, "this seems a rum go! We can't go to a Libery or a Museum or a Picter Gallery because we're told it would make people work on Sunday, but how about the Coachmun and the Footmun, and the Cook and all the rest on em at the Manshun House Luncheon! Ah," says he, "this is a rum sort of world, Gruynor, and must take a chap a jolly long time afore he understands it all."

We took a long walk after this, and being preshus thirsty we wanted summat to drink, but no Public House was open cause it was agin the law. We met a very respectable Policeman and asked him what we should do, and he said with a smile, you ought to belong to a Club, and then you can have anythink you likes, at any time, that's Club Law; or, says WILLIAM, you ought to be a Bishop, and lunch with the Lord Mare.

Bobby was a wery intelligent man, and told us that some of the

all we had to do was to ring the bell and ask 'em to make up Dr. WALKER'S prescripshun for preventing of English Collery! As I don't want to get noboddy into trouble, I says no more, except this, that where there 's a will there 's ginerally someboddy over the way. I was having a chat the other day with a poor forren Waiter who had bin dismist form a West end house because he wouldn't pay a lot of fines for the most trifleing things. For instance, fancy fining a poor Waiter 2s. 6d. for helping hisself to the wing of a foul, and 1s. for agreeing with a Kustomer that the fish wasn't so fresh as the butter, and 6d. for reading Punch, and 6d. for larfing at it, and 2s. 6d. for smoking, and this in a land of freedom! He assures me it's all fax, and his fines cum to 31s. in a fortnite, and as he wouldn't pay he was sacked. Well, we was a talkin about Sundays, and to show what a strange sort of chap he is, he acshually said that he thort a man showed as much thankfulness and gratitood by he thort a man showed as much thankfulness and gratitood by looking appy and injoying hisself, as he does by looking miserable and being as miserable as he looks, praps more, but of course he's only a ignorant Frenchman! Why he once went so far as to say that Religion ought to make us cheerfuller and appier. Ah, I wunder if he's ever been to Glasgow!

I remember werry well when I was fust married, I was engaged at the Wite Art at Winser, and many a time have I took my Missus on my arm and gone and prommenarded on the Slopes on a Sunday Arternoon, while a fine Milingtery Band played lots of jolly toones

I also knows I can see plenty of picters, if I goes to Ampton Court, but Ampton's a long ways off, and Winser's longer, and I wants my rashernal emusement here, in London. If it's all wrong, it must be wrong everywheres. If it's all right, why make it so difficult to get at?

I paws for a Reply. Let the Queen's Bench of Bishops anser if they can.

VALENTINES.

(From Randolph Churchill to Mr. Gladstone.) WITH your party I'll combine, Take me for your Valentine.

(From an Eminent Firm of Solicitors to "THE Serjeant.") On a brief your name we'll sign, You shall be our BALLANTINE

(From Mr. Val. Prinsep to the Academy Hangers.) You must hang me on the line, For I am your Valentine.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

The Mystery in Palace Gardens. By Mrs. RIDDELL. The mystery as a puzzle is a good specimen of a RIDDELL. We won't give it up till we've quite finished it. (BAILLEY & SON.)

Miss Cobbe on the Duties of Women. Miss Cobbe on her hobby. The object generally is to show that, like the Grey Mare, the Cobbe is the better horse. (WILLIAMS & NORGATE.)

The Spirit of the Matterhorn. A Poem by Lord Queensberry. Ought to be the story of a climb, showing how the Spirit-flask was used in the ascent of the Matterhorn, and what that Spirit was. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mrs. Ramsbouram saked her piece to read out a list of books to

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM asked her niece to read out a list of books to er. The latter commenced with *The Life of Cicero*, by ANTHONY

TROLLOPE.

"Sissy Rose," repeated Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Oh, one of TROLLOPE's heroines. What else?"

"Broken Lights," read out the niece.

"What a title!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Might as well call it How to Keep a Cat on a Farthing a Day." The worthy lady

call it How to keep a Cat on a Farthing a Day." The worthy lady refused to listen to any explanation.

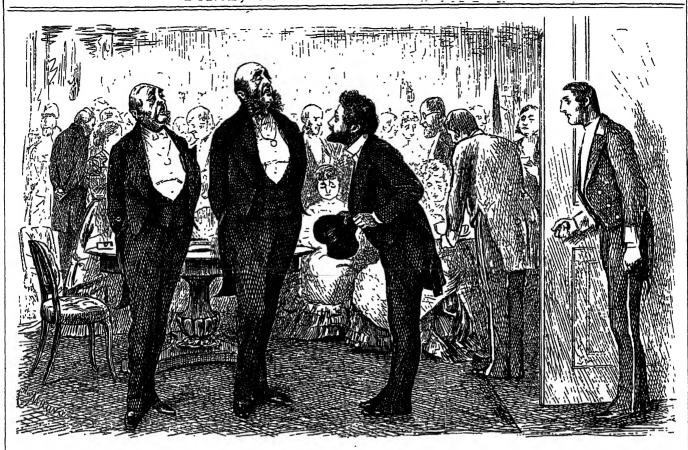
Our Future Highway. By V. Lovett Cameron. (Macmillan & Co.) To judge by the title, this should be a book most dangerous to the morals of our juvenile offenders, who would learn from its pages how to become Our Future Highwaymen. Oddly enough "Lovett" was the pseudonym adopted by the celebrated Paul Clifford, the history of whose gallant career has produced many a successful and unsuccessful imitator.

unsuccessful imitator.

Incredible Thirsty. By the Author of Unknown Hungary, is not in the Press.

a Club, and then you can have anythink you likes, at any time, that's Club Law; or, says William, you ought to be a Bishop, and lunch with the Lord Mare.

Bobby was a wery intelligent man, and told us that some of the Chemists in the neighbourhood made up prescripshuns for thirsty soles that very few people would know from Brandy and Water, and



MODESTY THE CROWN OF MERIT. (A LECTURE ON DEPORTMENT.)

Frofessor Dubois (from Paris). "I am late, Sie Bédell! I come from to dine vid ze Duke of Stilton, and he-Sir Pompey Bedel (Bedel, Flunke, & Co.). "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR PROFESSOR! I AM TOLD HIS GRACE'S HOSPITALITY IS THULY SPLENDID. BY THE BYE, THOUGH, LET ME CAUTION YOU, AS A FRIEND. IT IS NOT CUSTOMARY, IN GENERAL ENGLISH SOCIETY, FOR A PROFESSIONAL MAN TO MENTION THAT HE HAS DINED WITH A DUKE."

Professor Dubois. "DIABLE! YOU ENGLISH ARE ALREADY SO DEMOCRATS AS DAT!"

Sir Pompey. "On the contrary, my Friend. We may at least flatter ourselves over here, thank Heaven! that to BE THE GUEST OF A TITLED MEMBER OF OUR ARISTOCRACY DOES STILL CONFER A SOMEWHAT ENVIABLE PERSONAL DISTINCTION—ER-Grigsby. "LIKE PHYSICAL BEAUTY, YOU KNOW, OR TRIUMPH IN LOVE, OR PROWESS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE-

Sir Pompey. "Exactly. And, therefore, to escape the reproach of self-laudation, and, moreover, to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of others as deserving, perhaps, but less fortunate, it is well to draw the Veil of Reticence—er—" Grigsby. "Over the Effulgence of Consummate Achievement!"

Sir Pompey. "PRECISELY!"

[Thinks well of Grigsby, whom he has not met before.

AT LAST!

AFTER a month of Donnybrook Fair, miscalled an early sitting of Parliament, the Ministers responsible for the government of England have cleared the House of the Irish Obstructionists, miscalled Members of Parliament, and have re-arrested the convict DAVITT, who ought never to have been let loose from prison. The cause of who ought hever to have been let loose from person. In a wause of this sudden outburst of energy is not far to seek. As long as Irish landlords only were cowardly murdered from behind hedges, and fandangoes were danced in their blood; as long as Irish ladies only were assaulted by cowardly ruffians, who field before a horsewhip; as long as Irish households only were threatened with a state of siege, and as Irish households only were threatened with a state of siege, and only full-blooded, generous, honest Irishmen, pretended they were not able to pay their just debts, because they were frightened by a secret band of nameless scoundrels, the English Ministers, comfortably seated at home, or snoring on the well-stuffed benches of the House of Commons, were content to do nothing but respect the rules of "Parliamentary practice." The moment the agitation came nearer home, when English tenants found it was easy to repudiate the payment of rent, and a few anonymous writers of Fenian menaces caused the military in and round London to be confined to barracks, and the fire-brigade to be in a ferment of expectation, the situation was changed and the necessity of exting was changed. parracks, and the fire-prigate to be in a ferment of capectation, and situation was changed, and the necessity of action was apparent, even to the meanest Government capacity.

The Cockney mind is still a force in Imperial politics.

MR. SPEAKER'S COMMENTARIES

To himself-during a recent historical crisis

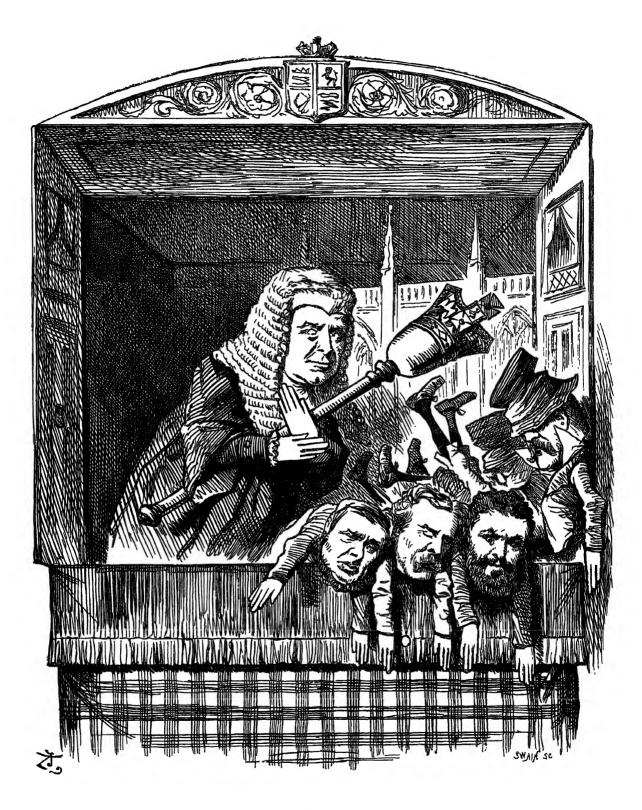
I WONDER whether PLAYFAIR really feels as fresh as he looks. What a fool I was to refuse that fifth cup of green tea!

Why, the weight of this confounded wig is enough to have settled

Argus!
Halloa! I certainly was off that time. Curious,—but I thought
BIGGAR's voice was a kettle boiling.
Thank goodness, here's Gossett coming to ask me another conun-

drum.
I should rather like to see Sexton play Romeo.
If it wasn't for the smelling-salts and Gosserr's capital side-splitters, by Jove, this would begin to be serious!
Well, I never! Relief from W. E. G. in this shape! Really, but for the look of the thing, I would get on the top of my chair, dash my own wig, and wave the Mace.
Now for it:—I fancy this will wake 'em!
Done it! I don't believe there 's any precedent. But—I've done it. No idea I had so much pluck about me! Result decisive anyhow.

Hooray!
Finished. Now, all I want is a nice little thirteen hours' nap, and I shall be as bright and as breezy as a bird, for my official spread this evening!



"URGENCY!"

WHISTLER'S WENICE; OR, PASTELS BY PASTELTHWAITE.

MR. WHISTLER is the artful Doger of Venice. TURNER made "studies" from which he subsequently developed his pictures: but Mr. WHISTLER is the "Chiel amang ye taking notes"—in colour, and, unable to keep them to himself, he exhibits them in the most generous and self-effacing way to the public generally. It is very kind of him; perhaps it is very deep of him. Does he want to discourage his brother artists from going to Venice? He may have conceived a violent animosity to Mr. Cook, and has hit upon this method of deterring intending tourists from visiting the "Pride of the Sea."

Whatever the motive for the exhibition, the artist seems to speak for himself, and say—"Well, Sir, I'm Master JIMMY WHISTLER I am, and if I can do this sort o' thing with a shilling box o' paints from the Lowther Arcade, a few sheets of blotting paper, and some brown-paper covers off the family jam-pots, I could do bigger work with improved materials, you bet!"

This address evidently conveys the suggestion that he should be forthwith presented by his friends and admirers with a real colourbox and the entire artistic paraphernalia. In furtherance of this design, we place before our readers our own "Notes" in black and white, suggested by those of Master WHISTLER.

N.B.—Visitors are requested to observe the principal figures, on which we only allow ourselves to touch lightly, and compare them with those in the brown-paper Catalogue. These notes being intended for practical guidance, every visitor should take them to the Gallery as a suggestive commentary which will be of the greatest assistance to him in appreciating the collection in detail.

No. 1. Sotto Portico, San Giacomo. A sort o' portico. Pretty clear so far.

No. 7. The Little Back Canal. Subject from the celebrated Triumviretta, Coxio e Boxio.

Sergento Bouncero. Don't be angry, Gentlemen. There used to be a Little Back Canal here.

Boxio è Coxio (together). Then put it up!

[Exit BOUNCERO.



No. 10. Nocturne—The Riva.

A Mud-bank note. "First Impression of Venice on a piece of Blotting-Paper."

No. 13. The Giudecca: note in feel colour.

in flesh-colour. Suggestion for a Picture to represent Mr. IRVING as Shylock on a river-somewhere. Note for Jewdecca-rative

No. 14. The Bridge—flesh-colour and brown. Suggestion for Sir William Tite's panta-

loons—say a pair of Tite's.

No. 18. Nocturne at a Hotel. Curious specimens of shoes left outside the bedroom doors to be cleaned.

Suggestion for the Boots.

No. 21. Fish Market, San Bar-Suggestion of trade being nabo. very dull.

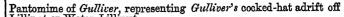
No. 22. The Old Marble Palace.
We "dreamt that we dwelt in marble halls," and awoke with a severe cold.
About this period we came to the conclusion, that if we wisited Wenice—WHISTLER'S Wenice—we should soon become what Mr. MANTALINI described as a "denm'd moist uncomfortable body."
No. 27. Campanile at Lido. Suggestion for a ce

No. 27. Campanile at Lido. Suggestion for a camp in ile—this isn't in ile. Note—it's out in the

desolate country, a truly-rural-Lido sort of place.
No. 28. "Boat Ahoy!" No. 28. "Boat Ahoy!" Suggestion for a picture of "there were three sailors of Bristol City, Who took a boat and went to sea."
No. 29. The Giudecca—Winter: grey and blue. Uncomfortably suggestive of a nervous man bent on taking a header.

No. 18.

man bent on taking a header.
No. 35. The Staircase: note in red. Suggestion that this



Pantomime of Gulliver, representing Gulliver's cocked-hat adrift off Lilliput or Water-Lilliput.

No. 37. Swamped Buttercups.

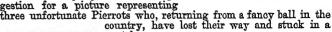
No. 38. The Red Doorway. Suggestion for the Home of SMUDGE, R.A.

No. 39. Suggestion for a view of the Polar Regions "from the steps of the Piazetta."

No. 43. A Red Note. Suggestive

that bearer waits answer.

No. 47. Awfully Cowl'd! Suggestion for a picture representing



pent-bog.
No. 51. Campo Sta. Martin—Winter Evening. Note in Real Jam, or "Venice Preserved."

No. 36.

No. 53. The Brown Morning-

Master JAMES means the Brown-paper Morning.

And lastly, what in nature is this curious specimen that appears in every picture?

It's not a Gnat: it's not a Mosquito.

Can it be a—but this suggestion of Varies is upplaced that travellers. Venice is unpleasant for travellers. Did Master James stay in the Palace of the Doges, and at midnight was he aroused from his harmony in snores, and compelled to rise from the ancient bed, light a candle,

and—but we will not pursue the subject further. "When found make a note of." Mem. by Mem. by



No. 47.

Beautiful Venice!

IO TRIUMPHE!

(A Circumspect Paan.)

"See, they number thirty-six— Thirty-six, and I but one! I'll confound their knavish tricks! Never yet did Gossett run!' Thus—the hero to the Chair.

Brand replied, "The iron's hot:
Strike you shall; and,—time to spare,
Shall I lump and name the lot?
Come, how will you have it done?"
Whispered Gossett, "One by one."

Then grew fierce the deadly strife, And full thirty-five at bay Fought for dear obstructive life. Fought, -MOLLOY though ran away. And from rafter, roof, and floor Rang the cheer, as Gosserr's band,— Six attendants from the door,—
Cleared the House. Then, up spake Brand,
"What—cleared! Bless me, how was it done?"
Quoth Gossett, smiling, "One by one!"

Kurds and their Ways.

It appears from an advertisement in the daily papers that the "wild and terrible" Kurds, as they are called, in the intervals of their wildness and terror, are in the habit of making Persian carpets for the English market at very low prices. Perhaps if they were less wild and terrible, they would make worse carpets and charge higher prices. Civilisation is sometimes a great demoraliser.

Thrue for You!

TALK of unparliamentary speech, Sorr ?
Bad example? Bedad, Sorr, who gave it? Very fine at our swearing to screech, Sorr,— When you're just after taking our Davitt!

Perfect Agreement.

No. 29.

No. 35. The Staircase: note in red. Suggestion that this No. 36. The Cemetery. This is what Master James calls it. We prefer to consider it as suggestion for a dark scene in some of the sound of the shares of the Minimum Under-Mining Company which hasn't yielded anything except a half-yearly report of their "Doings."



No. 10.

A SANITARY MILLENNIUM.

Has the Millennium arrived? After the late hard frosts, with the thermometer, as a young lady said, waltzing about below zero, after a thaw which burst our pipes, caused our cisterns to collapse, and brought upon us the frequent visits of the assiduous plumber, we are told it would be quite easy to build houses which would defy the variations of our climate. Professors HUXLEY and JENKIN presided over a meeting the other day, and then when each man present must have poseach man present must have possessed a mens conscia cisternee, and wondered when a flood would come down through the drawing-room, Mr. RAWLINSON rose and blandly said, "It was quite possible so to arrange a building upon the largest scale, that there should not be one single pipe should not be one single pipe within its walls; and so to arrange any apparatus for carrying water that it should need the intervention of no plumber." No pipes and no plumbers! The Sanitary Millennium has come at last !

Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

THE wind is ill-tempered to the shorn lamb.

Those who live in glass-houses should not take repairing leases. A gift-horse in the hand is

worth several in the bush You cannot make a silk purse

out of a sou'-wester. You should not look a bird in the hand in the mouth.

There is reason in sucking eggs, if the eggs are fresh.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 18.



DR. LYON PLAYFAIR.

THE DEPUTY-SLEEPER IN THE CHAIR. A FAIR IMITATION OF THE GENUINE BRAND.

A GALLANT ARRAY OF NEW A.R.A.'s.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE. Well deserved. The last man to assert himself, but he can now write

himself, but he can how which himself A.R.A. on his own "Ipsey-dicksee."
Mr. Hamo Thornveroff. For sculpting. The Hacademy sculpting. The Hacademy Council evidently conjugated the present tense of "Hamo," and arrived at the first person plural, "Hamamus Thorny-croft"—and the thing was done. Mr. Brett. Not a Brett Har-"Hamamus Thorny-

tist, but a true Brett 'un. Tell this to the Marines, and they'll

this to the Marines, and they'll be delighted.

Mr. Gow. No joke to be made about him? Oh, Gowalong with you! (Hooray!)

Mr. BURGES. Architect. Never performs out of the Hall of Burlington House. No, that's BURGES & MOORE farther down in Placedilly. this is RURGES...and Piccadilly: this is BURGES—and no more.

Timely.

THE Member for Woodcock has been getting up a Memorial, very numerously signed by the Members, for enlarging the accommodation of the House. There are proposals for a new Smoking-Room and a new Tea-Room, a new An-tea-room, &c., &c. The latest suggestion is a paddy'd room for the more violent Irish Members.

To Purchasers of Sledges. -One snow-storm does not make a winter.

NO PIPES FOR PAUPERS!

THE proverb untruly declares Virtue to be its own reward. On the contrary, in so far as Virtue is arduous and painful, it is its own punishment. Vice is its own reward indeed, when pleasurable, which makes it so common; Virtue not only punishes itself, but is also liable to be punished. See, in the subjoined police case, what an exemplary parochial officer got by a virtuous excess of duty:—

"A decision of some importance to papers and workhouse authorities has just been given by the Stipendiary Magistrate at Leeds. An old pauper, by name Haley, in the Leeds workhouse, was lately detected by the taskmaster in the act of smoking, and being taken before the workhouse master was ordered to be imprisoned in the cell where tramps break stones. Haley had to be forced into the cell by the taskmaster, who, he alleged, hurt his head by thumping it against the wall, and his friends therefore summoned the taskmaster for assault. The Magistrate decided that no more violence was used than necessary to get Haley into the cell, but questioned the right of the workhouse master, even when backed up by the guardians, to deprive a pauper of his liberty. In defence it was urged that the master had the right under the provisions of the Act 55 Geo. III., cap. 157, sec. 5. The Magistrate, however, said that neither that nor any other Act empowered a workhouse master to imprison a pauper, and accordingly fined the defendant 40s. and costs."

Thus was an official philanthropist fined for a slight overexertion of true benevolence; a benevolence during the late inclement weather peculiarly seasonable. And so Virtue was punished. Benevolence is a virtue vulgarly much mistaken. It does not ment weather peculiarly seasonable. And so Virtue was punished. Benevolence is a virtue vulgarly much mistaken. It does not consist in merely giving. There is a Positive Benevolence, which gives, and a Negative Benevolence which denies. The latter is the Benevolence with which Political Economy requires Paupers to be treated, for the good of others—the Ratepayers, and for a warning also to others on the other hand—the labouring classes. Therefore, the Poor Law forbids pipes to Paupers, old or young. Tobacco is an ansesthetic. The narcotic influence of a pipe blunts a pauper's sense of his situation, and alleviates the discomfort to which he has been charitably condemned for improvidence in not to be, as he commands a cavalry regiment. Theatres next week.

having effectually taken thought for the morrow. Negative Benevolence denies the pauper a pipe, precisely as justice orders the garotter a flogging. Allow the pauper tobacco? As well let the garotter be

a flogging. Allow the pauper tobacco? As well let the garotter be flogged under chloroform.

But might not paupers reduced to want by pure misfortune be, without prejudice to politico-economical principles, permitted the occasional solace of smoking? Negative Benevolence says decidedly "No." The least culpable of the immates of a workhouse must not be elevated into an order enjoying an indulgence not conceded even to first-class misdemeanants in a gaol. These are the uncompromising views and sentiments of Mr. Bumble.

ECHO IN THE CITY.

- Q. Can we to Corporation look for help in time of snow?
- A. Q. What is the last thing they can do, who should from misery shade us?
- Aid us. Who is the real Autocrat at any glacial crisis?
- Ice is. Q. How shows the management of our big-wigs of bulky salary?
- All awry.

 What is the only answer comes when one has for a Cab sent?
- Absent! What are they, these officials high, who Jack Frost's freaks should bridle?
- Q. And what the great Panjandrums who bring London to such

"THE Colonel," says the Globe, "is well mounted." So he ought



"STEADY!"

Citizen (who had been dining with his "Company"). "Here, Cabma', le' me drive !-I'll uld'take to make him go!" Cabby. "No, no, Sir-not if I know it! D'you want to get us both 'Warehoused'?!"

BEAUTY NOT AT HOME.

A Back-Street Ballad, dedicated to the Kyrle Society.

The ceiling was cracked, and the walls were bare,
There was mud on the floor, there was ice on the bed;
For "the tide had been in," and, in piteous scare,
The mother and bairns from their "home" had all fled.
And he stood, midst the wreck of his flooded-out dwelling,—
'Twas fourteen feet square and three feet underground,
And few cellars more dirty or evilly smelling
In London, the dull and unlovely, are found.
He was only a labourer, brawny and coarse;
He'd been trying to sweep out the slime from his floor,
And perhaps 'twas the damp that had made him so hoarse;
But a spick-and-span person who peeped at the door,
And who looked like an angel who'd folded his wings
Under broadcloth, lisped forth, "Now this really might give
A Suggestion to those who love Beautiful Things.
How—how can our dear poorer brethren—a—live
Lives so unæsthetic, so shorn of True Beauty?
Now here is a capital opening for them,
Who—like our Society—hold it their duty
To bring Beauty home to the People.—Ahem!"
The labourer lifted his head at the grunt—
For a Kyrle'd darling's cough 'tis perhaps a coarse term—
And exclaimed, "Wot's your game?"—these low men are so blunt—
"Here ain't nothink to tempt yer, onless yer a worm.
If yer partial to mud, like a wriggler, all right;
You'll find lots on it here. I don't like it myself.
I would say 'Take a seat,' as is only perlite,
But yer can't axe a gemman to sit on a shelf."
Then the Kyrle man stepped in, all a-tiptoe, and stood
With a crook in his neck, and a kink in his waist,
And he said, "My poor friend, I would fain do you good.
I'm a humble apostle of Cultchaw and Taste."
"Wot's them?" asked the labourer—"Summut to eat?
Or likely, this weather, to keep out the cold?"

Said his visitor, "Ah! They give Light, they are Sweet!"

"Oh! like fires and rum with, if I may be so bold,"
Said that fustian-clad. Philistine; "don't sound arf bad.
Why, I took yer for one o' the kind I cuts short,—
Meaning Tracks!" Sighed the Kyrle Man, "This really is sad!
What would Postlethwarte make of a scene of this sort?"
Then aloud, "Friend, the worst of this terrible scene
Is its uttah unloyeliness. Beauty's a boon
That makes even the desert of Poverty green.
Now a dado, you see, or a simple-sweet toon,
Were it only 'Bo-Peep' on a comb, don't you know,
At this moment would make all this misery melt
Into raptchaw, and banish this odour,—although
I must own 'tis the nastiest ever I smelt.
Take a snift at this Lily, or only a look,—
We can live upon looks, if directed aright.
I will leave it you, friend, with Miss Hill's little book.
What you want's mural paintings, and Sweetness and Light.
Lilies would not grow here, though there's plenty of mud,
And for frescoes your walls, I admit, are scarce fit;
But just think of the Beautiful, not of that flood,
And you'll grow quite resigned to things—after a bit.
Has your wife, now, a good Peacock's feather? What, ro?
Oh, there's comfort untold in a fine Peacock's feather!
'Twill make her forget the high tide, the deep snow,
And the wreck of her home, and the state of the weather;
Believe me—" But here, from a sound that ensued,
The Muse very much fears that Kyrle man got kicked out.
Were the poor not such Philistines, boorish, and rude,
He'd have done, oh! a great deal of good there—no doubt

PARLIAMENTARY LEGACY.—We have heard a great deal lately of "The Will of the House." Is Parliament moribund? If it calls in its legal advisers and makes its will, it will, of course, leave everything to the SPEAKER. The "Will" of the House, however, just now seems to be WILLIAM GLADSTONE.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Jones (who has just added the last finishing touch to his Picture).

Smith. "Well, you've just got it into a capital state to BEGIN WORKING UPON!

VERY CIVIL WAR!

(A Page from the Diary of a British Officer in the Transvaal.)

Monday.—Received instructions to "treat prisoners with courtesy, but not to afford them the rights of belligerents." What on earth does this mean? Looked up the Queen's Regulations and the Articles of War. Can't find anything to meet the case. Seems to me that a fellow must be either a rebel or an enemy. Powder and shot for the one; soda and brandy for the other! Hope I shan't take a prisoner. If I do—hanged if I know what I shall do with him! him!

him!

Tuesday.—Everything going on all right. Playful skirmish with enemy. Query, are they enemies, or rebels, or what? Give it up—never was good at answering conundrums! Fortunately they rode away before we got up to them. In consequence, no prisoners on either side. Had another turn at the authorities, and went to sleep over them. Write this before turning in. All right up to now.

Wednesday.—As I expected! In for it! Just before ending an uneventful, and consequently cheerful day, a prisoner was taken by an over-officious colour-sergeant! Should like to break the fellow for his folly, only I suppose it was his duty! Nice mess though! What am I to do now? Decided not to see the prisoner to-night. He will keep—or rather, we shall have to keep him—until to-morrow morning. morning.

morning.

Thursday.—The prisoner was brought before me. Not half a bad fellow. He had strayed into our lines by mistake—wish he had made another mistake, and had strayed out again! He speaks English fluently, and has read all the London papers. He knows my instructions, and feels for me. Asked him if he would mind being handcuffed? He said, "Not at all—to oblige me." Apologised to him, but explained I was in no end of a fix. He says he "rather likes handcuffs—great fun!" Awfully good fellow! Saw him to his cell. Gave him my sofa, and lent him a dressing-gown. Awfully cheery fellow! Knows a lot of fellows I know. Looked

up the Articles of War, to see if I could make him an honorary member of the Mess.

Friday.—Dear old Peter (my prisoner) had breakfast with me. Asked him, as a friend, what he thinks I ought to do with him? He doesn't know. He is, however, under the impression that I should be going too far if I shot him. So am I. He quite sees my difficulty, and wants to help me. He suggested that he might keep up the spirit of the thing by picking some oakum. He says that he believes "that is the proper penal servitude form." "With some rope and an old pair of kid-gloves," he says "he will be quite the cheerful convict!" Awfully good fellow, Peter! The most obliging chap I ever met! Looked him up in the evening. He says "oakumpicking not half bad fun." No more it is! Tried some myself. Bet Peter I would pick a pound before he got through eight ounces. Won, by Jove, in a canter! Peter (awfully good fellow, Peter!) paid up like a man!

Saturday.—Glorious news! No end pleased! Peter escend

paid up like a man!

Saturday.—Glorious news! No end pleased! Peter escaped this morning! Got a letter from him later in the day, telling me that he thought it would save us both a lot of trouble if he bolted. He added that he had got shot through the arm by a sentry. It was only a scratch, and he was going on all right. Not to be bothered about him. Thanks for all my courtesy and kindness. Had had a very jolly time with me, and was sorry he was obliged to be off. "Ta! ta! and love to all old pals!" Dear old Peter, one of the best fellows I ever met! Shall certainly put him up for my Club when I get hock home! when I get back home!

In Memoriam.

(Monumental Brass for St. Stephen's.)

HEREUNDER SLEEPS

(With one Eye wide open) THE LONG-ESTABLISHED PROCEDURE OF PARLIAMENT,

Curious, Cumbersome, and Characteristic;
Yet, owing its gradual Development
To a jealous Watchfulness over the Liberties of the Many
Rather than

To a boundless Consideration for the Licence of the Few, It gave, for all Time,

HAMPDEN, PITT, AND PALMERSTON To the Worship of a Grateful Country, And consigned, one Tuesday Morning, MR. BIGGAR

To the Custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.
Thus, while fulfilling simultaneously
The Purpose of History,
The Duties of the Policeman,

Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH being lulled to Slumber,
The Functions of a Narcotic,
It nevertheless

Handed over to several courteous Gentlemen from Ireland,
Apparently absolutely and for Ever,
The Legislative Machinery of the Three Kingdoms,
The Contents of the Tea-Room,
And the Nervous System of Mr. Brand.
Inaugurating, therefore,

WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The Production of Pantomime, The Installation of Torture, And the Extinction of Debate. IT COLLAPSED.

After one-and-forty Hours of dozing Dignity,

After one-and-forty Hours of dozing Dignity
Summarily and sweetly,
On the Appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE,
Who,
Having slept and breakfasted,
Hurled it suddenly,
To the Delight of the Reporters,
The Consternation of Mr. Parnell,
And the Jubilation of Everybody,
Into the Depths of that Official Avernus,
Where,

MOURNED BY A DISCREET BUT ENTIRELY ELEGANT MINORITY, It is earnestly to be hoped It will rest undisturbed IN IMPERIAL BUT PERMANENT PEACE.

A BUY WORD .- Cash.



"THRUE FOR YOU!"

Meejor O'Scallywag, M.P. "Well, Tim, the Boys have given the ould House o' Commons a Snäyzer this thime!"

The O'Rafferty. "Och, shure they have! Nothing like a Big Pinch of RAAL 'Irish Blagyard' for that, Sorr!!"

A RUSE À LA RUSSE.

(Extracts from the Diary of a very Illustrious Personage.)

(Extracts from the Diary of a very Illustrious Personage.)

July 14th, 1878.—Berlin Treaty signed yesterday. "Eternal friendship between England and Russia, &c., &c.," the inevitable consequence! And now to business. Dear old Britannia (bless her!) fast asleep as usual! Have promised her "that Afghanistan shall always be considered outside the sphere of Russian influence." Must have my joke! Funniest part of it—got her to believe me! Let us see how we stand. We have got 20,000 men at Samarkand as "a base of operations against India." Been there since April, and want to be on the move. Kaufmann (sharp fellow, Kaufmann!) celebrated the opening day of the Conference destined to "cement the eternal friendship between England and Russia," by giving Shere All a draft treaty in my name, promising him every kind of support against the English! We are to protect him from invasion, recognise his heir (whoever he may be), and lie for him like—an Emperor of Russia! All he has to do is—nothing!—except (as an afterthought) by our advice! Have written to Kaufmann (sharp fellow, Kaufmann!) to get on with the affair as quickly as possible. Latest news from London—Britannia (bless her!) still fast asleep!

September 22nd.—Open diary to say that Stolleteff is on his way to see me. He has written to that poor old donkey, Shere All, to tell him "that he hopes that those who want to enter the gates of Cabul from the East will see that the door is closed." He added, "that then they would tremble!" Eternal yeace in the meanwhile going on between Russia and England—beautifully! What a wag I am!

October 6th —Had a long obst with Scolleters.

What a wag I am!

October 6th.—Had a long chat with Stolleteff. Sent a message to the Ameer ("A mere lad in diplomacy compared with me," I said in English to Stolleteff, who screamed at it!) that, "I, the great Emperor, was a true friend to him and to Afghanistan." To prove this, I added, "that I would do whatever—I thought necessary!" Nice vague phrase this, which tickled Stolleteff (who has a keen sense for humour) immensely. Suggested that he (Stolleteff should say that "our Government was as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove." Stolleteff delighted. Thinks it the most beautiful poetry he ever heard in his life! So it is! Gave him some more hints for his letter to the

Ameer. Poor All, to be advised to foregather with the SULTAN, and "to look to his brothers over the river." Request also to be made to him to tell plenty of lies, "to perplex the enemy's mind, and give up his intention of fighting him." STOLLETEFF read over the draft, and said, "that with a little blasphemy—which always pleases the Afghans—it would do very nicely." News from London—BRITANNIA asleep, but with one eye open. Send all sorts of friendly assurances. Result. BRITANNIA snoring!

—Britanniasleep, but with one eye open. Send all sorts of friendly assurances. Result. Britannia snoring! December 1st.—Shere All becoming a bore! Says he is getting the worst of it, and wants me (of all persons in the world!) to help him! Never heard of such a thing! Have ordered Kaufmann (rather a donkey, Kaufmann!) to tell him we can't be bothered with him during the winter. Still, if he likes to keep alive until the spring, we will see what those 20,000 men at Samarkand can do for him. In the meanwhile—Russia and England were never better friends!

December 10th.—Really Shere All is becoming an intolerable nuisance! Stolletteff (injudicious sort of fellow, Stolletteff!) followed me all the way to Livadia from Afghanistan with despatches! Of course the idea of upsetting Britannia is an excellent notion. No doubt about that—must be done as soon as may be! But Shere All is played out. However, sent love to him through Stolletteff (persistent fellow, Stolletteff!), and authorised him to say, distinctly, "that, after the cold season was over, the Russian Government would come to his assistance." Recommended the usual amount of lying, with hints about the intervention of the Sultan, and a Congress at St. Petersburg. This to be sent to Shere All (stupid dog, Shere All!) with the conventional blasphemous invocations. Eternal friendship between England and Russia more eternal than ever!

tional blasphemous invocations. Eternal friendship between England and Russia more eternal than ever!

January 3rd, 1879.—Hang that scoundrel, Shere Ali! He actually wanted to visit me! This when he was officially told by Kaufmann (slow sort of fellow, Kaufmann!) that "It was impossible to assist him with Russian troops." Told them to look after him. Curious coincidence—on reaching the Russian frontier he died! So much for Shere Ali! Bored with the whole affair, and shall leave plotting against England in the hands of my Ministers. They will do it just as well as I shall! Other things for me to do! I have to bury my first wife, marry my second, quarrel with all my family, escape the explosions of the Nihilists, and to finish it all up with a nice trip during a storm in the Livadia. Consequently, close my Diary until I have done enjoying myself!

myself!

February 10th, 1881.—Open this book after a long pause to write that I have found a greater wag than myself. The London papers have just published our secret negotiations with SHERE ALI. The plot to overturn the British Empire in India—hatched while we were swearing eternal friendship to England—has been discovered. Upon this, the Duke of Arcyll "Fears that these papers may produce a feeling against Russia!" Ha! ha! ha! His Grace will be the death of me!

NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

Frightening the Sergeant-at-Arms.

18. That when the Speaker has to name a Member for expulsion, the Sergeant-at-Arms shall be allowed to look at him first through the door, and see what he is

look at him first through the door, and see what he is like, before proceeding to extremities.

19. That the Member so named must not say, when touched on the shoulder, "Do you know, Sorr, that I carry a couple of six-chambered revolvers in each pocket?" "Do that again, Sorr, and you'll make acquaintance with the floor of the House!" "Have ye iver seen dynamite in the lump, Sorr?" or make any other remark calculated to agitate or distress the arresting official official

official.

20. That a Division on any important Irish question being in contemplation, it shall be lawful for the Sergeant-at-Arms to take immediately six lessons in prize-fighting, with or without the assistance of Black Rod, in the Lobby, and supply himself with three glasses of hot brandy-and-water before entering the House.

21. That this last be at the sole expense of the SPEAKER.

"LYING IN STATE."-Russian Diplomacy.



AFTER THE PARTY.

Elderly Coquette. "And I'm sure you naughty Girls sat up ever so late, talking us over! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE HID MYSELF BEHIND A SCREEN AND HEARD IT ALL! Horrid Boy. "No, YOU WOULDN'T!"

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.

SIR,-I send you a cutting from a contemporary:

TURTLE SOUP.—Thick, Clear, Invalid's Green Fat, in Quarts, Pints, Half-pints. Made exclusively from live West Indian Turtle, imported by themselves every fortnight, by Royal West Indian Mail Steamers.—C.& A. PAINTER, Ship and Turtle Tavern.

Why, these turtles must be as green as the fat. But they ought to be encouraged in their self-sacrificing and disinterested enterprise.

Yours,

LAUNCELOT GOBBLE. (Of
GOBBLE AND CHOKE,
Portsoken Ward, E.C.)

The Royal Academy can't give us such specimens as these PAINTERS can, eh?

A Case for Clemency.

THERE was little need for the memorial designed by Irish and some other Members of the House of Commons for presentation to Sir W. HARCOURT, requesting him to use his influence to have DAVITT, whilst in prison, treated as a first-class mis-demeanant. Sufficient for law and order is the imprisonment which keeps DAVITT out of mischief. A considerate Government must wish not to be too hard upon a one-armed man, seeing that their next Irish Bill is to put down carrying any arms at all.

A Good Spirit.—"L.L." Whiskey
—Irish Whiskey. N.B.—"L. L."
stands for Lord-Lieutenant, not for Land League!

AFTER THE SCARE.

(Auctioneering Intelligence in advance.—April 1.)

THE series of efficient precautionary measures taken by the THE series of efficient precautionary measures taken by the authorities, in the earlier part of the session, having, as might have been expected, rendered the execution of any single one of the many daring schemes of outrage, then in contemplation, not only difficult, but impossible, a very large stock of "explosives" has been gradually accumulating in the market. Whether, however, it be due to the fact that buyers seem shy at anything like remunerative prices, or there happens to be, just now, a glut of this class of goods, the demand for them has been far from brisk. Recourse, therefore, has been had to the hammer; and yesterday, the crowded condition of Messrs Ruttick & Stimpson's rooms, where the lots of a very interesting catalogue were taken in succession, testified to the wisdom of the experiment. of the experiment.

After several tons of hand-grenades, six-chambered revolvers, spring knives, loose powder, and other purely defensive material, had (owing to extensive commissions to purchase, from inhabitants of the Cromwell Road), been disposed of with some remarkably lively bidding, a few of the more important lots were put on to the table.

Among these perhaps the most noticeable was (91). "Two dozen self-motor mechanical infernal machines: each warranted, singly, to blow up a public building twice as large as St. Paul's, neatly and efficiently, with or without warning."

Several of these ingenious and excellent articles, all bearing the

name of a highly respectable American firm, were handed about for inspection, and a lively contest ensued; a nobleman well-known in society for his hearty devotion to practical joking, materially raising the figure. The lot, however, was eventually knocked down to the President of a South American Republic, amid a round of applause, for £4 16s.

The following leading lots were then put up, in their turn, and disposed of severally as under:—

119. Self-propelling Land Torpedo; warranted, when set, to burrow straight through any thickness of stone wall, and explode as per indicator. Purchased by the Channel Tunnel Co. (£1 2s. 6d.)

Steel Revolver-proof Shirt. Leggings and Back-board to The "Anti-Assassin's Suit," as advertised. Captain Gos-135. match.

match. The "Anti-Assassin's Suit," as advertised. Captain Gossett. (£15 15s.)

174. The Canister, drilled top: whipcord, cog-wheels, and charge of powder complete. A most serviceable machine. This fell to Mr. Labouchere (purchased by him for presentation to the Fleet Street Clearance Committee), and went, after a spirited contest, amidst several rounds of applause, for 13s. 4d.

207. A Bag of damaged Dynamite, a time fuse (directions lost), and a box of explosive balls, beautifully packed and ready for use (an excellent Christmas present for a Literary and Scientific Institution). The Greek Government. (£9 9s.)

265. Thirty-six Conspirators' Cloaks, slouched hats, daggers, dark-lanterns, forms of oath, and gun-cotton pockethandkerchiefs. All in excellent condition. Mr. J. L. Toole. (£1 16s.)

311. A Letter in Cypher (without the key). The Editor of Notes and Queries. (1s.)

311. A Letter in Copner (actional and Queries. (1s.)
347. A Subterranean Plan of the House of Commons, showing exact position of Cellar under Speaker's chair; with wires, battery, signal, secret passage, and explosive material, complete. A sensational lot. The Westminster Aquarium Co. (£100.)

Several other interesting articles further on in the list occasioned Several other interesting articles further on in the list occasioned eager competition; but the excitement culminated when the great feature of the Catalogue (459), "A silent, three months, slow-progressing Railway Terminus Shaker" (a first-class piece of Philadelphia work) was put up amidst tremendous cheering. The Auctioneer, in calling attention to this "remarkable lot," pointed out that it had been accidentally "set off" somewhere about the first of January, and that it must therefore be, as he expressed it, "in fine condition for purchase" at the present moment. Notwithstanding the anxiety of a centleman representing the Turkish Government. the anxiety of a gentleman representing the Turkish Government, that the bidding should commence without any delay, this announcement created a panic which it became impossible to control, and, by general consent, the "Slow progressor" had just been taken to the presiding Magistrate at Bow Street, in order that he might express his opinion as to what had better be done with it, when our parcel went to press.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Yet both the matter and the style were far beyond the average Sunday afternoon sermon in quiet places. Mr. MacNaghten was talking strong common sense, and, as often happens with men so gifted, his thoughts found expression in simple, well-turned

sentences. But the intonation was irresistible, and when having digressed from quotation he added, "I will now return to the charge of Mr. Justice Fitzeerald," the effect was so indescribably comic, that the House went into paroxysms of laughter, whilst Mr. Mac-Naghten stood waiting an opportunity to continue, looking out straight before him, as the ship's figurehead stares with unalterable regard over the incomprehensible excitement of the sea.

Business done.—Debate on Second Reading of Protection Bill resumed and again adjourned.



LORD RICHARD GROS-NENOR. Dick Whippington.

resumed and again adjourned.

Tuesday Night.—"You'd better go in, Toby: there's Joe Cowen rubbing the House of Commons' back the wrong way."

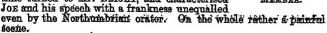
It was the kindly voice of Sir Charles Dilke that thus addressed me as I was trotting meditatively down the corridor leading to the library, glad to be away from the flood of illimitable talk that fills the House in spite of newly awakened Speakers and Brand-new rules. I have had my back rubbed the wrong way myself, and felt some curiosity to know how the House of Commons stood the operation. I must say it got through it very ill. Here was the gentleman whom everyone calls "Joe," standing on the floor of the House, pouring forth a flood of picturesque and occasionally biting eloquence. Joe was, to use a phrase familiar in the Gargery ing forth a flood of picturesque and occasionally biting eloquence. Joe was, to use a phrase familiar in the Gargery household, "on the rampage." As he admitted, he felt strongly on the question of the Coercion Bill, and to do him justice, he spoke strongly. It was real eloquence, unpurchaseable—by the lesser sort unattainable. Nascitur non fit. The orator had no notes, not even the little scrap of paper that Mr. Gilnstonk and Mr. Brieht bring to the table with them on great occasions. In a continuous uninterrupted unhesitating stream poured forth the laya of his burning indignation, of

DICK WHIPPINGTON. Tupted unhesitating stream poured forth the lava of his burning indignation, of his heated sympathy, and his by no means unutterable scorn.

It was a difficult task, fequiring a dauntless spirit, to stand on the floor of the House of Commons and utter this unpalatable speech:
Nor did the peculiar reception of it make the task easier. As some men the House would have roared; and I can fancy that a born orator having a brave heart would delight in such a storm. But to-night there was something worse than this—a chilling silence broken only by the cheers from the I rish benches that anyone can buy with a phrase. In times next low has spoken amid this appears buy with a phrase. In times past Joe has spoken amid this angered silence on his own side of the House whilst the rafters have rung to the acclamations of the party whom, apart from foreign policy, all his life has been devoted to thwarting, and who

his life has been devoted to thwarting, and who owe to his genius, his tireless energy, and his lavish devotion of money, the memorable defeat they suffered in the North of England in the Election of '68. But now even these voices were silent, and his old friends of the Beaconsfield-and-Glory era stared straight before them with an unmistakably "Don't know you" air. Only on the Tressury Bench was this stony silence broken, this strange rigidity of muscle

Only on the Tressury Bench was this stony silence broken, this strange rigidity of muscle varied. When JOE rose, Mr. GLADSTONE, with a foreknowledge of what was coming, lay back in his seat, closed his eyes, and put on a pretty affectation of slumber. But the mask fell off after a few uneasy, and from the first hopeless, attempts to retain it. Presently the PREMIEE was sitting bolt upright, with eyes wide open, and a look of Jove-like displeasure on his face. and a look of Jove-like displeasure on his face.
As JOE thundered along, hitting out right and
left, now bestowing on Mr. BRICHT at "oner,"
anon turning aside to rain blows on the
PREMIEE, Mr. GLADSTONE'S indignation overleaped all bounds of reserve, and in a voice
audible to those near him, he from time to
time turned to Mr. BRICHT, and characterised
LINE and his green, with a frankers recognized.



Mr. Cowen— The Wide-Aware Member:

Business done. - Nche.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Died this afternoon at half-past four, aged four days, the debate on the Second Reading of the Protection Bill. The happy event might as well have occurred on Monday, or sven on Friday, for all use the extension of its existence has been to mortal. A spirit of vexation has kept it alive so long, and in dying it characteristically endeavoured to your it characteristically endeavoured to yex as many people as possible. What undertakers call "the event" was not expected to take place

until half-past five; but after staggering weakly along, borne down under the innumerable weight of words, the debate dropped down and quietly breathed its last an hour before the appointed time. The consequence was great consternation in the Lobby. No one would stay in the House who could possibly be out of it whilst the poor weakling was puling and moaning to its inevitable end. The more prudent or less busy remained in the precincts of the House, and when the bell rung were in time to vote. But fifty or sixty gentlemen, "something in the City" or elsewhere, timed their movements so as to be back at five o'clock, and were just privileged to see their colleagues streaming into the Lobby, having recorded their votes

I am told that any inanition in the debate inside the House was compensated for by the vigorous language used by these *Peri* shut out from the paradise of the Division Lobby.

Business done.—Second Reading of Protection Bill carried by 359 votes against 56.

Thursday Night.—One of those nights which appreciably shorten life by the wear and tear of conflicting emotions. Not since Mr. Charles made his memorable and melancholy speech have I been so deeply touched or felt the great deprivation involved in the injunction of the Sergeant-at-Arms against indulgence in an occasional howl.

sional nowl.

First of all there was the case of the Irish Members, about whom somebody has been saying something in print.

It is quite natural that gentlemen like Mr.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR and his countrymen who sit below the gangway should resent personal attacks, and should have no hesitation in sheltering themselves behind the avenging rules of the House of Commons. They themselves are so punctilious in the matter of not imputing motives, so polite in their manner, so courteous in their speech, that one hears not without a thrill of indignation that some one has been attacking them. Moreover, their distress is more real and more deeply seated than mere sentiment. It appears that some one has been saying that they receive fifteen guineas a week from the Land League, whereas they don't. Mr. O'Connor's plaintive manner in making this contradiction must have moved the hardest heart to pity. Mr. Parnell is unfortunately away just now, no one exactly knows where. If he comes back again I think I will drop a word in his ear. If I could only convey to him a tenth part of the emotion with which Mr. O'Connor declared that the statement was not true, or one-fifth of the indignation with which Mr. McCoan confirmed the denial, something might be done. the matter of not imputing motives, so polite in



Mr. Broadhurst THE FREE AND ACCEPTED

might be done.

This was one thing that touched a heart naturally tender. But I was quite broken down when some hours later Mr. Warton rose and dropped a tear over the practically accomplished extinction of the Chiefships, and the proximate Abolition of the Monarchy. Whilst Mr. Fowler was shouting, I fancied I heard a peculiar snuffling from the back bench behind ex-Ministers. I thought it was only Mr. Warton taking snuff; but it seems he was struggling against Mr. Fowler was shouting, I fancied I heard a peculiar snuming from the back bench behind ex-Ministers. I thought it was only Mr. Warton taking snuff; but it seems he was struggling against his emotion. He was "touched," he tells us, "aye, deeply touched," and though the effect of contact does not appear to have operated in the direction of adding coherency to his ideas, the emotion does credit to his heart. The House was touched too, but it was under the fifth rib, and it laughed as immoderately as if Mr. Warton, instead of struggling with his emotion, had been physically tickling it. Mr. Gladstone, who has been in better spirits to-night than for the last fortnight past, laughed immoderately as this bulwark of the British Constitution, snuff-box in hand, and parti-coloured pockethandkerchief in reserve, lamented the passing away of old things, and the Americanising of the Law Courts by the introduction of such titles as President and Vice-President.

No one quite knew what it all meant; but it was a pleasant change after the thunder and lightning of Mr. Wolverhampton Fowler, who pleaded for the preservation of "the picturesque peculiarities" of the Chiefships with all the fervour of diction and gesture that are so useful in moving a jury to a verdict in a breach of promise case.

Business done.—House went into Committee on Protection Bill. Abolition of Chiefships agreed to by 178 votes against 110:

Friday Night.—Considering that Mr. Parnell has mysteriously

Friday Night.—Considering that Mr. Parkelt has mysteriously disappeared, that Mr. O'KELLY has vanished into thin air, and that Mr. Healy has taken to his heels, we are not getting on so well as might have been expected in Committee on the Protection Bill. There has been a great deal done in the way of protestation and very little in the way of Amendments. After two nights work we have got through less than one-tenth part of the Amendments on

the paper.
Business done.—Not much.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Churchwarden.

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, a City Churchwarden? Churchwarden. I am

O. C. Of what Parish?
C. I would rather not mention the name.

C. Twother rather not mention the name.

O. C. Certainly. Is it a fair average specimen of a City Parish?

C. Yes, quite so, as regards the Parishes within the City gates; that is, from Aldgate, in the East, to Newgate, in the West.

O. C. How many inhabitants have you?

C. About two hundred.

C. About two hundred.
O. C. Do they reside?
C. Oh, no; nearly the whole of them sleep out of town.
O. C. What Parish Officers have you?
C. We have a Rector, three Churchwardens, three Overseers, one Poor Law Guardian, a Vestry Clerk, an Organist, an Organblower, a Sexton, a Beadle, and two Pew Openers.
O. C. What an establishment! Is your church well attended?
C. Pretty well.
O. C. What may be the average number?

O. C. What may be the average number?

C. About twelve.

O. C. That's less than the number of officials. Have you many poor?
C. When the City was divided into several Unions, we used to keep a couple of Paupers, to prevent our being united to some poor parish, but now that there is but one Union we do not find it necessary.

O. C. Have you any Parochial Funds?
C. Oh yes, certainly. We have about £1000 a year.
O. C. £1000 a year, and no Poor! What do you do with it?
C. A considerable portion goes in paying the officials.

O. C. How much?

About a third. C. How about the rest?

Some portion we devote towards payment of the Poor Rate.

C. Whose pocket does that save?

Well, of course, it reduces the charge to the Rate Payers, but we really don't know what else to do with it.

we really don't know what else to do with it.

O. C. Continue, Sir.

C. It has been the custom from time immemorial to serve wine and light refreshments at all meetings of Vestries and of Parish Officers, and once a year, sometimes oftener, we have a Parish Dinner at the Crystal Palace or Greenwich, paid for out of these funds, which we find very conducive to good will and harmony: occasionally too we visit our Parish Estates to see that they are in good condition; and the Carrieges and they are not to a considerable tion; and the Carriages, and then Banquet, come to a considerable

O. C. Anything further of the same kind?
C. Yes. At certain periods we perambulate the Parish, what is technically called, "beating the bounds," and on those occasions our labours are rewarded by a banquet at Greenwich or Richmond.

O. C. Is the income that you administer in so very extraordinary a manner increasing or diminishing?
C. Oh, increasing very rapidly. When an old lease falls in the

C. Oh, increasing very rapidly. Wrental is increased at least four-fold.
O. C. Have you any accumulation?

C. Oh yes, to a very considerable amount. In fact we find it extremely difficult to dispose of our present income; and what we shall do with it a few years hence, when it will be largely increased, I cannot form an idea.

O. C. Perhaps some means may be suggested to relieve you of your

difficulty.

officulty.

C. I trust, Sir, you do not allude to any possible scheme of confiscation. We do our best under very difficult circumstances to spend the income provided by our Pious Ancestors, and if we fail, it is because we are beaten by circumstances beyond our control.

O. C. How do you mean?

C. We have money to expend for bread, but no recipients; we have money for apprenticing, but no Apprentices; we have gifts for the Poor, but no Poor to receive them. What can we do?

O. C. It seems to me that the money that should be spent in Bread for the Poor, is actually expended in costly Banquets for the Rich; that the money that should relieve the Poor, is applied to relieve the Rich Ratepayer; and the money that should be applied to apprenticing Poor boys, is expended shamefully, wastefully, extravagantly, and uselessly. And I can only express a hope that when Her Majesty's Government are relieved from their present embarrassment in regard to the poverty of the poor Irish, they may be able to turn their attention to a state of things perfectly wonderful by contrast, and which, if I remember rightly, was once aptly described by the present Premier, when he spoke of the City of London as being "gorged and bloated with charity." You may retire, Sir. retire, Sir.

A GOVERNMENT MISTAKE.—Sending Colley to Newcastle.

FROM THE RANKS.

IV.—A Cabman's Troubles.



SIR,—The law's a rum thing in this free country of ours. If you go into a baker's shop and steal a loaf you'll be given in charge and punished. If you get into my cab and steal a drivefrom me you can enjoy yourself with your boots on the cushion, and snap your fingers in my face.

A sensible driver never summons a fare, for, even if he finds him, he

Isn't that a genuine grievance, now?

And here's another thing as happened to me once which helped to make me lose my faith in human nature. Oh! The dirty, paltry, disreputable things as mean low miscreants are capable of! What do you think of a respectable-looking chap laying snares to steal my twopenny halfpenny traps? This is how it was. A genteel-looking

you think of a respectable-looking chap laying snares to steal my twopenny halfpenny traps? This is how it was. A genteel-looking person engaged me one evening and ordered me about from place to place and gave me a cigar, as many of 'em will, to put you off the scent and make you cheerful, and asked after the Missus and the family, and said as how he had little 'uns of his own, till I was quite took in by his blarney. Well! We got on as jolly as sandboys, had a glass here and a glass there until I felt that if I didn't look out I should appear before the Beak, not of my own accord, and git my licence endorsed.

So says I, "Look here, old chap. It's very kind of you, and I'm much obliged by your hospitality, but I'd rayther have no more. Give me a extra bob to take home." "Just one more," says he in his deluthering way, "a stirrup-cup, and then you'll drive me home and I'll pay you." So I gulped down that last glass to his jolly good health, which tasted a bit queer and didn't seem, somehow, to fit comfortably into the inside, and started off. It was pitch dark by this time, and I did feel uncommon queer to be sure. I was all of a perspiration, the' it wasn't hot. The road was a waving up and down, and the lamps was making faces, and poussetting one to the other and blinking and bowing and whirling round and round and in and out till I felt as if I was bewitched. But I set my teeth and knitted my brows in hopes as the fresh air world here my around and tout and tout a tight grin which round and round and in and out till I felt as if I was bewitched. But I set my teeth and knitted my brows in hopes as the fresh air would bring me round, and took a tight grip of the reins, which seemed to be slipping away from me—but it was all to no purpose. The fare inside seemed to be hollowing out and saying something, but I couldn't hear distinctly what, for the singing in my ears. All at once the road gave a great jump, and the cab a great lurch, and all the lamps came in a body and banged me in the eye, and water rushed up into my head till I was all wet and drowning, and blessed if I could remember any more.

When I came to it was the grey of morning, and I was sitting

if I could remember any more.

When I came to, it was the grey of morning, and I was sitting inside the cab with a friend bathing my temples. "What cheer?" he says, chuckling. "I've had a job to prevent your being collared by the coppers. You stupid man, how came you to git so blooming boozed?" "Where am I?" I says. "On the Load of Hay rank," he says, "where you ought to be." "Where's my fare?" I says, beginning to remember a bit what had passed. "And where's my rugs, and my mat; and where's my old overcoat, and my money—oh murder—where's my silver watch and chain, as father gave me on his death-bed?" I saw it all, and so did my old pal, who looked grave. That heartless well-dressed scamp had stooped to drug a grave. That heartless well-dressed scamp had stooped to drug a wretched cabman's beer in order to rob him of the few poor trifles he Respectfully Yours,

T. H. (alias TOMMY THE TOFF).



ÆSTHETIC LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Miss Bilderbogie. "Yes, dearest Joconda! I am going to marry young Peter Pilcox! We shall be very, very foor! Indeed how we are going to live, I cannot tell!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "Oh, MY BEAUTIFUL MARIANA, HOW NOBLE OF YOU BOTH! NEVER MIND HOW, BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?"

Miss Bilderbogie. "Oh, in dear old Kensington, I suppose—everything is so cheap there, you know !—Peacock Feathers only a Penny A-piece /"

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

LAST Thursday the following information from Constantinople appeared in the Times:—

"A great deal of interest and speculation has been created here by a rumour that the Sultan has received from the German Emperor an autograph letter containing some advice about the Greek question. The rumour has very little solid foundation. The Sultan has, indeed, received from Berlin a letter signed by the Emperor William, but it had nothing to do with politics, and was simply a formal expression of thanks for a musical composition by the Sultan's pianist, which His Majesty had sent to the Emperor by Count Hatzfeldt."

We here give the Emperor's reply-verbatim, of course :-

DEAR PORTE,—Comment vous Portez-vous? Thanks for your pianist's composition, which is better than anything in the way of Turkish Notes I've ever seen. I'm not much of a hand at the piano myself, but, as far as one finger goes, I can back myself against any-body—including BISMARCK, who has practised with one finger in every pi-ano for years, while I've only done it on a limited scale.

I see it's written in the key of "G"—(you're expecting Goschen and the property of the pro

I see it 's written in the key of "G"—(you 're expecting Goschen every day, eh?)—which is a valuable one, as it keeps one sharp, and has no other accidentals. Love to the Harem-scarem generally.

Yours harmoniously,

SWEET WILLIAM.

Pessimismus Triumphatus.

"Newneam College.—In the recent examination for the Mathematical Tripos, Miss Clemes, of Newnham College, attained the standard of a Senior Optime."

Wet Blankets predicted that the establishment of colleges for the instruction of the female mind in the exact sciences would result in smoke. The honour of Senior Optime, taken by a young lady, has obviously confuted those Pessimists.

THE PLEASING BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Instalment for February.

Morro— For a Host or Hostess.

For a tall Man.

For a Coroner, for choice not him of your own district.

You had better be careful whom you choose for this.

For a Literary Man.

For a Railway Director.

16th. "For solitude is sometimes best society."—MILTON.

17th. "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high."—

18th. "The Coroner went into more public-houses than any man living."—DICKENS.

19th. "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."—Young.

20th. "Most authors steal their works, or buy."—Pope.

21st. "Creep in one dull line." Pope.

"Gloria Mundi Fumus."

[A memorial, signed by 220 Members, has been presented to Mr. Shaw-Lefever, asking for increased accommodation in the smoking-room of the House of Commons.]

What wonder Her Majesty's Commons should need More extensive apartments for using the weed: Too tiny a smoking-room must be no joke, When one half the debates, as we know, end in smoke!

GROUNDS OF QUARREL WITH ASHANTEE.—Coffee Grounds.



"THE IRREPRESSIBLE NIGGER!"

King Coffee. "YA-MASSA BULL! DIS COLOURED GENELUM MUS' TRUBBLE YOU FOR HIM OLE FAMILY UMB'LELLA, SAR!"

"THE GOLONEL" IN A NUT-SHELL.

A Philistine and Maudle visit the Prince of Wales's.

I WENT to see The Colonel at the Prince of Wales's, and I took MAUDLE with me. I had some trouble in persuading him to accompany me, for at first he flatly



NUTS ON THE COLONEL.

refused to go to any theatre but the Lyceum, but at last he conthe Lyceum, but at last he con-sented. Then another difficulty arose,—should he take his lily with him. I had heard some-thing about the play, so I said decidedly not, and consoling himself with the reflection that the night air might not agree with the "precious" thing, and bidding it an affectionate adieu, we departed for Tottenham Street.

Here is the story of the play A Mr. Forrester, physically strong, but morally weak, is married to a charming wife. But, unhappily, that lady, under the guidance of her mother, Lady Tompkins, has fallen a victim to Æstheticism. So

Forrester's house is decorated according to the prevailing mania, with hangings in "art-colours" and sunflowers, plates and pottery, and mediæval furniture; his

wife and mother-in-law appear as "arrangements" in brick-red and sage-green, and even attire his poor little sister in peacock-blue, while they religiously endeavour to live up to their hawthorn china. And that is not all. The presiding genius of the house is a Professor of Æsthetics, a certain Lambert Streyke, who is, to the eyes of all but his dupes, a ghastlyold humbug; while

with him is his nephew, Basil Giorgione, once a chemist's assistant, but now a painter. B. G. has executed a work of art, which hangs in the place of honour, and I can only say it is so deliciously like the anatomical curiosities of Mr. Burne-Jones, that it ought to be secured at all hazards for the Grosvenor Gallery. This "Arrangement in Gold" is, I have heard, the work of a rising young artist-PADGETT-not an Æsthete. When we saw all this on the stage MAUDLE



"ARS LONGA."

was delighted; he echoed the language of the play, declared it was "quite too utter," and regretted he had not brought his lily.



"CONSUMMATE!"

Meanwhile, we saw poor Forrester's misery, when, to his great joy, in comes his old friend, Colonel Wood, of the U.S. Cavalry, and this gentleman at once ees how the land lies, sums up Mr. Streykein an instant, determines to save his friend from this intolerable bondage. At first, however, victory remains with Mr. Streyke and his infatuated disciples, for Forrester is anxious that while his

friend should stay with him; Lady Tompkins determines to get rid of the Philistine, and the obedient wife, though sorely against her

will, allows the Colonel to be sent to an hotel. So ends the First will, allows the Colone to be sent to an note. So ends the risk Act in which the tone of esthetic society is preserved with such satirical fidelity that it made me shudder and delighted MAUDLE, who wildly proposed "two lilies and a split seda," if that refreshment were attainable: which, happily, was not the case.

In the Second Act we are in a very different atmosphere. Here, on a fourth floor flat, furnished

with a total disregard for Æsthetic with a total disregard for Asthetic principles, lives pretty Mrs. Blyth, a gay widow, who wins all hearts, and with whom we discover that Mr. Forrester, calling himself Fisher, is flirting outrageously. He introduces the Colonel to Mrs. Blyth, and it turns out they are Blyth, and it turns out they are old lovers separated through a misunderstanding; and it was, indeed, to seek out the lady that the American came to Europe. Then occurs an alarming complication.

Mrs. Forrester arrives to enlist

Mrs. Blyth's co-operation in an Æsthetic scheme, is followed by her mother and Mr. Streyke, and discovers her husband, whom she had supposed to have started for the country, and the Act winds up

AN OLIVE AND A LITTLE PICKLE.



on a telling situation. Third Act. Streyke and his nephew fall out, and we hear of a bill run up by the pair for all sorts of luxuries at a neighbouring restaurant, while they pretend to live on the contemplation of lilies. restaurant, while they pretend to live on the contemplation of filles. Mrs. Forrester has appealed to the Colonel, who hoists Streyke with his own petard, opens Lady Tompkins's eyes, reconciles husband and wife, is accepted by Mrs. Blyth, arranges an impromptu carpet dance after the fashion of an American "Surprise," when the ladies return to the garments of civilisation, and the play winds up merrily with the discomfiture of the Æsthete, and the triumph of common

MAUDLE was, and is, very angry. He sat in sulky silence until the end, and then the inextinguishable laughter roused him into speech. He said he considered the Author a person of no culture, a Philistine of the Philistines, wholly destitute of sweetness and light and of any feeling for what is most precious in Art. I have shown



"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC."

this to MAUDLE, who admits it is a fair account of the piece, but adds, that he wonders the brain did not curdle within the cranium of the perpetrator of such an outrage. As he quitted the theatre he sighed out, "We are not all Impostors." I at once admitted the truth of this remark, as certainly MAUDLE ought to know of some exceptions. Then he glided homewards, and comforted himself with cold lily and Mr. PATER.

with cold lily and Mr. Pater.

The acting is admirable. Mrs. Leigh Murray and Miss Myra Holme, as Lady Tompkins and Mrs. Forrester, have caught the postures and trick of speech of the School to the life; while Miss Amy Roselle's Mrs. Blyth, and Miss Grahame's Nellie, were bright and pleasant performances. Mr. Coghlan's Colonel is a masterly performance: he shows us an American gentleman, not a vulgar caricature of a soldier in the U.S. amy, and gave every line with telling effect. Mr. Fernandez created a Streyke out of his own inner consciousness, which made Maudle wild. Mr. Rowland Buckstone was amusing as Basil Giorgione; while Mr. Herbert was a very fresh and manly representative of Mr. Forrester.

Mr. Bruce Smith's Æsthetic interiors are of a truth "consummately precious," and the Æsthetes, on the whole seemed to have rather the best of it in dress and decoration. That, indeed, was Maudle's opinion, and I am bound to believe him, though I am only

A PHILISTINE.

COX AND BOX AT BERLIN.

HERR VON BENNIGSEN and Herr von Ludwig, Members of the Prussian Parliament, quarrelled. So Herr von Bennigsen immediately took the part of Cox, while Herr von Ludwig chose that of Box. In MADDISON MOR-TON's immortal farce this bit of dialogue will be remembered :-

Von Bennigsen Cox. Can you fight? Von Ludwig Box. No. Von Bennigsen Cox. Then come on!

But Von Ludwig Box would not come on, "on political grounds," which are doubtless more pleasant to come on than the "ground." But, inspired by the success of his rival, Von Ludwig Box asked No Bennigsen Cox to come on, who would not, however, "fight a man who had so lowered himself by his conduct." To Von Bennigsen Cox is to be given a grand dinner. What Von Ludzich Regist to receive we do not wig Box is to receive we do not yet know, but we should suggest a dinner also. And then these fiery men of the sword might join together, in the tag of Bombastes Furioso, slightly adapted from the English:—

It were better far Thus to end all sorrow; And, if some folks please, We'll dine again to-morrow."

The Fourth Party.

LORD RANDOLPH, of Woodcock, in his recent speeches, has generally alluded to himself representing the party as "We." An Hon. Member suggested that another "e" to the pronoun would make the description perfect. The "Wee Party."

MARKED MEN.

How to deal with Obstructionists in future—Boycott 'em?-No, Brand 'em.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 19.



COLONEL HENDERSON.

SOLO.

AIR-" The little wee Dog."

Oh where and Oh where is the little Burglar? Oh where on earth can he be? With his hair cropped short, who is all night long Committing some bur-gla-ree? Chorus of Merry Men. Oh where and Oh where, &c.

RECENT MARVELS OF SCIENCE.

At the Royal Institution a few days ago, Professor EDWARD A. SCHAFER, commencing a course of lectures on "The Blood," delivered an instructive discourse, in which he mentioned that a German Professor, whom, however, he did not name, "had found that if the blood of an animal were removed, and the blood-vessels filled with and the blood-vessels nited with milk, or a weak solution of salt, the animal continued to live without apparent inconvenience." Wonderful, if true; for how it was that when the blood of an animal had been removed for the purpose of replacing it with milk or brine, the animal did not die or brine, the animal did not die from being bled to death before the brine or the milk could be injected, requires to be explained; but if a learned physiologist ascer-tained the fact, it must be all

tained the fact, it must be all right, of course.
In the Second of Professor SCHAFER's lectures, "the method of measuring the diameters of blood-corpuscles was explained according to the processes of Mr. GULLIVER and Professor VÖLCHER." After having pondered the previous statement about the substitution of milk or salt-andsubstitution of milk or salt-and-water for blood in a living aniwater for blood in a living animal, it is difficult to suppress the suggestion that the Christian name of the former of those two gentlemen of science was, perhaps, LEMUEL, and that the processes in which he co-operated with the latter were possibly conducted in a laboratory at Laboratory at Laboratory at Laboratory and possible service. puta. Nevertheless, no doubt the results of their scientific labours are all right.

AN IM-PUGH-TATION .- Mr. Pugh's Amendment to the Protection of Life in Ireland Bill was rejected last Thursday by a considerable majority. It was in fact "pugh-pugh'd" by the House.

MY KIRBY GREEN.

("London Gazette" ballad, sung with great success by the Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.)

"To be ordinary Member of the Third Class, or Companion of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, WILLIAM KIRBY GREEN, Esq., Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Montenegro, and Consul-General in Albania."—London Gazette, February 8.

Most odd now, that I should quite forget him!
But, what has he said,—or done,—or been?
I must have remembered, had I met him,—
A man with a name like KIRBY GREEN!
Quite odd! for its ring is so suggestive,
"Matches"? or "Blacking"? or, have I seen
Those words affixed to a new "Digestive"?
When have I met my Kinny Greyny? Where have I met my KIRBY GREEN?

Ah! wait a moment!—I think I've got it!—
A farce I once saw played at the Strand;
There was "Derby Green"—no, no, that's not it—
Stay! Isn't there "Kirby Green" Stringed Band?"
Or, didn't he write The Mighty Dollar?
Haven't! bought his Sewing Machine?
I haven't? Well, here's a third-class collar
To gree the neck of my Kirby Grayer! To grace the neck of my Kirby Green!

RIDDLE.—Why was Lord BYEON a humane father?—Because he never beat his Childe Harold.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF BURGLARS.

"That burglary should have grown to the dimensions of a Science, is a disagreeable feature in modern civilisation."—Daily Telegraph.

THE Chairman, and President of the Association, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD SIKES, in opening the proceedings, said that he hoped they ARNOLD SIKES, in opening the proceedings, said that he hoped they would all make themselves at home. As a matter of fact, they generally did—("Hear! Hear!")—whether in their own particular kens—he begged pardon, Clubs,—the pantry of the retired trades—man—he meant, of course, retired for the night,—or the dining-room of the slumbering Peer. (Laughter.) He trusted they would pass the champagne freely—it came, without permission, from the cellar of a titled connoisseur,—and cut away at the Cabañas, of a brand which some of them would remember having smoked for the first time during the small hours in the Conservatory of Cumbermore House. (A laugh.) Burgling had become a Fine Art; its study was a branch of the higher education about which we now heard so much. Burgling had now its mechanics, its diplomacy, and its exthetics. esthetics.

esthetics.

Mr. SMASHEM said he agreed with every blooming word—he begged pardon, every opinion—which their Chairman had uttered. The method of Fagin was as obsolete as flint-locks. Culture and the revolver were the order of the day, or rather the night. A Burglar who didn't know Blue Chelsea from common crockery, or couldn't tell a Rembrandt from a Whistler, wasn't worth his salt. A Housebreaker now must be a Virtuoso also. ("Hear! hear!")

Mr. Charles Bates said that important as was virtuosity to the aspiring Burglar, diplomacy was more so. Law, of course, was a



RECRIMINATION.

Coster (who had been having "words" with Swell Coachman). "Why, when I knowed you afore, you was a-sellin' fusees; an' now yer've got a 'spectable Sitivation you don' know 'ow to be'ave yerself. 'Shamed of yer!!"

[Delight of bystanders.]

turnip-headed old Bogey. Bobbies were as easy to dodge as a blind elephant, and as open to "squaring" as a Railway Porter. But to nobble a groom, or palaver a pretty housemaid, required knowledge of human nature, and taking ways.

Mr. Jonas Oldfare said he 'umbly begged parding for wenturing to hintrood hisself on sech a occasion. He knowed jolly well he wasn't in it, being honly a unfortnit worn-out Criboracker of the old school, born afore the days o' Colt's revolvers and Cultcher. But he was proud to see the purfession a prosperin' and a progressin' in a style as him and his pals on the old lay could never have himagined possible. Thanks to Science and the Bobbies-("Bless'em!")—burglary wos becomin' a easy, safe, hornamental, and 'ighly profitable recreation. Only wished he was young and leary enough to have a fresh cut in hisself. In his tion. Only wished he was young and leary enough to have a fresh cut in hisself. In his days the risk was mostly large, and the swag small. Cultcher seemed to ave haltered all He wished it luck

Mr. LARRY Kove said that burgling was nearly the only respectable occupation left for a gentleman who had a patrician scorn of drudgery, and a love for *finesse* and the fine arts. Premiers were too hard-worked for his taste, and lardy-dardy swells didn't get enough

fun and 'excitement... Burgling was the thing, the last of the romantic profes-sions! To fool a Peeler was as good sport as besting an Ambassador; he'd as soon flirt with a pretty housemaid as badiner with a political intrigante, and as to taste, with a political intrigante, and as to taste, whether artistic or epicurean, who had better opportunities for indulging it gratis than the happy housebreaker? Not Lucullus and John Ruskin rolled into one! The wooden impotence of Policedom, and the utter and helpless funk of the Public the utter and helpless funk of the Public in presence of the new state of affairs, were simply delicious to the humorous mind. Oh yes, he'd heard all about that little put-up job with the poor Chemist. It didn't disturb him, not an atom. If the Peelers amused themselves with tempting timid pill-quacks into breaking the law, they'd have still less time even than now to devote to the bold burglar who made a business of defying it. Nasty, mean, unbusiness of delying it. Nasty, mean, un-English game, of course; but it was better for the Bobbies to be manufacturing what was called crime, than detecting it. ("Hear! hear!")

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Meeting separated, each member going to somebody else's house in the fashionable quarter now known as Burglaria.

"NOT FOR JOE!"

THE crotchety Cowen, who backed up the

Declares the Coercion Bill never will work; So he spouted against it, a Radical hearty, And once more deserted the Liberal party. But "Canny Newcastle" can't quite understand

The way that he plays his political hand. Can it be into Office he's trying to dance?—For that's often the aim of your rabid Free

Let us hope, if he is, he will find it no go, And that GLADSTONE will blandly remark, "Not for Joe!"

A DANGEROUS PET.

A MAN may keep almost any kind of pet so long as he is not a nuisance to his neighbours. He may harbour cats or cobras, mice or monkeys, he may take to his heart the gentle giraffe or the amiable armadillo, may teach the festive flea to perform feats of grounth or been an element in his of strength, or keep an elephant in his back garden. But he may not keep living Colorado beetles, and for the very simple reason that they are liable to escape, and might bring a terrible plague on the country. Thus it happens that a farmer in a benighted village in Devonshire known as Yealmpton, has been fined for having twenty of these dangerous insects in his possession, and we are told he frequently exhibited them, so that nothing was more probable than the escape of one or more of these pests. He has been very properly punished; and agriculturists with scarabean proclivities had better henceforward curb their yearnings for living specimens of the Colorado beetle.

A Chieftain to Childers.

THERE has been considerable excitement lately about "Breaches of Privilege" in Parliament. The Irish have raised the cry; but the Scotch will not be silent when there is a question about touching their distinc-tive Tartan, which, I'd have you to recol-lect, Sir, must be ranked under the same title. Think twice before you venture on abolishing the Tartan, which my countrymen have gloriously worn in time of war or in time of Trews.



TENDER CONSIDERATION.

Fair Little Stranger (suddenly). "WHAT A CLEVER ARTIST YOU ARE!"
[Our Artist is bashful, and blushes in silence. Fair Little Stranger (after a long pause). "Do You mind being called an Artist?"

[Our bashful Artist blushes deeper still.

TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY REWARD.

TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY REWARD.

We live in an age of revolvers. The world began it by revolving on its axis, and now every pickpocket is armed to the teeth with Brummagem five-shooters, sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation at less than five pounds a dozen. Every shopboy is fitted up like a pirate or the captain of a press-gang, and it would probably not be safe to assume that even a pew-opener is unprovided with the fashionable weapon. This being the case, it is not surprising that the ordinary area-sneak, the prowler about unfinished houses, includes a revolver among the implements of his trade. The only persons who are astonished at this are Mr. Howard Vincent and the Defective Police, who live in an atmosphere of panic and ignorance. The wretched creature who shot a policeman and a postman at South Kensington is not an isolated ruffian, as the Defective Department of Scotland Yard seems to suppose, but is simply a sample of a hopeful crowd of would-be burglars, who are not to be captured, reformed, dismayed or exterminated by a reward of Twopence-Halfpenny.

It may not be advisable to trust the police with firearms, so that they can return shot for shot, but it is certainly advisable to show a determination to stamp out crimes of vielence. A chandler's-shop policy in Scotland Yard and at the Seldom-at-Home Office will not do this, but will encourage the thieves, in the same way as Irish crime and obstruction were lately encouraged. If well-paid officials think they owe no duty to the public in this matter, they had better say so at once, let the public take care of themselves—which they are quite capable of doing,—and not waste print and paper in offering rewards that are disgraceful and ridiculous. In the meantime, it would be as well if they protected their humble instruments, the police, who are not paid to be shot down in the execution of their duties.

A Westminster Hall Dialogue. (In re the abolition of the two Chiefships.)

Friend. Hallo, old boy, what's the matter?

Junior (aged sixty, still waiting his opportunity). Matter! Why a fellow has no chance now! They've taken away the two great prizes of the Prefession!

[Exit Junior, moodily.]

A KYRLEY TALE.

AIR.-" A Norrible Tale."

On a curious tale I am going to tell Of the singular fortunes that befel A family which late resided In a slum by High Art much derided.

They never dreamed of the Weird Intense, Though a family of undoubted sense, Till a Kyrle Man came with his lyre and lily, And drove that unfortunate household silly.

He came, soft carolling "Lo! I come! My mission's the bringing of Beauty home!" And he opened the door, and he led her in, A weariful damosel pale and thin.

With eyes as dusk as the veil of Isis, Like an incarnation, she seemed, of Phthisis. When in he ushered this spectral Psyche, The family's comment all round was "Crikey!"

But the spell was on them, they stood and gazed Till their souls grew dim and their sight grew dazed; From the youngest child to the father burly Their views of life, straight before, grew Kyrley.

The father-he was a hearthstone vendor-Strove to make his street-cry as subtly tender As a Chopin Nocturne, and pined to a shade, And ruined his voice, and lost his trade.

The mother—she used to go out to "char"—
Fell madly in love with a Japanese jar,
The pot, with cold scraps, in her basket left,
And was quodded for taste, which the law called theft.

The eldest son—and he carried a hod—Yearned his ladder to mount with the grace of a god In Attic story, but failed and fell From the attic story, and ne'er got well.

The eldest daughter—a work-girl plain-Would touzle her hair and wear gauze in the rain; Caught cold, sought cure in a peacock's feather, And died of High Art and the state of the weather.

And the other children, of whom there were nine, For Consummate Beauty did peak and pine; To the Kyrle Man's goddess they clung, and quickly, Like her, grew flabby and false and sickly.

One sunflower grew in their bare back-yard, One boy—a boot-black—essayed the bard; That spidery blossom be-hymned and cherished, And, when cats killed it, he paled and perished.

Beefsteak another disdained to bite, Because not "precious" nor "awfully quite"; E'en the youngest quarrelled with bread-and-butter, Because, though wholesome, it was not "utter."

So man, and woman, and boy, and girl, They victims fell to that Man of Kyrle. For Beauty languid and lackadaisy Drives people crooked, and sick, and crazy.

And to bring her home to the poor man's shanty, A pallid scarecrow in garments scanty, Is feekless folly foredoomed to fail,—
That's the straight tip to the Kyrley tale.

"Privilege."

When the more or less honourable Members for St. Giles's rise in their places, and take exception to newspaper abuse, we may at least ask that in and out of Parliament they will moderate the rancour of their tongues. An Irish Member or an English Member is not a sacred being above and beyond criticism; and if in these hotheaded times a little mis-statement creeps into newspaper articles, it is encouraged by the violence of men whose skin appears to be too thin for the business they are engaged in

SYNONYM FOR MR. SPEAKER .- Mr. Silencer.



JUST T'OTHER WAY!

Dramatist. "I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT REVIEW OF MY

Critic. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M JUST WRITING IT DOWN-

Dramatist (shuddering). "PHEW !-No, NO! FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T DO THAT! WRITE IT UP, DEAR BOY! -- WRITE IT UP!!

THE GOOD CITIZEN'S DIARY.

January.—Send to the parochial authorities, and ask them for particulars of the rates they require for the year. Send to the Surveyor of Taxes for similar information. Take out dog licence; pay insurance, and receive dividends (if you have any to receive), less Inches and make a liberal estimate of your profits.

February.—Balance your books, and make a liberal estimate of your profits year in advance—a date about six months after the threatened destruction of the world, so as to send in a good return to the Income-tax Commissioners.

March.—Receive an assessment from the Surveyor of Taxes with Christian humility, although it puts your profits at three times the amount of your return.

Tax-collectors always assume that they are dealing with a nation of liars.

April.—Pay the year in advance assessment of the Surveyor of Taxes, without appealing, and send a little conscience money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Do this on the First, if possible.

May.—Pay second assessment of Local Rates.

June.—Pay General Taxes—Inhabited House Duty, &c. Receive notice from

parochial authorities as to the payment of rates, &c.

July.—Pay Fire Insurance, Water-rates, &c. Pay Poor-rates before 20th to

preserve your right of voting.

August.—Prepare for Autumnal assessments.

September.—Communicate with parochial authorities as to increase of assessments under the heads of School-Board, Metropolitan Board of Works, &c.

October.—Pay increased assessments without appeal.

November.—After paying Highway-rates, prepare to remove your own snow

and mud.

December.—If you have any cash left, send a little more conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after that pay rent and look over your tradesmen's bills.

VIA GIRTON AND NEWNHAM.—The nearest approach to Women wearing the -ahem-unmentionables—is when a Girtonian or a Newnhamite goes in for "Smalls," Our Girls are cetting along wonderfully. Our Girls are getting along wonderfully.

DADO

A High Art Comic Song for the Common People, published under the auspices of the Kyrle Society.

On, sweet adornment for a cottage wall, Dado! Dado! Oh, poverty's sure solace whatsoe'er befall. Dado! Dado Da!

To dream of thee all night. To gaze on thee all day, Is the proletariat's supreme delight-Dado! Dado Da!

Though the floor be dirty and the walls be damp, Dado! Dado!
Though thy lines be litten by no High Art lamp,
Dado! Dado Da!

Thy "tones," thy tricksy twirls,
Will make the workman gay, His boys will polish, and refine his girls—Dado! Dado Da!

When the grate is empty and the cupboard bare, Dado! Dado! Dado! Dado!
When the Briton's tugging at his wife's back hair, Dado! Dado Da!

How rapturous to mark Thy grades of green or gray, Where the farthing dip dispels the den's dim dark— Dado! Dado Da!

When the penny bloater 's on the breakfast board. Dado! Dado! And the weak washy coffee from the cracked jug's poured,

Dado! Dado Da! To watch the blob-eyed fish That on thee dive and play, Must add a relish to the morning dish,
Dado! Dado Da!

When sickness haunts the den on mud-swamp built, Dado! Dado!
And the chill damp striketh through the tattered quilt,
Dado! Dado Da!

Thy lilies lank and wan, Each stork, each sunflower spray. Must come as cordial to the starved sick man, Dado! Dado Da!

"Arrangements horizontal" in the Japanese style,
Dado! Dado!
And vertical vagaries that might make a Trappist smile,
Dado! Dado Da! Will lend esthetic grace

To the garret grim and gray, Though there's hardly any furniture at all about the place,

Dado! Dado Da!

Oh, excellent invention of the "Utter" school!
Dado! Dado! Philanthropy most palpably to thee is but a fool.
Dado! Dado Da!

Whilst sanitary sense
And Science must give way
To thee, oh final outcome of the Cult of the Intense—
Dado! Dado Da!

Limited Subscription?

An advertisement lately put forth in the Times, notifying that the Resident Secretaryship of the Charing-Cross Hospital would shortly become vacant, informed those whom it might concern that "Candidates must be members of the Church of England." This has be n justly represented as equivalent to the intimation that "No Dissenter need apply;" but, of course, the Governors and Committee of Charing-Cross Hospital are in consistency prepared also to announce that "No Dissenter need subscribe." Only perhaps they consider that announcement sufficiently implied by the other.

A Fox's SENTIMENT .- "No Followers."



INSULAR PREJUDICE.

"And in France, you know, Parker, they speak Frence. Instead of saying "Yes," for instance, they say "Wee." "Lor, Miss! How PALTRY!"

MORE CANDOUR ABOUT CANDAHAR.

THE following replies have been received at 85, Fleet Street, in answer to some letters:—

(Post Mark—Bis-mark—Berlin.)

OF course I will tell you all I know about it! Sir Lewis Pelly shall not give me a lesson in frankness! As you are aware, II always play with my cards on the table, and am incapable of deceit! You ask, "Can I give any information about the Russian negotiations with Shere All, and what do I think about the retention of tions with Shere All, and what do I think about the retention of Candahar? Beati possidentes as regards the last! Must have my joke, you know—no offence? As to the first part of your question, I got the whole story out of my friend and colleague, the Russian Chancellor, who made me roar over it! It was such a capital anecdote that I could not help retailing it to that arch-farceur, Beaconsfield, who declared it was the best thing he had heard in his life! I told him the story from beginning to end one evening at Berlin, as we sat listening to the nightingales under the kinden? Your facetious compatriot suggested that the narrative was incomplete without a sequel. He said he would add the sequel himself—and did! Now you know all about it! Yours affectionately.

THE BUSY B.

(Post Mark, St. Petersburg.) THE Emperor presents his most gracious compliments to Mr. Punch, and has the greatest possible pleasure in explaining the misapprehension that seems to have arisen about Cabul. His Majesty has been more than annoyed at the malicious spreading of so many false reports. Shere All (who, His Majesty regrets to say, forged all the documents recently published), spent the whole of his life in attempting to create ill-feeling between England and Russia.

This misguided Asiatic was constantly making proposals to the Emperor—proposals that His Majesty repudiated with loathing, hatred, and contempt! The Emperor regrets that the late AMERS should not be now in a position to corroborate His Majesty's selemn declaration. But as Mr. Punch, is aware His Majesty's words are as good as his bonds—if not better! As to the retention of Candahar, the Emperor will be glad to discuss the matter fully with Mr. Punch, if that Gentleman will be so good as to meet His Majesty by appointment—in Siberia!

(Post Mark, Constantinople.)

The Sultan hastens to thank Mr. Punch for the handsome douceur which reached His Majesty at a moment when it was more than usually serviceable. Mr. Punch is quite right in believing that the Sultan is always ready to exchange a State Secret for a pecuniary consideration. His Majesty knows a great deal about the Cabul affair—more than the Czar, the late Amer, and even Sir Lewis Pelly himself. For the present, His Majesty would only hint that the Sultan has been offered half British India and the whole of Afghanistan in exchange for Constantinople. His Majesty is fully aware that he has only to make this known to the Government of Her Britannic Majesty to receive compensation for the very considerable monetary loss his indignant refusal entailed upon the Imperial exchequer. His Majesty has already mentioned the matter to Mr. Goschen (a singularly agreeable person), who has kindly promised to see what can be done for him.

The Sultan, in conclusion, would point out that he is in posses-THE SULTAN hastens to thank Mr. Punch for the handsome douceur

mised to see what can be done for him.

The Sultan, in conclusion, would point out that he is in possession of a vast number of diplomatic secrets nearly affecting the reputation of every Crowned Head and Prime Minister in Europe. His Majesty has also in his collection several deeply interesting stories about the Emperor of Brazil, the Mikado of Japan, and General Grant of the United States Army. In justice to himself, however, the Sultan has been forced to adopt as his Imperial motto, "No more pay—no more startling disclosures!"

A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.

On a Pork Pie-

"I arise from dreams of thee in the first sweet sleep of night."
SHELLEY.

For an Invalid-

"Be thou chaste as ice and pure as snow thou shalt not escape calomel."
SHAKSPEARE.

On an Actor-

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."-WORDSWORTH.

For a Greedy Boy, after visiting a Confectioner's-"In such a moment I but ask that you'll remember me."-BUNN.

On Burlesque Dramas, at the Gaiety

"Not harsh and erabbéd, as dull fools suppose, But musical as is Apollo's lute."—MILTON.

A PRIOR CLAIM.

A PRIOR CLAIM.

"TROUGH Mr. PRIOR," says a contemporary, commenting on that gentleman's appointment to a vacant Inspectorship of Factories, "has received a sound elementary education, yet, as he has not mastered those higher sciences in which Factory Inspectors have to pass, application has been made to the Privy Council for an order to dispense with certain portions of the customary examination." Why? If an acquaintance with the "higher sciences" is essential to a proper discharge of the duties of a Factory Inspector, why appoint Mr. Prior to the post without it?

In these competitive days everybody is examined, and some standards of merit must be fixed; and if fixed, adhered to. To insist that the Beadle in the Burlington Arcade must be prepared to "take up" "deportment, dancing, single-stick, rhetoric, and a familiarity with the minor poets," and then to dispense with a good half of these accomplishments, is at once to open a broad question.

Possibly, familiarity with minor, or even major poets, may be no more necessary to an Arcade Beadle than the "higher sciences" are to a Factory Inspector. But if this be the case, why insist on either? Anyhow, if the Privy Council mean to "dispense" anybody, they had better turn the matter over. The claim of Mr. Prior may be a reasonable one, but a precedent once set on foot for its extension, the Privy Council may confidently look to a lively time of it.

time of it.

SCARCELY APPROPRIATE.

A LEADER in the leading journal expressed his opinion that "Obstruction is scotched, not killed." "Scotched!"—very Irish this.

THE NEW RULES.—"The bearings o' these observations lays in the application on 'em."—Commander BUNSBY-GLADSTONE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Sir CHARLES FORSTER was looking for, when Mr. BIGGAR passing me, with a friendly smile, said,
"Voos alley becang?"
"Sir," I said, with what I flattered myself was a manner calculated to take an Irish Member down, "I shall submit the question to the Speaker whether it is Parliamentary, even in the Lobby, to address to another Hon. Member such a remark. When a dog has lived so long without acquiring a bad name, you may as well nor hanc him." hang him."

hang him."

But it was all a mistake. Mr. Biggar explained it with great clearness. It was French, and meant, "You're pretty well, aren't you?" I asked Mr. Biggar not to talk in foreign languages any more, I being wholly ignorant of them, and he said he would not. It appears he has been to Paris, whence this fluency. He told me a good deal about the city, how the Tooleyrees are still in ruins; how they call the streets Booleyvards, and how at least one is nearly as wide as Sackville Street; how the shops are open on Sundays, and the churches every day; how nice-looking girls go about their business in black dresses and no bonnets; how some of the cabmen wear white-glazed hats, and none are able to understand French. In fact, this last was a peculiarity which seems to have struck Mr.

BIGGAR most forcibly. "They are thorrowly igrant of their own

BIGGAR most forcibly. "They are thorrowly igrant of their own language," Mr. BIGGAR says.

Amongst other incidents of travel he told me how, on entering a cab, he had said to the man, "Ahlair!" which, it seems, it is necessary to do when you want to take a cabman by the hour; that is much cheaper, Mr. BIGGAR says. He entered the cab at ten minutes to eleven on Sunday morning at the stand by the Maddyleene, and it was twenty minutes past eleven before the cabman could make out that he wanted to go to the Roo Poisonyer, which, I understand, is not an incentive to crime, but the name of a street. Several men with cocked hats and swords came up, and quite a crowd of men and women, who jabbered at each other whilst Mr. BIGGAR sat reclining in the cab.

"I was thorrowly comfortable," Mr. BIGGAR said, "and in the House, you know, we always let the other side talk when they will, as it helps us to pass the time. So I sat there and said nothing except "Ahlair! Roo Poisonyer." Finally there was a great

shricking in the crowd. Someone had, it seemed, understood his own language at last, and the cab went off. Mr. BIGGAR had other places to go to, and when the round was finished, the man wanted to charge

this thirty minutes spent at the outset.

Mr. BIGGAR declined to pay him. Finding that there was no hope of the stupid man understanding his own language, Mr. BIGGAR



"M'SIEU BIGGAR À PARIS."

lapsed into the Ulster tongue, and stated his views with his customary succinctness. In the end he was hooted into his hotel. But he had not paid the extra shilling.

"One franc twenty-five they call it in their language, you know, M. Toby," (he called me M. Toby all through, though I was christened neither M. or N.); "but I call a shillin' a shillin'; for I would nearly as well deal with a Saxon as a Franc."

This and many other pleasing incidents Mr. Bregar related to me, Elling me with a great desire to see this great city. The only ques-

filling me with a great desire to see this great city. The only question on which he was dumb was as to his business in Paris, and his tion on which he was dumb was as to his business in raris, and his interview with Mr. Parnell and other interesting persons of whom, as Sir W. Harcourt says, "some of them live in Ireland and a great many in America." When I touched on this subject Mr. Biogar always lapsed into French, and though there seemed a familiar wing short the language. I could not early the meaning of familiar ring about the language, I could not eatch the meaning of

particular words.
"O playzer," Mr. Biggar said, as he moved lightly away whistling, "Quand les beaux pompiers Vont à l'exercise."

Tuesday Night.—Great sensation on the Opposition Benches tonight, owing to the reappearance of Jack Holker, better known to
the public as Sir John Holker, Attorney-General in the last
Administration. Jack has never taken very kindly to his seat in
the House, partly because when it was fixed on the Treasury Bench
there was so little of it. There is a great deal more space in these
times for leaders of the Conservative party; but Jack has not been
able to overcome his old prejudices. Being back to-night he thought
he would have a little flutter, and succeeded.

OFF SHE GOES AT ONCE TO PREESON.

O'Donnell rose and moved an Amendment, which, to ordinary sense, seemed uncommonly like that just decided upon. However it be J. suddenly awaking, and seeing before him the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL, FORSTER, BRIGHT, and several other of his natural enemies, with a sudden impulse, bent his great head, and ran amuck at the Treasury Bench. Amid vociferous cheering from the Irish patriots, J. declared for the new Amendment, and with

I enter this in my diary, under the date Tuesday night, for the convenience of the officials of the convenience or the cinicians of the State Paper Office, in whose hands the manuscript will, I suppose, eventually fall. It was actually at one o'clock to-morrow morning that J. looking in on his way home from a consultation, thought he would stir up the Committee. Perhaps the idea did not occur to him till after he had been asleep on the Front Bench for a quarter of an hour. He dropped off, after voting with the Government against a proposal made by Mr. STANSFELD that Mr. ME. FORSTER (to himself)—
WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO TREASON

MEAN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO Character of his crime set forth on his warrant. on his warrant.

This disposed of, by a majority which J. visibly swelled, Mr.

quivering voice protested his unalterable affection for the British Constitution. Then he sat down, feeling he had rather done it.

And so he had. Henry James, not always an effective Parliamentary speaker, saw his opportunity, and used it unmercifully.

J., he pointed out, had voted against Stansfeld's Amendment, and now declared for O'Donnell's. What did he mean, or what did he want? It began to dawn upon J. that there was a mistake somewhere and established a surprise and established. where, and as Irish Members, pleased at the prospect of capturing a

want? It began to dawn upon J. that there was a mistake somewhere, and as Irish Members, pleased at the prospect of capturing a Conservative ex-Attorney-General, insisted upon a division, the only thing for him to do was to clear out; which he did with great alacrity, leaving the British Constitution to take care of itself.

This would have been very well if he had now gone home, or, if it was too early, if he had attended another consultation. But with that curious fate that sometimes draws men on, he was lured back to the House, and another Amendment, again like the first, being proposed, J. madly dashed in again, waving the Royal Standard, and declaring his determination to spend the last drop of his blood on behalf of the Constitution, which had borne the battle and the breeze on the rocky plains of Greenland's icy mountains and amid the swart desert of the tropic zone. More cheering from the Irish Members, and then re-enter this troublesome James with polite inquiry as to what his hon, and learned friend was going to do in respect of this Amendment freshly advocated? Was he going to vote for it, or was he again going to run away when the divisionbell rang? Happily, J. was saved further trouble by the Amendment being withdrawn. But he had had a high old time, and felt that Preston would be proud of him.

Business done.—Very little.

Wednesday.—The papers publish to-day a statement that "The

Wednesday.—The papers publish to-day a statement that "The Boers have been helped both with money and men by the Fenians."

Asked DILKE was it true. He says Thinks rumour arose from the simple fact that just now the conflict is gathering round Biggarsberg, a branch of the Drakenberg range, not far from Newcastle.

Business done.—Nothing to speak

Thursday Night.—I never saw a crab welk, though a blood relation of mine once did. In fact, the crab walked with him, having his claw attached to the fore paw with which my uncle had attempted to turn over what was to him at that time quite a new thing he had discovered under the counter at the fishmonger's. Apart from this exceptional occasion, I understand that the crab walks backward; in which case, its mode of progress is curiously akin to that of the Protection Bill in Committee. When we started with the business, the Amendment paper was tolerably full, but there were seven pages fewer than to-night, now we have been seven days



MR. LABOUCHERE, TREATING AN OPEN QUESTION, ASKS IF THE LETTER OF THE LAW IS TO BE APPLIED TO THE LAW OF THE

engaged upon the Bill.

To-night it seemed for half-an-hour as if deliverance were at hand. For a week past, with clamour hourly growing as the evil increased, the SPEAKER has been besought to come forward and deliver the House, and Mr. GLADSTONE has been abused for the lack of firmness which has rendered possible a continuance of this weariof irmness which has rendered possible a continuance of this wearsome scandal. Neither has been in any hurry to commit himself, perhaps forecasting what would happen. At length they are moved to action, and amid loud cheers the SPEAKER announced a particular course which would meet Obstruction by the only authority it acknowledges. To hear men shout with joy at the prospect of this deliverance, I thought it was all over; and when Mr. GLADSTONE moved his Resolution, I rather expected to see him lifted shoulder high, and carried in procession round the lobbies. The Irish Members thought so too and recarding this as their last convertunity. high, and carried in procession round the lobbies. The Irish Members thought so too, and regarding this as their last opportunity, they determined to make the most of it. But presently it began to they determined to make the most of it. But presently it began to be whispered that matters were going wrong. There was a flaw in the Rules, which made them an attack on the rights of minorities. In short, they would not do; so the gallant Duke of York having marched his men to the top of the hill at five o'clock in the afternoon, at two o'clock in the morning marched them down again, and Obstruction, after shaking in its shoes, flung up its cap.

Business done.—Nine hours more in Committee on the Protection Bill. Taking it up on last word of first Clause, left it on the first Clause at the last word.

Friday Night.—Another nine hours on the Protection Bill. End not far off now. Mr. PARNELL back. Pleasantly remarks that Mr. FORSTER-reminds him of General HAYNAU.



BADINAGE.

Butcher. "Why didn't yer put on a Clean Collar afore yer left 'ome THIS MORNIN' ? "

Sidep. "'Cause yer Mother haven't sent back my Dress Shirts from the wash this week!"

WHAT REALLY WAS SAID.

Rochefort. Bon jour, Monsieur! Enchanté de faire votre connaissance.
Parnell. Ah, wee, tray bang. Bong jour, Mossewer! (Aside.) I wonder
where O'Kelly has got to! Where's my phrase-book?
Rochefort. Est-ce que vous voudrez— (Aside.) Sapristi! mon livre, où est-il?
Parnell (aside). Now then for him! (Aloud, after a glance at his book.)
Mëlly-voos der nos affaires! (Aside.) No, hang it, that comes out of the
scolding phrases. This will never do. Why isn't O'Kelly here? He said he could speak French.

could speak French.

Rochefort. Tenez! May I not be allowed to carry ze shore my carpet-bahg?

(Aside.) Tiens! sest "le débarquement"—mais n'importe.

Parnell (aside). Tare an' ouns! what's he talking about? Where's the place?

(Aloud.) Oh, here! hi! I say, Mossewer. Combiang faudrar-t-eel quer jer pay pour doo chevos et ung chiang? (Aside.) That's good! That's "travelling by steamboat"—slightly inapplicable, but French all the same.

Rochefort (aside). Mon Dieu, qu'il est bête! (Aloud.) Mais attendez.

I'ave 'ad zis'orse for tree monts in my starble, 'ave ridden him frekently, and never found 'im faulty. (Aside.) "Pour acheter ou louer un cheval." Où trouverraise des cuestions politiques?

never found 'im faulty. (Aside.) "Pour acheter ou louer un cheval." Où trouverai-je des questions politiques?

Parnell (aside). The sooner I am out of this the better. (Aloud.) Sir, you there! Avey voo lay sonartes der BEETHOVEN pour piano, avec accompanemong der violong et der flûte? (Aside.) Begorra! that 's a "dialogue with a Musician." Rochefort. Take ze first street to ze left that vill bring you into ze square cross over. (Aside.) "Pour demander son chemin dans une ville." Quel livre! Parnell. Mercy, bookoo. Ould Ireland for ever! Bong jour, Mossever! Rochefort. Je suis tout a fait de votr' avis, moi. Monsieur, au glaisir! [Exeunt severally, the one to blow up O'Kelly for not being ready with some correct French phrases; the other to evolve from his inner consciousness an account of the political discussion betwixt himself and Mr. Parnell, and to pen those libellous words, "Mr. Parnell can read, write, and understand French, but cannot speak it."

AN ITEM OF ARMY REFORM.—New Regiment to be called the R.A.'s, or Royal Artfuls, to be composed entirely of "Old Soldiers."

THE LAW COURTS' CLOCK.

THE First Commissioner of Works promises a new time-piece for the New Law Courts—not "vun as has no vurks in it," like Mr. Weller's piano, but one that will be really useful, supplied with works from the First Commissioners' own office. It is to be in its place in that vague time known as "The course of the year." Name the exact date, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and tell us the exact time. In the meanwhile we present the public with the

"A good time coming, Boys!"

There's a good Time-piece coming, Boys, A good Time-piece coming, With hands, and wheels, and lever, From Mr. Shaw Leffers, This Time-piece coming! Other clocks may chime ding-dong, This will chime ding-donger, Such a clock you all will see— Wait a little longer!

Yes (spoken); and when it has come, let us hope it The sooner the present dummy goes the better. And when it is up, then, as some one says in the old melodrama of One o'Clock; or, The Wood Demon:—
"The clock shall strike, and you shall hear it." And when you do hear it, you can join in chorus.

Chorus. There's a good Time-piece going, Boys,
A good Time-piece going;
It's suited to the place,
We can clearly see the face Of a Time-piece going; Of a Time-piece going;
And its works are very strong—
Nothing could be stronger—
(Suddenly interrupted by the First Commissioner.)

First Commissioner (solo)—
Time is not yet up—s'cuse me—
Wait a little longer!

"CAUGHT IN THE 'ACT."

"Mr. MUNDELLA said that 'Colorado Beetles were in his department.'"



How doth the little busy beetle Devon's fields infest But longer he shall not be free-Here goes for his arrest.

TREW TO THE CORPS.

11 EH, Mr. CHILDERS, ye'll be for doing away wi' the bag-pipes next! As the whiskey-and-water-proof MACKIN-TOSH observes, the distinctive Tartan is the only thing resembling a check to the North British arms—and legs— that our brave clansmen could ever proudly acknowledge.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

(Todeson very nearly becomes a Conservative again.)

The Duchess (suddenly recognising T.) "OH, HOW D'Y'DO? I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR.—MISTER—A-Todeson (hastily dropping Mrs. Crumps, Wife of the Radical Member for Spitalfields). "OII, DUCHESS! How KIND OF YOUR GRACE TO SAY SO !

The Duchess. "A-I can't see my Footman anywhere. Will you be so good as to find out if the Carriage has come?" Exit poor T. in search of the Ducal conveyance.

THE BOYS' OWN HISTORY.

A THRUE CHAIN OF IVINTS.

(Revised by The O'Macaulay.)

THE crisis came at last. Vindictive as had been the mood in which the majority had left the House, the mood in which they returned to it was more vindictive still. The debate had only reached its seventeenth night. But the Government in the meantime had not been idle. DAVITT was on the rack at Portland. PARNELL had been sent idle. DAVITT was on the rack at Portland. FARNELL had been sent to the Tower in thumb-screws, and shown, with the crown jewels, on the payment of an extra sixpence. LABOUCHERE was hiding among the figures at Madame Tussaud's. Cowen had had to consult a solicitor. Nor was this all. Biggar had been detected after dusk solicitor. Nor was this all. BIGGAR had been detected after dusk letting out the carnivorous animals from the Regent's Park collection with a false key. Twenty-seven were met, the next morning, by a policeman in Soho Square, and brought before the presiding magistrate at Marlborough Street. The excitement in court was tremendous. BIGGAR was warned, and fined a shilling.

The news spread like wildfire. At four that afternoon, as the

STRAKER was about to leave his dressing-room, an intruder, hysterical and covered with mud, burst, without knocking, into his presence. It was Gosserr. The tale was soon told. In another minute, both the great officials were shaking each other's hands in silence, and had the great omciais were snaking each other's names in suence, and nad fallen, weeping like children, upon each other's necks. But the House was waiting. Brand was a man of some parts, had taken lessons in deportment, and forty years ago had been known on the pier at Margate for his knowledge of punctilio. To-night he mounted the step leading to his chair with a Turkish towel in his waistcoat rocket a hair-brush in each hand, and his wir reversed.

resentment, confident of irresistible strength, it rose, as one man, to its feet, and roared. The Speaker was equal to the occasion. He "named" the whole House. Nobody heeded him. There were some feeble cries raised for "Gossett." But it was whispered in the lobbies that Gosserr was already in a four-wheeled cab, well on his way to Wapping. Men who remembered the first French Revo-lution shook their heads. Those who did not, looked out of window. But all were unanimous on one point. It was clear that the But all were unanimous on one point. If Executive was coming to the end of its tether.

Executive was coming to the end of its tether.

And a remarkable circumstance had led to this. It had long been known to the Prime Minister that the Duke of York's Column had been mined, and was but waiting the signal that was to witness its swift and complete destruction. The plot was diabolical, but comprehensive. An accident revealed it. A member of the Beefsteak Club found a fifty-ton dynamite revolving detonator, fully wound up and in motion, in the umbrella-stand of the establishment. He had just paid his subscription, and had come to dine. He did not hesitate what to do. He sent the infernal machine, by a messenger, to Downing Street. The parcel arrived in the middle of a Cabinet Council. It was hurriedly dispatched, with a bag of buns, to the water-fowl in the neighbouring Park. But the Ministry clearly saw that the outrage had given them an opening. And they determined to take it. That night Harcourt was smuggled, with an empty marmalade pot, a pair of scissors, and a jug of het water, into the General Post-Office.

The success which crowned this manœuvre was not less marked

The success which crowned this manœuvre was not less marked than the daring that originated it. HARCOURT was a known lampoonist. His love of frolic was immoderate. He came down to the House shaking with laughter and covered with gum, and was seen whispering earnestly to Mr. Speaker. Before half-an-hour had passed, two-and-forty lrish Members, together with Gosserr, who had been captured in Thames Street, were removed in a furniture-year to Newcotta. pocket, a hair-brush in each hand, and his wig reversed.

The House was in no mood for satire. Smarting from former lade been captured in Thames Street, were removed in a sleeplessness, drunk with recent triumph, burning with implacable van to Newgate. And this was the beginning of the end.



AND THE SHORT 0F

General Bombastes . . . THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Fusbos . . . Mr. CH-LD-RS.

Artaxominous . . . John Bull.

General (together) ("IN SHORT, SO LONG SERVICE" IS TO US THE SAME!"—Bombastes Furioso, Sc. 1.

"MASKS AND FACES."

A PIECE more perfectly placed on the Stage than Messrs. TOM TAYLOR and CHARLES READE'S Masks and Faces at the Haymarket it would be difficult to imagine.

It would be dimetit to imagine.

It is, we venture to say, perfect down to the slightest detail, and each character, however small, acquires in the present revival an importance that years ago it would have been impossible to obtain. The costumes have been most artistically designed by

the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

Ernest Vanea very weathercocky young man from the country, where he left his pretty wife, Mabel, comes to Town, and, meeting the fascinating Actress, Peg Woffington, immediately, that is, from "When



is, from "When first he saw A VANE APPEAL TO A SPEAKING LIKENESS. sweet Peggy"
—falls over head and ears in love with her; and she with him. Poor Mabel, charmingly played by Miss Marion Terry, arrives unexpectedly, learns the true state of affairs, and interviews Mrs. Woffington, imploring the Actress to give up her husband—as if he were a riddle, which he isn't a bit.

Peg is deeply touched by the wife's pleading, and decides to restore to its lawful owner the property which she cannot legally retain. Not \(\geq\) ithout a struggle, she rightly concludes that Ernest Vane's heart is net worth keeping; and perhaps she is so certain of her hold over him, that—

"She knows when she likes she can whistle him back,"

"She knows when she likes she can whistle him back,"

as, having once had the smallest taste in life of the pleasures of the town, he will probably soon weary of provincial monotony. However this may be, *Mistress Margaret Woffington* dismisses him, is embraced by *Mabel* as a sister, and comforting herself with the reflection that there 's very little valuable ore in that Vane, renounces him for ever: then sobbing as if her heart would break, she rests her aching head on her poor friend Triplet's shoulder.

Mrs. Bancroff, as the Peg on which the whole plot hangs, is charming in her double character of actress and true woman.

Through the artificial airs of the accomplished comédienne she has to allow her good woman's heart to show itself, and when she would give much to yield to her best impulses, she has to disguise them and assume the mask of Comedy. The best instance of this is in the Second Act, where she foils Sir Charles Pomander's design by

The piece is full of real comedy situations, but the best of all



THE RUNNING FOOTMAN (TO GO WITH THE RUN OF THE PIECE), AND THE HAPPY VALET, OR COOL-HANDER.

are, to our thinking, her scenes with Triplet and with the Triplet Family, none of which can be seen by anyone who is not ashamed of a silent tear trickling down the side of his nose, without that uncertain sort of quivering sensation in the throat and eyelids which, in sensitive natures like our own, results in a very evident application of the pocket - handkerchief to the nasal organ, under cover of which movement we, like the soldier who "leant upon his sword" wiped away a tear "

-in fact, several tears, which annoyingly followed each other, tickling and trickling down our furrowed cheeks. At all these scenes in *Masks and Faces*, you are, we mean we were, either crying or laughing, or doing both together, and were delighted when, at the end of the Act, we were led our furrowed cheeks. At all these scenes in *Masks and Faces*, you are, we mean *we* were, either crying or laughing, or doing both together, and were delighted when, at the end of the Act, we were led away by a friend to the enjoyment of coffee and a cigarette in the smoking-room, which, we may take this opportunity of stating, is

like that of the House of Commons, not a quarter large enough for its visitors.

In Triplet, the poor Author, Mr. Bancroff, gives us a touching portrait of a broken-down Gentleman of education—a Jack-of-alltrades, yet never master of one-who, by force of circumstances,



THE YOUNG PUPPY AND THE OLD COLLEY.

has come to be a literary hack, writing comedies in a garret, while his children are about him crying for bread, and his wife is a helpless

"We have given honesty every chance," he cries, in despair.

"No, James," replies his wife, "not yet—not till we have died as we have lived."

Then comes in the merry lady Peg, and the little black page with a pie; and the children are fed, and the wife is comforted, and there is sunlight in the house, and we are warmed by that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and which in this scene alone would secure Messrs. READE and TAYLOR'S comedy to

the Stage for any time to come.

Triplet, as represented by Mr. BANCROFT, and as drawn by the Authors, reminds us forcibly of Newman Noggs in Nicholas Nickleby.

"I was a gentleman once," says poor Noggs; and Triplet, in taking leave of Mabel Vane, hopes that "throughout the interview he has behaved as a gentleman." behaved as a gentleman."

Space will not permit of further details. The performance all

round is as good as it can be.

Mr. CONWAY as Pomander, Mr. SMEDLEY as Colander,

the exquisite Sir Charles, and the imitation exquisite gentleman's gentleman; and, finally, the admirable miniature portrait of Colley Cibber given us by Mr. ARTHUR CECIL. What a marvellous old beau! Taking



A PEG-TOPPER! OR MEG'S DIVERSIONS.

for granted that our neighbour in the stalls knew all about Cibber, we whispered to him, "Isn't ARTHUR CECIL wonderful as Colley?" Whereupon our intelligent friend replied, "What, that old idiot COLLEY! Then I don't wonder there 's such a mess in the Transval."

We have not yet seen Mr. Ceon as Triplet, and consequently, as they alternate the parts, we have not seen Mr. Banczofr as Colley Cibber. This necessitates another visit to the Haymarket, to which we look forward with considerable interest.

To all "Dear Boys"-

MODERN DINNERS

THE new arrangement of dinners is excellent. First, soup, recommended by Sir Henry Thompson as a sort of prelude which "soothes the savage breast," and, like the culture of the fine arts, "softens the manners, and does not allow us to be any longer ferocious"—then, next course, Fish; and then, without any intermediate flirtation with entrées, comes the pièce de résistance, the Joint.

It comes exactly when it is most wanted. The hungry man most wanted. The hungry man has not frittered away a good appetite on "kickshaws," and is ready to tackle his beef or mutton with a will. Then follows a tiny kickshaw, if you will; a separate course of vegetables, certainly; then a bird with a salad. Cheese to finish. Sweets superfluous.

then a bird with a salad. Cheese to finish. Sweets superfluous.
One thing more,—let the "Menu" be the "Bill of fare," and let everything that can be in English be in English. So go it, ye Gourmets!

As it Ought to Be.

LAST week, Mr. DRONSFIELD, Mill-owner, at Oldham was charged with "employing a number of women after legal hours," but as he had personally taken every precaution to prevent any in-fringement of the law, his Man-ager, the real culprit in this instance, was, by a provision of this Act, substituted as defendant and fined 50s, and costs. The right man in the right place for once; and the Factory Act is so far, at all events, a Satis-factory Act.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 20.



CAPTAIN GOSSETT.

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS REPRESENTING "SUPERIOR FORCE."

CURIOSITIES.

THE Athenaum informs us that THE Attentation informs us that the concluding part of Dr. In-GLEBY'S Shakespeare: the Man and the Book, will contain an essay on "The Tongue of Shakespeare." Odd subject to choose, but then we notice that the author is a Doctor. The same journal also announces that

"Prof. LEDGER will deliver next week the first four of a series of recapitulatory lectures upon the solar system at the Gresham College."

Does "the solar system at the Gresham College" differ from the solar system elsewhere? If it is a better one, why shouldn't it be universally adopted?

"Refreshers."

DEAR Mr. CLABON,-The Incorporated Law Society wants to abolish "Refreshers." What, Sir! if you are virtuous, are there to be no more cakes and ale? Isn't the very raison d'être of a Bar a constant supply of Refresh-ment? Noman objects to "Corrupt Practices" more than I do; but if I can stand these corrupt theories, dash the legal wig of yours truly, HENRY JAMES,

TELEPHONIC. — The Burglar's objection to telephonic communication between private houses and the nearest police-station is that "The Telephone will tell of one." But they needn't be in the least alarmed, as a Paternal Government, by heavily taxing inventive genius in this direction, thoughtfully protects its worst children, the Burglars. TELEPHONIC. - The Burglar's

A RUM STORY.

"Norming like leather!" Pannuscorium? No. You cannot get out of Pannuscorium what you can get out of leather—shoe-leather; old shoe-leather.

By some of the latest accounts from America, there is, among certain "Curious Industries in New York," a particular industry pursued in the collection and utilisation of old shoes, especially those

pursued in the collection and utilisation of old shoes, especially those found lying cast about the streets in New York and Brooklyn.

Some of those old shoes are patched, if needful, and if needful also, matched. Of some old pairs one partner only is worn out; that pair is divorced, and the shoe that still has wear in it assorted with another similar old shoe, paired and repaired both, in case they want mending. The odd old shoe unfit for matching is cut up for patching, and some residual old shoes are applied to a purpose to which you can't apply Pannuscorium. The matchable and patchable having been patched and matched—

"Next, the shoes not worth patching are cut into pieces: the good bits are used for patching other shoes, and the worthless bits are converted into Jamaica rum by a process known only to the manufacturers. It is said they are boiled in pure spirit, and allowed to stand for a few weeks, and that the product far surpasses Jamaica rum made in the ordinary way."

The footings for a superior Jamaica rum thus furnished by effete old shoes must at any rate contribute to the constitution of a rum spirit. This can hardly however be said to be a compound of spirit and sole, as it is apparently prepared from the "upper leathers." Sherry Cobbler has long been celebrated as an American drink, but who has hitherto ever heard of Old Shoe Rum? The proof of the rum is of course in the drinking; and rum consisting of proof spirit flavoured with old shoes may be delicious, but one would think that even a Professor Porson would hardly drink it if he knew it, although the Professor did once drink the contents of a naphthalam spirit-can, not knowing it, but taking it for whiskey.

The Temperance League the other day interviewed Lord North Brook with a view to ameliorate the lot of our sailors by procuring the stoppage of their pittance of grog. In the endeavour to wean The footings for a superior Jamaica rum thus furnished by effete

Jack Tars from grog, the Admiralty might perhaps hope to succeed by issuing grog-rations composed of American Old Shoe Rum. Only, if "that product" really "far surpasses Jamaica rum made in the ordinary way," few seamen would be likely to be deterred from drinking it by being told the manner of its production. The generality of sailors would too probably recommend their informant to "tell that to the Marines," and would go on drinking the so-called Old Shoe Rum, as the saying is, "like Old Boots."

MR. SPEAKER'S VERY OWN.

Being positively the last Instalment of the new Supplementary Rules.

PROCEEDINGS OF MR. SPEAKER IN PRIVATE COMMITTEE.

1. That, on all previously devised methods of giving effect to a declaration of "urgency" failing, it shall be competent for Mr. Speaker to arrive early at the House, close the doors in the face of all the Members, and, sending the Mace to Mr. Attenborough's, order the Sergeant—at-Arms to supply him with such refreshment as he may require for the evening, through one of the ventilators.

Suspension of Constitution without Consideration.

2. That the legality of the above proceedings being questioned by a majority of not less than nine-tenths of both Houses, assem-



A TESTAMENTARY DISPOSITION.

Pater. "Now, my Boy, I've been making my Will, and I've left a very large Property in Trust for you. I merely WISH TO ASK YOU IF YOU'VE ANY SUGGESTION TO OFFER ?

Son. "Well, I don't know that I have, Sir-unless-hum"-(Ponders.)-"Quesh'n is-as Things'go nowadays, wouldn't IT BE BETTER TO LEAVE THE PROPERTY TO THE OTHER F'LLAR, AND-AH-PPOINT ME THE TRUSTEE ?!!"

THE CHANT OF THE CHAPERON.

I AM old, and I'm bound to confess that I'm grey,
And the talk of the ball-room seems vapid and thin;
Yes, I queen'd it myself, but I've long had my day,
And I watch how the débutantes gaily begin.
As I sit by the side of the ball-room, I see
Who is likely to win in the warfare of life;
All the moves on the board are made—careless of me,
And I watch the fair combatants arm for the strife. And I watch the fair combatants arm for the strife.

Here's a face that should ever be covered with smiles,
But how jealously darkens that brow with a frown;
There I recognise those too professional wiles,
That have made yonder Beauty the talk of the Town.
Here's the catch of the season—a gallant young Duke,
Who has just come of age, and has thousands a year;
How they angle for notice, with none to rebuke,
Till the first flush of morning begins to appear.

And it seems to me now that the girls of to-day
Are far faster than those that I laughed with of old;
There is more calculation—will this or that pay?
And more mad is the rush both for titles and gold.
While the forms that I see at the concert and ball Are as fair as the lady who rose from the foam,
They seem made, to my thinking, without hearts at all.
There's my charge—Yes, my dear, I'm quite ready for home.

MORE MUD AND LESS WATER.

THERE is compensation in all things. A river has disappeared in Derbyshire, but a bog has again made its appearance in the Strand. The mud is a foot deep on the roads and pavements. Will some King kindly come over and go to the City?

CONSOLIDATION.

THE Incorporated Law Society, in its recent address to the House, says:

"That your petitioners regard with satisfaction a proposal which is now under discussion in Parliament to abolish the offices of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

"Your petitioners desire to express their opinion in favour of the abolition of the offices referred to, tending as it does to consolidate the various Divisions on the Common Law side of the High Court of Justice into one Division, thereby placing the whole under one Presidency, which your petitioners consider to be in conformity with the object and intention of the Legislature on passing the Judicature Acts." on passing the Judicature Acts."

Excellent notion! But why "consolidate" in only one department? Why not "consolidate" everywhere? Let us go on "consolidating."

Instead of any number of Judges—roll 'em all into one.
Instead of hundreds of Barristers, let there be only one Barrister.
Let the entire Army be "consolidated" in one soldier: and the

same for the Navy.

The Police Force could be consolidated into one Policeman, and the Criminal Classes be consolidated into one Burglar. Then let 'em fight it out. The Consolidated Burglar would—if captured—be tried before a Consolidated Judge, prosecuted and defended by a Consolidated Counsel, found guilty by a Consolidated Juryman, and the sentence of transportation for life could be consolidated into

hanging.
Only—if the burglar wasn't captured? Perhaps the Incorporated
Law Society will suggest a remedy for this difficulty.

NOVEL APPLICATION.

INSTEAD of "Treason-felony," the name for the Irish species of this crime against the state will, under the Coercion Acts, be called "Biggar-my."



AN ANTIDOTE.

"WHO'S THAT FELLOW TALKING TO AUNT JULIA, AND GIVING HIMSELF SUCH AWFUL AIRS ?"

"Oh, Jaok! Why it's Mr. Postlethwaite! He's the greatest Poet that ever lived!"
"Who told you so?" "A Gentleman called Maudil."

"Well, even if he is, that 's no reason he should give himself airs! Look at Rundell, now he don't give himself airs, and he's the Captain of our Fifteen!"

PARNELLITES IN PARIS—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

(Leaves from a Home-Ruler's Diary.)

SATURDAY.—Gave the thirty-five detectives the slip at the Calais buffet. Have good reason to suppose they are now diligently tracking a party of antiquaries to excavations under Thermopyle pass. No public reception at Nord Station—given EGAN instructions to prevent any; but created some little effect by knocking our hats in, and pulling our coat-tails off, and explaining that that was the conand pulling our coar-tails on, and explaining that that was the condition in which Irishmen invariably escaped from the House of Commons. Great bore—O'Kelly's the only one speaks French: put us down professionally in hotel-books as "agitateurs;" and they made us pay in advance for table d'hôte. Discussed investments in evening, and almost decided upon starting a café chantant. BIGGAE says he has a good voice.

Sunday,—Not nearly such a hospitable city for democrats errant.

Sunday.—Not nearly such a hospitable city for democrats errant as we thought. Requested to make it convenient to leave hotel. Found O'Kelly had told waiters we wished to abolish all land-lords. Landlord of hotel sent in our bill at once, and said he didn't want to be abolished. Explained that we didn't mean hotel landlords, and paid him something on account. Landlord only half satisfied. Hang landlords! Got Dillon to take a two franc fifty French lesson: O'K. not being by any means O. K. as a translator. Breakfasted with Louise Michel. Afraid we can't introduce her to the Misses Parisell. Founded a couple of Branches at Belleville in the aftermoon, and dined with Citizen Trinquet at the marchand de vin

at the corner of the Rue Traversière. Toasts red and wine blue.

at the corner of the Rue Traversiere. Toasts red and wine blue. Biggar would go to Bullier.

Monday.—Biggar stiff; says rheumatism; suspected to have been dancing the Cancan! Breakfast with Rochefort, and founded a Branch at Montmartre. Rather disappointed to find League generally looked upon as a kind of humorous freemasonry. Refused invitation to dinner with reactionary Gambetta, and had quiet chop, coming to forty-four francs a-head at Café Anglais. Suggestion that it should henceforth be called Le Café Irlandais. Nobody seems to see it. DILLON disappeared: have reason to suspect Folias.

tion that it should henceforth be called Le Care Irlandais. Nobody seems to see it. Dillon disappeared: have reason to suspect Folies-Bergères. Decided to invest funds in a comic Intransigeant.

Tuesday.—Called on Grevy. Not at home. Left card. Call again on return. Breakfasted with staff of La Guillotine en Permanence; charming fellows, but garlic rather prominent, and blouses and sabots a trifle startling at first. Didn't tell 'em I'd called on

Wednesday.—Off to dine with Hugo. * * * * Capital dinner. Beginning to talk fresh—I mean French like native—First-rate chap, Hugo. He knows whiskey when he tastes it. Hoorush!....

Next Day.—Headache. Hugo's headache. Land Leaguers sent to say they don't subscribe for us to be enjoying ourselves in Paris. Off by next train. Jolly time of it.

THE MANIFESTO OF VICTOR O'HUGO.

The illustrious Poet having found it necessary, owing to Mr. Parnell's imperfect command of French, to take some notes as a guide to him in his forthcoming composition, "L'Oppresseur et L'Opprimé," has collected the following to start with:—

Boycotte.—Premier Roi d'Irlande tué à la bataille d'Astings.

Boycotte.—Premier Roi d'Irlande tué à la bataille d'Astings.

La Valuation de Griffiths.—(Espèce de torture, en usage par Charles The First, George the Fouril, Sir Brand, et Mister-Speaker), phrase de Shakspeare.

Le Habeas-Corpus.—Nom de plume du Lor Maire.

Biggar.—President du 'Ouse (un Monstre).

Rackrenting (Jeu National).—La Crickette Irlandaise.

'Ome-Rule.—Fantaisie de Gladstone, approuvé par le Prince de Galles et "the Members of the Royal Society."

Gossett.—Nom du Dragon tué par St. George.

"Ear! 'ear!"—Cri des Fenians (supprimé par le Magna-Charta).

Black Rod.—Connétable de la Tour de Londres. (Ami du Duc de Cambrigge, et Chevalier du Land-League.)

"Report Progress."—Bon mot politique du Lord Chancellor; et Coercion Bill.—Mesure supporté par M. Parnell et 58,000,000 de ses Compatriotes.

de ses Compatriotes.

The following sketch of the Poet's forthcoming manifesto, written in a curiously unsteady hand, was found near the Avenue d'Eylau the morning after the dinner given to Messieurs les Home-Rulers:—

Yes, I pronounce with all my heart for Ireland! I welcome with Yes, I pronounce with all my heart for Ireland! I welcome with all my strength every invitation that reaches me to tread the tail of a coat! Man must perform his mission! It is the mission of man to tread the tail of a coat! It is grand—possible—"intirely illigant!" In the name of France I welcome Ireland! The Absinthe of Gaul embraces the "Vhiski Toddi" of Erin! They fraternise, they revel, they mix! What the Shillelagh of the Patriot has ommenced, the Pen of the Poet shall finish! Yes, I have dined well, very well, gloriously well! I have drunk many "grogs," danced many "jigues," learned many Irish words! And what is my duty? My duty is to denounce England! I do denounce England! I swear that the descendants of the Anglo-Normans shall be crushed, shall be ruined—in a word—shall be "bothered intirely!" I register a vow! When a vow is registered it is sacred. Not only sacred! It is also registered! It is also registered!

Where am I?

"Be-dad!" ("Soyez Père!"—c'est un idiome Irlandais.) The language of the Celt is grand, solemn, unique! "Be-dad!" Also, "be-aisy!" Likewise, "See there now!" A time comes for all things! C'est l'heure de Viski!

"Vhiski Toddi!" Grand! Magnifique!! Pyramidal!!! Vivent les Home-Rulers! Vive le potheen! Vivent l'Oppresseur et l'Opprimé! Non-c'n'est pas ca. Je me sens un peu opprimé—moi qui parle. Je vais me coucher. Hurroo! Le tire-bottes où est-il? ** Les misérables—àpropos de bottes—ha! ha! Hurroo! Ould Oireland à tout jamais! ** Je me couche chaussé! ** Vive la BIGGAR-telle! ** ha! ha!

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

The Armed Burglar's Menu.—An entrée (burglarious), and a pièce de résistance (six-shooter).

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE TRANSVAAL .- Melan-Colley.

THE "BUSY B" AT THE GAIETY.

It is the fashion with some learned Critics of the present day to deplore the absence of true Comedy from the modern stage, and to recommend to our present Dramatic Authors the study of the fine old deplore the absence of true Comedy from the modern stage, and to recommend to our present Dramatic Authors the study of the fine old crusted Comedies, which, like good port, ought to be all the better for keeping—if not kept too long. Miss Litton, inspired by a happy thought, has undertaken to put a series of these venerable and highly estimated compositions before our eyes, and has chosen as her theatre the temple where the sacred fire of burlesque is constantly kept burning by night, while the afternoon is consecrated by our fair High Priestess to keeping alive the dying embers of the "Light of Other Days,"—or the Light Comedy of other days,—and fanning them—without any puffing—into a flame. Miss Litton and Mr. John Hollingshead have given the playgoing public, critics, and dramatists the opportunity of seeing what had been so much talked of, so little studied, and so highly praised. Their efforts have been, we trust, crowned with success. Playgoers and players, some critics, and most authors who, in this degenerate age, have been bold enough to describe their comedies as comedies, and their comedies in which the farcical element has predominated, as "farcical comedies."

Let us take Susannah Centilivers "Comedy," The Busybody, capitally played at the Gaiety. Had it been the work of a modern dramatist, the characters would had been pronounced "impossible," the plot and situations "outrageously farcical," and the "business," as "savouring more of pantomime and the hot poker than of true comedy." Much of the dialogue might have been described as "sparkling," and much more as tedious; while the occasional breaking into blank verse and rhyming couplets would have appeared more in place in an eccentric entertainment of the Pinafore pattern, or in a burlesque.

The seene with the dumb lady—admirably performed by Miss

or in a burlesque.

more in place in an eccentric entertainment of the remajore pattern, or in a burlesque.

The scene with the dumb lady—admirably performed by Miss Litton, Mr. Kyrle Bellew (not of the Kyrle Society), and Mr. Howe—is utterly farcical. The Fourth Act, where the lover secretes himself first in the chimney, then behind a door, then behind a screen, might have been legitimate in such a piece of modern tomfoolery as Betsy, but would have been condemned as a blot on any play of the present time presuming to style itself a Comedy. The perpetual whackings bestowed on Marplot (Mr. Brough) by the various characters, "have anticipated," some critics would have said, "the pantomime season; the old men are mere Pantaloons, one of the lovers a Harlequin who jumps through a window, and Marplot himself simply a Clown, without the sausages and the butterslide." But because all this occurs in an "old comedy," it is admiringly described as "bustling." Farcical improbability in old comedy is "easily condoned," but in a comedy de nos jours it is unpardonable. The construction would have been justly blamed as faulty, as, owing to certain omissions which curtail the time of representation but confuse the action, the last Act of this version



EXERCISE WITH A DUMB BELLE.

seems rather the commencement of a new play than the finish of the so-called Comedy.

Dramatic Authors have reason to be grateful to Miss Litton, and may continue with a safe conscience to call such of their works as have as much hiding and "practical business" as this Busybody "Comedies," though probably any one of the fraternity would have honestly qualified such a piece as "farcical." The French include all laughable pieces, except bouffes, under the head of Comédie. As there are Comedians and Low Comedians and Eccentric Comedians, so are there various species of the genus Comedy which cannot be closed under either force or businesses. classed under either farce or burlesque.

The Busybody is well worth a visit. With the exception of Sir George Airy; none of the characters, male or female, are supposed to belong to the high society in which Lord Ogleby or Sir Peter Teazle moved. Sir Francis Gripe (Mr. HOWE) is an old "hunks"

of a moneylender; Sir Jealous Traffick apparently "something in the City," vaguely interested in some Spanish commerce—onions, perhaps; Marplot is, according to Mr. Brough's view, a kind of Tony Lumpkin: and Miranda a ready-witted, artful young woman, who gives very little evidence of a polite education. The great merit of Miss Litton's performance is that she lets us see at once how natural gifts ships through har defeative two increases.

of Miss Litton's performance is that she lets us see at once how natural gifts shine through her defective training, and what a genuinely good wife she might become in the hands of a good man, though her future career as my Lady Airy is doubtful.

No better representative of Sir George Airy could have been found than Mr. Kyrle Bellew, both as to appearance and acting; his only fault being too much real earnestness for such a butterfly gallant. Mr. Howe is very good as Sir Francis Gripe; Mr. EVERITT quite bilious and snarly enough for Sir Jealous Traffick, though what may be his position in life it is difficult to determine



WHAT THEY DO IN A "BUSTLING" OLD COMEDY. "PANTOMIMICAL," OF COURSE. NOT AT ALL

from his manner, dress, or style of residence, of which the exterior resembles a barn converted into a dwelling-place, and the interior, to our intense surprise, a veritable mansion. However, one must never judge by exteriors, and this is a case in point.

never judge by exteriors, and this is a case in point.

Mrs. INCHBALD, in her preface to The Busybody, informs us that

"this comedy, which has survived one hundred years, was, by the
Actors who performed it, expected to die on the first night." Again
Modern Dramatists have much to be thankful for. She adds, that

"Marplot is the sole support of this comedy;" which is not the
case with the present version, in which Marplot is a droll but certainly not a strong part. The performance pleasantly occupies two
hours—from three to five. We trust the series will not be discontinued. She Would and She Would Not has been announced—but
perhaps "she would not," and so it has been deferred sine die.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN.

To the Editor.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM VICTOR ALBERT, boss Of quiet furnished chambers in a Schloss, Marries Augusta, also called Victoria, Say, shall we see her likeness by Du Maurier?

(Replu.)

For likeness of VICTORIA and Prince VICTOR See Graphic, Illustrated,—both will have a pictur'.

DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

(In Manager's Room.)

Frivolous Idler. What's Wills's new play to be, eh?

Anxious Manager. Success, I hope. It's on a Spanish subject.

Frivolous Idler. Don't like Spanish subjects, as Humberto of
Savoy once observed. But have you heard the name?

Anxious Manager. Yes. Juanita.

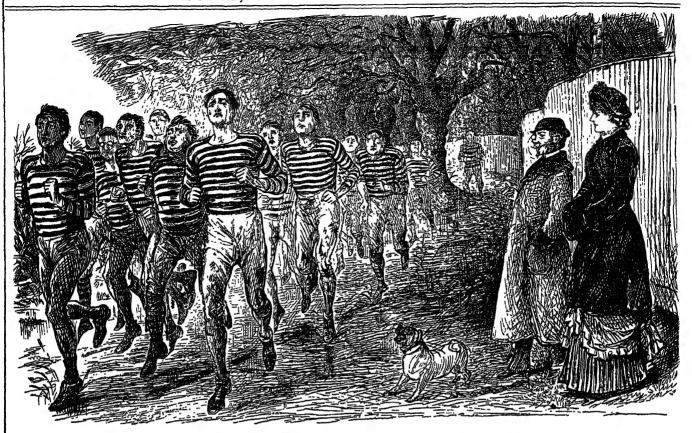
Frivolous Idler. Chew-an'eat-a! Chew an'eat a what? (Sud-

denly.) Ah—I see—Spanish subject. Chew and eat a Spanish onion. Pity there isn't another Garlick alive now to play it (correcting himself)—I mean GARRICK. It ought to be a very strong

drama—strong enough to draw tears.

Anxious Manager.—Bother tears! If it draws houses, that's good enough for me.

[Exit to see the Poet WILLS, and to suggest a change of title.



HARE AND HOUNDS-AND MAY THEIR SHADOWS NEVER GROW LESS.

Mrs. Miniver. "How exhausted they look, poor Fellows! Fanoy doing that sort of thing for mere pleasure!" Little Timpkins (his bosom swelling with national pride). "AH, BUT IT'S ALL THROUGH DOING THAT SORT OF THING FOR MERE PLEASURE, MIND YOU, THAT WE ENGLISH ARE—WHAT WE ARE!" [Bully for little Timpkins!

THE SULTAN'S DIARY.

MONDAY.—Mr. GOSCHEN called upon me. He was rather reserved, but declared "that England had no arrière pensée." Then he asked but declared "that England had no arriere pensée." Inen ne asked me if I could suggest anything. On the spur of the moment I hinted that a pension of half-a-million sterling a year out of the British Civil List and the reversion of the Crystal Palace, might serve as a basis for further negotiations. He said he would consider it. Was astonished to find that he had not a spare fifty-pound note about him which he was able to lend for a month!

Therefore — Asked Grossher to lunch. He was still year reserved.

astonished to find that he had not a spare fifty-pound note about him which he was able to lend for a month!

Tuesday.—Asked Goschen to lunch. He was still very reserved. He said that he was sure that the House of Commons would object to my suggestion about the British Civil List Pension and the reversionary interest in the Crystal Palace. Still, he was most anxious to make the "solution of the question satisfactory, as far as possible, to both parties." Upon this I proposed that I should surrender all my rights in Egypt (with the exception of those attaching to the tribute) to the King of the Hellenes, on condition of receiving, as an equivalent, the whole of Greece. Before we parted I was amazed to learn that he had not a spare twenty-pound note that him which he could lend for three weeks!

Wednesday.—Asked G. J. Goschen to dejeuner à la fourchette. He came late, and said that he had already lunched! Unhandsome! He was more reserved than ever, and seemed depressed. The Egyptian suggestion emphatically would not do—had I anything else to propose? With a smile I brought out a map, and pointed out the frontier line on it, to which I said I would agree. On finding that I had given him an old chart of South America with the title erased, he was much annoyed. G. J. G. has no appreciation of genuine humour! Before taking leave, he informed me abruptly that he was quite sure he had not a spare ten-pound note about him which he could lend for a fortnight!

Thursday.—Greece Goschen reid me a visit. I don't en to him

he could lend for a fortnight!

Thursday.—George Goschen paid me a visit. I don't go to him, as I object to paying anything—even a visit. I told him I was prepared to adopt the King of the Hellenes. He would, he said, see what could be done. In the meanwhile, I was grieved to learn that he had not a spare five-pound note about him which he could lend for ten days!

Friday.—George Goschen looked in. Told me that the adoption idea was impossible. Asked him confidentially as a friend if he could suggest anything. He proposed that the King of Greece should have three-fourths of our united sovereignties. I immediately consented, on the condition that I should be allowed nine-tenths of the same territory. George appeared to think that there might be some mathematical difficulty in carrying out this sensible arrangement. Finally agreed to see him to-morrow. In the meanwhile, was rather hurt at discovering that he had not a spare guinea about him which he could lend for a week!

Saturday.—The person I had grown accustomed to regard as "my"

Saturday.—The person I had grown accustomed to regard as "my dear old friend George," looked in as usual. Admitted the solution of the mathematical problem had been too much for him. And yet he calls himself a financier! At his invitation made further yet he calls himself a financier! At his invitation made further suggestions. Here are three of them:—Things to be restored to the condition in which they were before the Turko-Russian War: the Great Powers to pay the Turkish National Debt in consideration of the recognition of the neutrality of Athens by the Sublime Porte: a free gift to be made of the whole of Asiatic Turkey in exchange for the property and goodwill of the Banking Combination at Monte Carlo. He objected to everything! He actually refused point blank to lend me the ridiculous gum of every each six report to be recorded any strain. me the ridiculous sum of seven-and-sixpence, to be repaid punctually by half-past eleven o'clock on Monday morning! I have consequently broken off all further communication with him in disgust!

More about the Tartan.

In a learned article on the tartan question, one of the Daily Telegraph's leader-writers, while speaking of the dress of the 74th Highlanders serving at the Cape, says, that Lieutenant-Colonel Luard's "own preference seems to have been for the trews over the philibeg." Heavens! What an extraordinary costume! The trews over the philibeg! Well, philibeggars mustn't be choosers, but it is to be hoped that by no inducement offered by Colonel Luard will any Highlander be al-luard into wearing so absurd a costume.

THE Funny Man at a wedding-breakfast, looking at the jellies, said—"Come where the aspics quiver."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Lord Shaftesbury. "The dear Archbishop was quite right when he said that Battersea Park on a Wet Sunday After-noon was far more enjoyable than the British Museum."

Duke of Argyll. "OR WHUSKEY!" Lord Cairns. "IF WE COULD BUT GET A DROP OF HOT GIN-AND-WATER SOMEWHERE!"

Monday Night, Feb. 21.—Gone through another crisis to-night. The question was, whether the Opposition were going to stand by the Government in carrying Gladstone's Resolution, whereby, at the stroke of midnight, Obstruction should disappear much after the way in which ghosts in story-books vanish at cook-crow. Opposition apparently not quite made up their minds. Earthquake in the

began to move. Impossible Amendments voted on straight off, and so got rid off. Irish Members fighting to the last. When poor LYON PLAYFAIR (nearly dead with fright at having incidentally proposed to report progress instead of to report the Bill) wanted to leave the



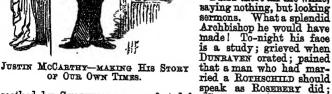
(CLOWN AND PANTALOON.)-" DIVISION."

Chair, his work being finished, they would not let him, and took a division on the question, as indeed they did on everything else. But when Mr. GLADSTONE is resolved there is no escaping his Resolution; and at twelve o'clock Obstruction was within measurable distance of temporary extinction.

Business done.—Protection Bill through Committee.

Tuesday Night.—Looked in at the House of Lords. Much more lively here than in the Commons. Great gathering of Bishops in late evening dress; almost night-dress, being chiefly composed of white linen gown boldly puckered at the elbows. Thought at first it was a Confirmation Service, but it was only a Motion by Lord Dunraven to open Picture Galleries and Museums on Sundays. Bishops dreadfully shocked. Sat together all in a heap to the right of the Woolsack, with the palms of their hands gently closed, finger tips slightly touching, and eyes cast down. This, whilst Lord Dunraven was speaking. Smart man, for a Peer, Lord Dunraven. Made an effective speech, though he thought it necessary to play a little to the gallery of Bishops. Rosebers made capital speech. No Tattenham Corner in the course of his oratory. Made straight for the post riding over prejudices and misrepresentations as if they were blades of heather. Shaffesseury sanctimonious, Carens can Tuesday Night.—Looked in at the House of Lords. Much more





soothed by Shaffesbury; comforted by Cairns; soul elevated by the Archbishop. When the Duke of Arcyll came forward a frown ruffled the good man's brow. But memories of old animosity faded as the Duke went on showing how shocking a thing it is for add a contain income to see richters on a Sunday. it is for any man under a certain income to see pictures on a Sunday. When the Duke sat down, Dizzy took out his pocket-handkerchief, gently applied it to his eyes, and was heard to murmur, "God bless the Duke of Arcyll!"

Business done.—Motion rejected by 41 votes against 34. Majority only 7. Fancy, the thin end of the wedge has been inserted between the doors of the Picture Gallery, and that they will shortly be prized

open on Sundays!

Wednesday.—Mr. GLADSTONE catching sight of me as he crossed

the Lobby just now, stopped to inquire after the health of my great master, Mr. Punch, as he never fails to do. "And how are things going on here?" he asked, after expressing pleasure at my report. "Same old game," I said, "pull Parnellites, pull Forster." "Ah," said W. E. G., "they're a busy lot. Reminds me of the bees you read of in your Virgil. But—

Hi motus animarum, atque hac certamina tanta Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."

"Hear! hear!" I cried (not because I understood this, but because I had noticed that when Mr. Osborne Morgan, or any other great scholar introduces a tag of Latin, Mr. Macdonald always leans forward in his seat and vigorously cheers).

"Now I'm going to throw the dust," said the Premier, moving into the House. Followed and heard him give notice that to-morrow he will move that if debate not over by seven o'clock, the Speaker shall turn it off—as if it were the gas in a lodging-house and the hour bedtime. Suppose the foreign language used in the Lobby was Latin for the Resolution.

Thursday.—Sometimes I have felt a little out of my element here. Cannot orate, dare not howl, and to bark I am ashamed. But when it comes to legislation by

racing through the Lobby, crest rises, and begin to feel that this will be a proud day for Barks. Nine laps tonight in hundred and ten minutes, and I came in first in every one. Lots of matches made. In the matter of handicapping, think I did it handsomely. Gave T. B. POTTER a start half-way. Passed him in a canter at the third writing table. Could not give quite as much to Brown of Wenlock. These heavy Guardsmen are often in training. But he had a good start, and handsomely admits he was nowhere at the finish.

Incidentally we passed the Protection Bill through stage of Report, and made a dash at the Third Read-

"AYES TO THE RIGHT, NOES TO THE LEFT."

ing. Awfully dull. Same old speeches scarcely wrapped up. Handed in as it were with bits

old speeches scarcely wrapped up. Handed in as it were with bits of the old brown-paper wrappers sticking to them. Stumbled over Major Nolan just now standing in the doorway looking out into the Terrace with his hat off, a wet cloth round his head. "Heard bad news from your battery, Major?" I said, for he looked so woebegone I thought he was in trouble. "No," he replied, wearily. "Worse than that. I've heard T. P. O'Connor's eightieth speech since Monday at four o'clock."

Business done.—Protection Bill reported. Third Reading moved.

Friday Night.—Never saw Forster so hopelessly rumpled. Looks Friday Night.—Never saw Forster so hopelessly rumpled. Looks more than ever as if he had got up in the dead of the night to move an Amendment on the Protection Bill, and put on the wrong man's clothes. The end is near, but the road still thorny. Nothing to equal the wealth of similitudes which the other side find for Forster. Last week he was like General HANNAU; to-night he pleasantly recalls to Mr. Cowen's mind the late Mr. Robespierre. Pity Dr. Kenealy is not alive now. This is the sort of game at which he would have beaten everybody hollow, Berespord Hope (a great reader) tells me Kenealy once wrote a play in which there were more nice names on a page than you could hear in Billingsgate in a week. Here's a couplet he remembers:

"Spatch-face, horn-head, cockatrice, codger, You're a pretty first-floor lodger!"

In Dr. Kenealx's absence we get on as well as possible. MacDonald misty, but magnificent. Language glowing, ideas other
people's, arrangement mixed. If this is a fair sample of the workingman on whom we trample, let us go on trampling. "Thank Heaven
for a House of Lords!" says Ashmead-Bartlett. "Thank Heaven
for Mr. Burt!" the working-man may say when he thinks of his
representative in Parliament.

Roysure almost speechlosely angry with Covery. Wreth blazed

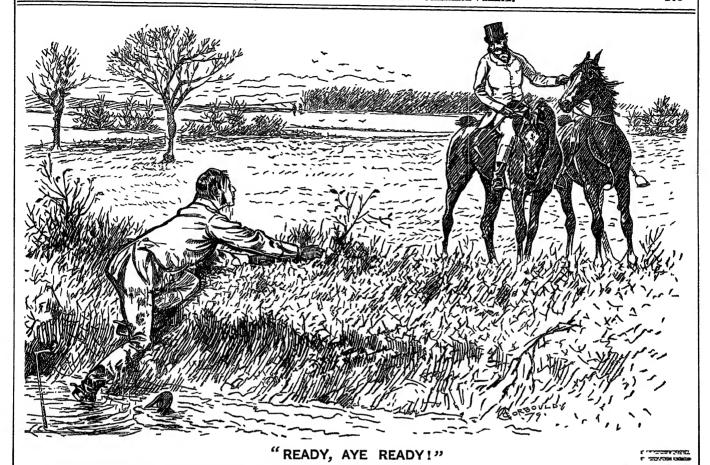
FORSTER almost speechlessly angry with Cowen. Wrath blazed all the more because he could not find Cowen below the gangway to fix him with his eye whilst he rasped him with his tongue. Looked down the front bench whence Cowen had spoken, glared angrily up and down the benches behind it, Cowen all the time sitting quietly in the shadow of the gallery just behind the Treasury Bench, trying to look as if it wasn't him.

Business done.—Protection Bill through at last!



STABLE COMPANIONS; OR, THE TWO BILLS.

BILL FORSTER (on "Coercion"). "NOW, THEN, I'VE CLEARED THE WAY!" BILL GENTLY (on "Remarky"). "ALL RIGHT! GENTLY DOES IT. I'M COMING IN TO WIN!"



Friend (who has kindly caught the Sporting Rector's horse). "I SAY, I SHALL TELL YOUR PARISHIONERS YOU'VE TURNED BAPTIST, AND GONE IN FOR 'TOTAL IMMERSION'!" Sporting Rector (just out of it). "They won't believe you, as I shall be 'High and Dry' before you get back."

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

What Sir William Harcourt really found in the Post-Office.

Office of President of Board of Trade. CONGRATULATIONS on your French trip. Don't be alarmed CONGRATULATIONS on your French trip. Don't be alarmed about the detectives. We must send some after you, just to keep up appearances, don't you see? Perfectly safe men—come from the Criminal Investigation Department; never discovered anything in their lives. Capital speech of yours at Clara. That's it—give it the landlords hot. Cabinet (all except Whigs and Reactionaries) with you to a man. When shall we start our English Land League? No end of fun. Fancy Hartington, Selborne, &c., when they hear of it! They'll be furious! Let 'em be! Bright looking over my shoulder—quite agrees—"force no remedy"—capital joke. BRIGHT says, must humour poor old FORSTER a little, but he'll take care none of our friends touched by Coercion Act. Now for Land Bill! It will be a sweeper. Your line is to say it's not half strong enough—then it'll look moderate. Last reports of DAVITT, quite comfortable, enjoys his new sofa, also cigars and champagne Government sent him; doesn't think much of Miss Braddon's last—would be glad of some really amusing literature. Sent him Cabul papers, and Argyll's speech about 'em. He's screaming over it. No more at present. Entre nous, Gladstone didn't want Fixity of Tenure—except in office, ha! ha! Bit of a Whig about Gladstone; he got a bit of a wigging, too, I can tell you, from me and Bright, and soon gave in.

DILER'S and my kind regards to ROCHEFORT when you see him. Only initials now, as HARCOURT—fussy, fidgety fellow, HARCOURT—will open the wrong letter sometimes.

Yours devotedly,

Rebel?" Answer by next post, if you can't guess it. Now to business. Very sorry to have had to shoot any of your men, but COLLEY is so impetuous. Won't you give us peace now? You've beaten us badly so far—why not take qualified independence, right to flog your own Kaffirs, British envoy at Pretoria, and have done with it? Would offer complete independence at once, but papers here wild about "resisting Queen's authority." Kind regards to PRETORIUS, &c. No, our Speaker no relation to President of Free State. Have wired Colley to accept any terms you offer, so don't be too hard on us. W. E. G. Yours unofficially,

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

"THE Serjeant"—Serjeant BALLANTINE of course—was never in better form than when cross-examining witnesses in the recent case of Diamond v. The London and North Western. His "eye of a hawk"—clearer even than the eye of a HAWKINS—detected a fatal flaw in the evidence when he ventured to distrust an account of events current in August 1879, entered at the time of occurrence, in a diary for 1880! The Serjeant is to be congratulated on his having lately recruited his forces to some purpose, and the Incorporated Law Society will be delighted to notice the invigorating effect of Refreshers on the learned Sergeant's constitution. His appearance in Court suggested a trifling alteration of a stage-direction in Macbeth. "Enter a blooming Serjeant." As Malcolm says— "This is the Sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought "-And we finish with Malcolm's salutation, "Hail, brave friend!"

Duet from "The Maids of Honours." Dear Kruger, Downing Street, February 27th.

Thanks for your last wire per Brand. Glad you were all so amused by my joke about "repudiate." Chamberlain's just done a screamer—begs me to send it you. "When's a Rebel not a Senior Wrangler." "Nobody asked you, Sir," she said. She was a Senior Wrangler.

SUNDAY "POPS."

A GREAT success has been achieved in Paris at one of the "Sunday Classical Concerts" by an Austrian violoncellist, one M. Popper, enthusiastically applauded in the performance of a fantasia, "La Danse des Elfes," composed by himself. In London the proper observance of Sunday, as by Law prescribed, shuts up all places of intellectual and spiritual recreation like Concert-Rooms, so as entirely to preclude the possibility of any such entertainments as Classical such entertainments as Classical Concerts on that holiday; but there is no just cause to debar us from the pleasure of hearing M. POPPER, ere long perhaps, at the "Monday Pops."

Those Concerts also consist mainly of Classical Music, which, as peculiarly tending to refine and elevate the mind and feel-

ings, is esteemed particularly suitable in England to any day of the week except Sunday, and may therefore be performed by M. POPPER at the "Pops" either of Monday or Saturday without the slightest im-Popper-

PIG-CULIAR PEOPLE.

THE Germans examine every American pig to detect its *Trichinosis*. Do they adopt a similar plan with the unoffending Jews, and persecute the race on account of its striking noses?

IMPERIAL BRITAIN.—A country on which the sun never sets—and seldom rises.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 21.



MISS M. E. BRADDON.

"JUST AS I AM!"

THE DUNRAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

We are surprised that a noble-man of Lord Dunkaven's ability should have made a more or less organised attack upon the Sab-batarian liberty of Club life, and should have been seconded by the Earl of ROSEBERY. Lord DUN-RAVEN and Lord ROSEBERY may not care to visit Clubs on Sunday, nor to use them for the purpose of billiard and card-playing, but why should they attempt to force why should they attempt to force their views upon numbers of persons who hold different opinions and act upon them? Why this passion for proselytism and uniformity? A Club is a large place, and may easily afford shelter to the Puritan Nincomformist and the sinner. Lord SHAFTESBURY and other philanthropists who have paved London — especially the East-End—with good intentions, were quite right to oppose and defeat such a movement. It and defeat such a movement. It must be clear to the meanest ca-pacity that if Clubs were closed on Sunday, the working-man would have to labour seven days for six days' wages, instead of labouring five days, as he does at present.

A Voice from the Wastepaper Basket.

Cynical and Waggish Friend (to Editor). I suppose you often get good things sent you? Editor (incautiously).

sionally.

Cynical Wag. Ah!—but they ver appear. [Chuckles. never appear. [Chuckles. Editor. So all the disappointed Contributors tell me.

Exit separately.

THE GOOD EARL'S HOLIDAY.

(Being MS. of an Entirely Original Comedy, recently picked up in the Lords' Lobby.)

"And yet the very men to whom these places are accessible for the cultivation of their minds, the training of the heart, and the elevation of the human being, are the men who burnt the Hotel de Ville and the Tuileries, and committed many other excesses. So much, then, for the influence of science and art on Sunday upon the cultivation and improvement of the mind of a people."—Lord Shaftesbury.

NE—A delightful and refreshing back-street in the neighbourhood of the Mile End Road. TIME—A few minutes before the opening of the public-houses on Sunday morning. Groups of highly respectable British working-men valking about with their families, merrily brushing away the soot-flakes that fall in showers on their merrily brushing away the soot-flakes that fall in showers on their merrily brushing away the soot-flakes that fall in showers on their merrily brushing away the soot-flakes that fall in showers on their upturned faces, as they try, now and then, to get a glimpse of far-off blue sky through some rift in the leaden volume of stifting atmosphere that hangs, like a pall, about the reeking and battered chimney-pots of the locality, and shuts out all sunshine, light, and life from those who grope beneath. As Curtain rises, a cheery church clock chimes the hour of one: when the door of an attractive Gin Palace opens, and discovers the proprietor, ready on the step, offering gallons of adulterated alcohol gratis, to any who will only seek some trifting relaxation on his premises. As he does so, several Model Sunday-observers turn away in polite discusst.

First Model Observer. No, no, my good Master: spite the attractive prospect you present to us of being made both very drunk and very ill for nothing, we must decline your allurements. (Surveying the scene.) Here are at hand vigorous delights, compared with which, coloured potato-spirit, though excellent in its way, is a mere bagatelle! Is it not so, my mates?

All. It is!

free fight, in the Bottle and Jug Department,—this, with pewter pots? Surely, this, at least, might tempt ye! Second Model Observer. Nay, Mr. Publican, I grant you it is an attractive picture. But you forget we have stronger attractions elsewhere. (With feeling.) Think you, on this, the one holiday of our toiling week, we can tear ourselves from our dear dirty, damp, dismal old Street! Never!

All. Never! [They retire up and wipe away a furtive tear. First Model Observer. No, indeed not! For after the grinding strain of six days of constant labour, what more delicious, more exhilarating, nay, more respectable method of spending our one interval of rest, than by loafing about listlessly in the grime and filth of our beloved locality!—

of our beloved locality!——

Second Model Observer (brightly). Staring at the dark walls and smashed panes of our stifling homes!——

Third Model Observer (with enthusiasm). Watching our Missuses and young 'uns,—heaven bless 'em!—growing as limp as putty, and as white as paste-pots for want of a breath of fresh air!——

First Model Observer. And singing the praises of the good Earl of Shaftesbury, who has done so much to secure us a permanent enjoyment of this blissful life, by saving us from the moral, social, and intellectual degradation awaiting us surely beyond the portals of a Sunday Museum! (A blaze of fire, and shouting of mob without.) Ha! This is most à propos. Just as the good Earl hinted. See, these people have poured a tin of petroleum upon the neighbouring church, chased the good Vicar into the wrong end of a fire-escape, and are now prepared further to uproot Society. (A rabid mob rushes in.) You are, are ye not, my friends?

Mob. We are!

First Model Observer. Quite so. And I presume this is the result of inspecting stuffed animals instead of drinking inferior gin?

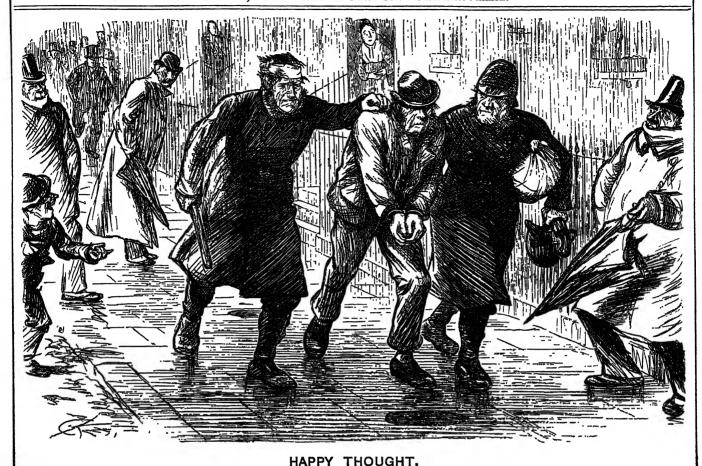
Mob. It is!

Mob. It is!

bagatelle! Is it not so, my mates?

All. It is!

[They turn away and inspect the gutters. Publican (despairingly).—But surely a little gossip at the bar, a look at the back numbers of the Police News, and later, perhaps, a Gallery in your waistcoat-pockets?



Street Boy (appropriately applying the popular phrase to a "deserving object"). "He's got 'em on!"

Mob (producing them). We do! I Down with everything! [They proceed to wreck the public-house and murder a stray oliceman.

First Model Observer (mournfully). Alas! DUNBAYEN has much

to answer for—very much!

All. He has! He has!

First Model Observer. Indeed, he has, my friends! But as I see it is now close on two, and we have enjoyed six hours usefully doing nothing on the flags we boast without, what say you to getting through the other ten, as cheerily employed, amidst the squalor that

waits us within?

All (with a shout). That's the ticket!

First Model Observer. It is, my worthy mates! So now, wishing each other a long continuance of this ennobling existence, let us retire to our battered tenements, with a cheer for the name of Shaftesbury!

Third Model Observer. Yes; and an admission that of all the

rational, edifying, instructive, hopeful spectacles—
Second Model Observer.—There is nothing at all to touchFirst Model Observer.—The Good Earl's Holiday!

Curtain.

Mem. not Undated.

In the Report of the meeting of the Date Coffee Company, which appeared as a prodigious advertisement in the Times—the papers have been inundated by them lately—a shareholder is represented as asking

"Whether there was likely to be any fear of competition from a mixture which, it was rumoured, was to be made from figs?"

Such a question, if not satisfactorily answered, as it was by the Chairman, might have brought all the Shareholders to their legs with one great cry of—"In the name of our Profit—Figs!!"

We understand making money, but not coffee, out of dates. In fact, we do not see the raison date of this Company's existence; but then-N.B.-We are not Shareholders.

CABINETS AND CATALOGUES.

M. TURQUET, Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts, is establishing at Paris a Museum on the Model of that at South Kensington, and, to have something to put in it, as a start, has conceived the happy idea of emptying the Government offices of certain "old cabinets and furniture," which a contemporary alleges are at the present moment entirely "thrown away on Ministers and subordinates, who would actually prefer modern and less artistic fittings." The conception is excellent, and if Officialism on this side of the water is only in the mood for "new fittings," steps should be taken immediately to give it some practical shape, for a Ministerial "collection" at Brompton would be invaluable.

- "Waste-paper basket, used by Mr. Gladstone after reading the Turkish Despatches,"—for instance; or
 "Gum bottle and hot water-can, supplied to the Home-Secretary during his raid on the General Post-Office," and
 "Extra wig prepared for the Speaker, in case of riot in the House of Commons on promulgation of the New Rules,"

are interesting items that at once suggest themselves as a good "go off" for any Catalogue. There is practically no limit to what might to the follow: for anything from a common office poker, waved in triumph at a Cabinet Council, down to a patched, re-covered, and worn-out woolsack, would have a special historic interest. The idea is capital. It is to be hoped something will come of it.

"Paddy's" Daughter.

WE beg to thank publicly the senders of several subscriptions, which we have privately acknowledged, for this sad case. If all the "Dear Boys" who at every visit used to help themselves out of Paddy's cheerily offered snuff-box would now help our good old friend's daughter, they would be, indeed, proving themselves true friends at a pinch. Address Cheques or Post-Office Orders to Editor of Punch, 85, Fleet Street, E.C. So E.C.—we should say, so Ea-sy—to do. Bis dat, &c. WE beg to thank publicly the senders of several subscriptions,



THE FATE OF THE FOUR.

A WOEFUL BALLAD OF LORD WOODCOCK AIR-" Hans Breitmann gife a barty."

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party, Of high heroic strain;
They held that the Liberal lot were naught, And GLADSTONE'S vauntings vain.
They had principles of the patriot type,
True Neo-Tory Blue, And when in muster full they met They numbered—just twice two!

They democrated—just owner two:

Lord Woodcock had a Party;

Those Four were ever found

In the deadly breach with vote and speech,

When the word for fight went round;

The cockiest Four in all the House,

There was Balfour, Wolff, and Gorst.

When Woodcock led those three to war,

Their foes might dread the worst.

Lord Woodcock had a Party; Those Four were void of fear, And, when they rose, sore shrank their foes,
Whilst their friends felt parlous queer.
But when they slanged the Treasury bench
The Tory host would roar,
And swear so stout a Party
Had ne'er been known before.

Which, led with nerve and nous,
Which, led with nerve and nous,
Was Gladstone's flail, Sir Stafford's cross,
And the terror of the House.
They called old Torics fogies,
All discipline they'd decline,
And frankly go for the free-lance lay,
And the Ishmaelitish line.

Lord Woodcock had a Party,
But oh, that Party split;
Small bond have they, alas! to-day,
Save the bench on which they sit.
The ribald Rad laughs loud and long,
Sir Stafford smiles to see
The Four, for solidarity,
Too numerous—by three!

Lord Woodcock had a Party,— Where is that Party now? Where is the hyacinthine crop That decked young Dizzy's brow?
Where is Adullam? where Bob Lowe,
That star of free-lance fight?
All gone with the flash of yesterday's "fizz"
Away "in the ewigheit."

A CAPITAL CHOICE.

Cousin Amy. "So you haven't made up your mind yet what Profession to emblazon shields and inscribe flags with the names of you're going to be when you grow up, Bobby?"

Bobby. "Well, yes! I don't exactly know what it is called, you know, but it's living in the Country, and keeping lots of Horses and Dogs, and all that!"

The Defective Police.—In the Army it is customary to emblazon shields and inscribe flags with the names of you're in the Police it ought to be the custom to record failures in a similar manner. We should write Blooms bury, Cannon Street, Coram Street, Hoxton, Euston Square, Burton Crescent, and Harley Street. Shall we have to add Chatham to the list? Most likely.

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

ALTHOUGH the obstructive representatives of St. Giles's will succeed in stopping all domestic legislation during the present Session of Parliament, there is one thing they cannot stop, and that is Taxation. We are always sure of a Budget—the governing classes will fight for that, if for nothing else—and we are fortunately in a position to anticipate what is called the "financial statement." The Post-office will be reformed, and instead of trying how much money it can make by "sweating" its servants, it will be taught that a Government Department is not exactly in the same position as a Hounsditch Slopseller. Several highly paid and ornamental servants of the Office will be discharged—without a pension—and the money tom-House will be divided amongst the people who do the work. The Incomelodging—he costly pri which last for ever. The Local Commissioners will be abolished, and it will no longer be in the power of the elevated cheesemonger, or the sanctified grocer to pry into his neighbour's profits and losses. A little more consideration will be shown to the noble army of pub-

licans—who subscribe nearly one-third of the National Revenue—in spite of the attacks made upon this body by the Nincomformist Party in Parliament. The embargo on the free circulation of goods and men will be removed by the abolition of the Railway Passengers Duty, the Hackney Carriage Tax, and similar imposts, or impositions. All taxes on food and temperance will be repealed, and tea, coffee, chicory, cocoa, dried fruit, &c., will be at last thoroughly free. The probate duty now levied unfairly only on personal property, will be extended to real estate, and the legacy and succession duties will be dealt with in a similar spirit. will be dealt with in a similar spirit.

will be dealt with in a similar spirit.

The Customs, especially those more honoured in the breach than the observance, will be overhauled, and the thirty-seven Custom-Houses in which nearly thirty thousand a year is spent to collect about fifteen thousand, will be at once let out as sailors' lodging-houses. The free-born and sea-sick Briton, who has the costly privilege of belonging to a kingdom on which the sun never sets, will be spared the humiliation of having his dirty shirts and socks examined on his return from less privileged countries, while he is kept standing on a slimy gangway in a tempest of wind and rain.



A NOTE AND QUERY.

Wife (given to Literature and the Drama). "George, what is the meaning of the Expression, 'Go to!' you meet with so often in Shakspeare and the old Dramatists?"

Husband (not a reading Man). "'Don't know, I'm sure, Dear, unless— Well,—P'raps he was going to say—but thought it wouldn't sound proper!"

THE SONG OF PAHTAHQUAHONG.

"The Rev. Hener Pahtahquahong Chase, hereditary Chief of the Ojibway tribe, President of the Grand Council of Indians, and missionary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Muncey Town, Ontario, Canada, has just arrived in England, on a short visit."—The Standard.

STHAIGHT across the Big-Sea-Water, From the Portals of the Sunset, From the prairies of the Red Men, Where Suggema, the mosquito, Makes the aggravated hunter Scratch himself with awful language; From the land of Hiawatha, Land of wigwams, and of wampum, Land of tomahawks and scalping, (See the works of J. F. COOPER,) Comes the mighty Pahtahquahone, Comes the Chief of the Ojibways.

Wot ye well, we'll give him welcome, After manner of the Pale Face, Show him all the old world's wonders, Criffins in the nullic highways

Wot ye well, we'll give him welcome After manner of the Pale Face, Show him all the old world's wonders, Griffins in the public highways, Gormandising corporations,
And the Market of Mud-Salad.
Show him, too the dingy Palace,
And the House of Talkee-Talkee;
Where the Jossakeeds—the prophets—And the Chieftains raise their voices,
Like Iagoo the great boaster,
With immeasurable gabble,
Talking much and doing little,
Till one wishes they could vanish
To the kingdom of Ponemah—
To the Land of the Hereafter!
We will show him all the glories
Of this land of shams and swindles,

We will show him all the giories
Of this land of shams and swindles,
Land of much adulteration,
Dusting tea and sanding sugar,
And of goods not up to sample;
Till disgusted PAHTAHQUAHONG,
Till the Chief of the Ojibways,
President of Indian Council,
Missionary swell, and so forth,
Cries, "Oh, let me leave this England,
Land of Bumbledom and Beadles,
Of a thousand Boards and Vestries;
Let me cross the Big-Sea-Water,
With Keewaydin—with the Home Wind,
And go back to the Ojibways!"

FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED BLUE BOOK.

From Somebody in Command Abroad to Nobody Responsible at Home.

I THINK it my duty to inform you that there are signs of disaffection in this Colony, that may, if not met soon by a prompt and energetic display of force, possibly lead to serious consequences. On good authority, I hear, that if the situation becomes acute, we may expect fully 6,000 well-armed men in the field against us. As I have at present under my command but one company and a drummer-boy of the 260th, a mountain gun, the ammunition for which has not yet arrived, and five men of the Naval Brigade, I should be glad to know that Her Majesty's Government realised the gravity of the situation.

From Nobody Responsible at Home to Somebody in Command Abroad.

Your ridiculously alarmist despatch to hand. How often shall I have to impress on you that what you describe as the "gravity of the situation" abroad, must depend solely on the look of the Estimates at home? We are, you must be thoroughly aware, pledged not to spend money.

The arrival of your communication is, therefore, all the more untimely, as orders had already been issued for the return of half the company, together with the gun, now at your disposal. I trust by the date this reaches you that the sensational rumours will have been satisfactorily dissipated.

Somebody in Command Abroad to Nobody Responsible at Home.

I REGRET to inform you that I was attacked yesterday by an overwhelmingly superior force, and am in consequence now holding this Colony, as well as I can, in Her Majesty's name, with the assistance of my Aide-de-Camp, the drummer-boy, and a couple of friendly natives. I really must impress on you the necessity of sending out some reinforcements.

Nobody Responsible at Home to Somebody in Command Abroad.
Your despatch inexplicable. It simply means another £100,000 on to the Estimates. This is most annoying. However, as the situation seems embarrassing, you will be strengthened at once by the re-despatch of the half company, an additional drummer-boy, and the ammunition for the mountain gun.

Somebody in Command Abroad to Nobody Responsible at Home.

I REGRET to have again to inform you, that I have been overwhelmed by superior forces, and after being utterly routed, am now holding this Colony, in Her Majesty's name, by myself, disguised, in a ditch. I attribute this result to the difficulty I experienced in persuading the enemy that the force I have hitherto had at my disposal, represented, in reality, the tremendous might of an Empire that could hold its own, if necessary, against half the civilised world. I shall be glad of reinforcements.

Somebody (vice Nobody resigned) at last Responsible at Home to Anybody in Command Abroad.

Crisis fully appreciated by H.M. Government. You will have 15,000 men at your disposal within three weeks, and a further 10,000 (if necessary) whenever you wire for them. This will cost the country not a penny under Ten Millions. But never mind. We should like, though, to know (in confidence) who is to blame for the miserable dribbling system which has led to all this disaster, and now colossal outlay.

Anybody in Command Abroad to Somebody (at last) Responsible at Home.

THANKS for the reinforcements. We can now probably effect with twenty thousand men what, three months since, we could have managed with four. In strict confidence (I don't wish this to go further), Nobody was really responsible for the miserable dribbling to which you refer.



AT A SCHOOL FEAST

Teacher. "Now, you three little Girls, are not you going to sit down and have Tea?"

Sararann. "No, Teacher. We always have late Dinner at 'alf past SIX WITH PAR AND MAR!

ANOTHER CRY FROM CLERKDOM.

The following is assumed to be the form of letter addressed to a successful candidate for the post of Telegraph Clerk under Government; and Mr. Punch need scarely say it is received with tears of honest gratitude by the father of a family of seven, who, having half starved himself to educate his children, sees his eldest lad, the young hopeful of the family, appointed to a position of respectability and trust:—

I AM directed by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General to inform you that you have been selected from several hundred candidates, after a competitive examination in which the rudiments of scientific telegraphy are included, to fill the post of Telegraph Clerk, and you are required to take up your duties

Immediately.

In order distinctly to mark the difference between your position and that of the ordinary members of the Civil Service in general, your hours of daily attendance will be eight instead of seven; you may be expected to be called upon to continue to serve at the office, whether fatigued or not, at the close of your ordinary labours; your Sundays and the ordinary holidays of the year, such as Christmas Day, Bank Holidays, &c., must be cheerfully accorded to the State that so graciously employs you; and it is expected that your services will be evaled an ordinary days from seven c'clock in the morning until eleven be available on ordinary days from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night.

Your position differing so entirely from the ordinary Artisan who has so many interruptions in his labour, and who spends the whole of Saturday in dawdling, drinking, and getting paid, you will have no holidays at all throughout the year, and as payment in cash for overtime is considered derogatory to your position, your overtime will be occasionally credited to you as leave to be taken

at hours most convenient to the Service and not to yourself.

As your official superiors are anxious to avoid representations of inefficiency by means of grumbling letters in the public papers, you will be liable to instant dismissal for the slightest inaccuracy caused by the hurry of business and the illegible handwriting of transmitters of messages; and as you will be constantly harassed by seductive bribes for revealing information to newspaper touts and private detectives, you are warned that penal servitude is the consequence of any breach of official trust.

On occasions of public rejoicing and national emergency, when provisions are dear, and beds at a premium, you may be ordered down to a distant part of the country you may be ordered down to a distant part of the country to aid in the transmission of news, speeches, and descriptive reports, in which case you will be necessarily compelled to leave your wife and family, and your subsistence allowance will be two pence an hour.

Being deprived of any holiday, and compelled to work in unhealthy offices, and in a stifling atmosphere, you may be liable to sickness, in which event, unlike the other members of the Civil Service, you will only receive

other members of the CIVII service, you wanted two-thirds of your pay.

By reason of the possession of special qualifications such as honesty, integrity, and punctuality, you will be paid at the rate of £65 a year for eight years—less wages than that of a common labourer, and after twenty years' service, when you may expect to be married, settled, and educating your children, your honorarium will be £160 per annum. £160 per annum.

You will be required to affix your signature to these conditions, and understand that any complaint, agitation, united meeting, or conference will be treated as a breach of discipline, and render you liable to instant dismissal, and the stigma attached to removal from the Public Service. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THEOPHILUS DOCKETT (Secretary). On handing this death-warrant to the promising lad, the father of the family congratulates himself on freedom from an incubus, and hails one of the many blessings of a paternal government.

THE WEATHER.

(By One who is much affected by it.)

What made me careless, cheery, gay, What made me throw ten pounds away, And cheerfully some large bills pay?— The Weather!

What made my head feel iron-bound, What made me kick my favourite hound, Quarrel with wife and friends all round? The Weather!

What made me open wide my coat, And get into a penny boat,
And talk of Springtime like a "Pote?"— The Weather!

What made me suddenly feel il What gave me such a fearful chill, That I went home to make my will? The Weather!

Disaffected Dialogue.

(After the first report of the Accident to Mr. Gladstone.)

First Fenian (delighted). Bedad then, "Coercion BILL"'s got it this time. He's shot.

Second Fenian (contemptuously). Shot! Man alive! divil a bit! He's only had an ugly fall, and he's all

right again.

First Fenian (positively). I tell ye he's shot! Didn't I hear them say how he was wounded in the head, and that the last bullet in was got out yesterday, and there wouldn't be another?

A Matter for Regret.

"Home education in Paris is, as a rule, impossible." - Daily News.

Amondst the Parisians, wherever we roam, For Girls' education there's no place at home.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



SOLO-L-RD B-C-NSF-LD.
AIR-"La-di-da!"

SHE wears a splendid jewel in her crown,

Can-da-har!

Expensive Afghan jewel in her crown,

Can-da-har!

If we give it up, there 's Quetta, (Lyrron owns) as good or better; But then—where 's our Imperial renown? Can-da-har! But then, where 's our Imperial renown?

Monday Night, Feb. 28.—Great thing to have a man in the House like Walter James—a man who will sacrifice the possible pleasures of a whole evening to the service of the State. Tonight, after closely surveying the position, he went home, carefully dressed himself in black, put on a white necktie, parted his hair in the middle, sedulously brushed it till every hair was straight, and then suddenly appearing below the gangway, denounced Obstruction. Plan cleverly conceived, admirably carried out. Business of the evening, Army Estimates. CHILDERS taken up impregnable position on the Treasury Bench, in leager composed of red leather Treasury box and bundles of papers. But he never got a chance to open fire, and, inspanning at twenty minutes to twelve, began to trek.

to trek.
Fact is, business of the night being Army Estimates, naturally suggested to Mr. O'Donnell the question of bail for Prisoners in Ireland; to Mr. McCoan the present condition of the Irish Magistracy; and to Mr. Dawson, the law relating to the application of fines and fees in Petty Sessions. If this had not been enough, Mr. BIGGAR was ready with a few remarks on the flora of the Mountains of the Moon. Wonderful accounts, by the way, Irishmen bring over of their fellow-countrymen, perhaps a trifle monotonous, the sole variation being in respect to precise kinds of infamy. Irish gentlemen holding the office of Magistrate are, it seems, venal, vindictive, and occasionally drunk. Magistrates' Clerks steal the fees, and of course, Dublin Castle is a sink of iniquity. All this very sad. But fancy, if I were an Irishman, I would leave to others the exposure of the hopeless character of my countrymen.

would leave to others the exposure of the hopeless character of my countrymen.

Just on the stroke of half-past twelve, when Walter James came in and made the important and surprising discovery that Irish Members had been engaged in wilful obstruction. At this insinuation Mr. Healy shocked, Mr. Arthur O'Connor surprised, Mr. Sexton wounded to the quick. This made three more speeches; but, as the work was done, Childers bowled out, the Government spited, the House flouted, the natural curiosity of the Army baffled, and the night wasted, they were short.

Business done.—Absolutely nothing.

Tuesday Night.—Abandoned by Balfour, having shown the Wolff to the door, and having given up the Gorst, Randolph still preserves a light heart. It is said that since he must be a Party, and since the original founda-

Tuesday Night.—Abandoned by Balfour, having shown the Wolff to the door, and having given up the Gorst, Randolph still preserves a light heart. It is said that since he must be a Party, and since the original foundation has been broken up, he is "going for" Mr. Parnell's place. Randolph leading the Irish regiment, supported by Lieutenant Biggar, Adjutant Finican, and Captain Healty, would be a pleasing sight. Fancy there must be something in it. At any rate Randolph looked very much at home to-night standing at the corner of the front bench below the gangway, once consecrated to sweet communings with his earlier Party, but now deserted save for the gallant Dawson. Behind were ranged the Parnellites pleased with the propinguity of a live Lord, and generous, not to say riotous, in their applause. In times past the Fourth Party have made it a point of honour to listen to each other's speeches, as well as to back each other's Bills. It was odd to see Randolph standing here alone.

"Like Casabianca on the burning deck," said Sir Wilfrid Lawson. "Like Witherington in 'Chevy Chase,'" said Earl Percy (who prides himself on his personal resemblance to "the stout Erle of Northumberland," and is said to wear armour in the recess); "Witherington, don't you know, the Party who fought on when he had lost the members that supported him:

'For Witherington needs must I wayle, As one in doleful dumpes, For when his legs were smitten off He fought upon his stumpes."

[&]quot;Like his impudence!" HARCOURT growled; for RANDOLPH was girding at him lustily.

Smart speech for RANDOLPH. But not nearly so good as the SPEAKER'S, delivered two hours later, when he said the Division must be taken forthwith.

Business done .- Arms Bill read a First Time, by 188 votes

Wednesday.—Talking etymology with the HOME SECRETARY just now, he tells me of a new word added to the English language. It



comes from Ireland, whence we have the verb "to Boycott."
New verb, "to Parnell." "To parnell," HARGOURT explains, is to get people into a mess, and then to clear out yourself for fear of personal consequences. A man who "parnells" is a man who clears out at the right time. "For exat the right time. "For example," HARCOURT said, kindly desirons of making it quite clear to me, "supposing the engine-driver of a passenger-train takes it into his head, that instead of slowly entering a busy station, he will dash throughit at full speed. When he comes within sight of the station he dexterously drops off, sending the train along. That is 'to parnell.' Much easier than saying he jumped off, and giving all the particulars.

THE SPEAKER "TAKING" THE CHAIR. Second Reading of the Arms Bill moved. Went over to the Lords, and saw the Royal Assent given to the Protection Bill. Most exciting. Two Peers in plain clothes on the right-hand benches, two more on the late of the pred gowns and wice playing characters are a banch before the other controls. in red gowns and wigs playing charades on a bench before the Throne.

Thursday Night.—Gladstone back again. Came in holding his hat in his hand, and wearing on his head a black skull-cap. Reminded me a little of a blind man I have somewhere seen in the same attitude. Everyone glad to see him back. Take him for all in all, he is the most important and comprehensive Bill introduced into the House of Commons for forty years. Irish Members, thinking he had been dull at home, obligingly got up a little row for him. By special permission of the Dublin Land League, John Dillon appeared at Theatre Royal, Westminster, for this night only. Fine dark-eyed, black-haired conspirator is John. Looks as if he really meant business. Heally more than ever yulgar



A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

The Judge then assumed the Black Cap, and sentenced Mr. Healy to be— suspended.

the heels, and he was firmly but gently shown the door.

When the critical moment arrived, the usual difficulty about the book containing the terms of the resolution of expulsion. All sorts of volumes handed up to the Prenier by excited colleagues near him, including a copy of Cavendish on Whist, which accidentally lay on the table. At last proper book forthcoming. Quite touching to see the Prenier put on the Black Cap and sentence Mr. Healy to be suspended. House divided, Mr. Healy voting for himself. Showed no disposition to withdraw when the will of the Heal was accorded. suspended. House divided, Mr. Healty voting for himself. Showed no disposition to withdraw when the will of the House was declared. Captain Gosser began to feel for his sword, and the six elderly attendants (who are drilled day and night in one of the courtyards) put themselves in battle array. But no blood was shed. Mr. Healty,

ordered by the SPEAKER to withdraw, rose, and, as he passed the Chair, gave the SPEAKER a friendly nod, such as costermongers greet each other with on ceremonious occasions, and vanished by the doorway.

Glad to see no one has ventured to lay a hand on Mrs. Dawson. Gather this from finding Mr. D. here as eloquent as ever. It has Gather this from finding Mr. D. here as eloquent as ever. It has already been officially announced that should anyone find irresistible impulse to lay a hand on his wife, they would have to take their pleasure sadly over the dead body of the husband. An Hon. Member says, one might stride over Mr. Dawson's dead body without knowing it. That does not affect the argument. Mr. Dawson not only here, but alive and speaking; would be A Corse if contingency above alluded to had happened; argal, Mrs. Dawson still safe, and Mr. Dawson lives to welcome Mr. Chaplin to "our ranks." Mr. Chaplin blushes with pleasure. The House roars with delight.

Business done.—Mr. Healty suspended.

Saturday Morning.—The daughter of the CZAR is rich, and probably is not to be tempted by a small coin of our realm, otherwise

should be glad to give a penny for her thoughts as she has sat all night listening to the debate on Lord Lytton's Motion. By her sits the Duchess of Trock, with tiara of diamonds flashing in her hair, tara of diamonds hashing in her hair, and pendant from her neck, another stream of light sparkling adown her black dress. Princess Mary, like score of Peeresses opposite, evidently thinks whole thing a bore. The Czar's daughter listens eagerly, loses no word of the thunderous eloquence of Lord Cranbrook, of the lighter raillery of Lord Dunraven, and of the dark savings of Lord Beacons. and of the dark sayings of Lord Beacons-FIELD. Perhaps with greater pleasure Her Royal Highness heard the Duke of ARGYLL demolishing everybody, and the gently-spoken but incisive speech of Lord GRANVILLE. Must have been pleasing to hear some of the things said about Russia and things Russian. But only keen in-



and things Russian. But only keen in-terest could make possible sustained at-tention to these stupendous orations. Noblesse oblige! Lord Cranerook's speech was longer than the average oration of Mr. Bregar; and the Duke of Argyll put Mr.

average oration of Mr. BIGGAR; and the Duke of ARCYLL PUL MILARTHUR O'CONNOR'S verbosity to shame.

But the success of the evening happened in the morning. As noble Lords streamed back into the House after the Division "cackling with delight as if they had laid an egg" (vide the works of a great novelist), DIZZY, his head in the clouds, by reason of this great triumph over the powers of the evil one, and musing on the coming restitution, when BENJAMIN shall have his own again, walked slowly to his old seat on the Ministerial Bench, whence but a year back he, the mightiest Minister in Europe, was wont to speak.

"An Omen! an Omen!" the Bishop of PRIERIBOROUGH cried.

It was worth stopping up till this hour of the morning to see the

It was worth stopping up till this hour of the morning to see the old warrior laugh when he discovered his mistake.

Business done.—Peers passed vote of censure upon Eastern policy of the Government by 165 votes against 76.

"VIANDE DE CHEVAL."

IT was decided long ago that horse-flesh was good to eat, and ever since the ingenious M. Geoffroy St. HILARE brought it under the notice of his countrymen, it has been constantly eaten in France. In Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, and Vilvorde in Belgium, horse is consumed in large quantities, but the taste for it does not seem to spread here; and a shop opened some years ago in Pimlico as a restaurant wherein "Viande de Cheval" could be consumed, was a failure. True, at one or two big dinners given here and in Paris, gourmets spoke enthusiastically of "Potage au Consommé de Cheval," "Saucisson de Cheval," "Cheval à la Mode," "Filet de Cheval," and even of "Salade Romaine à l'huile de Cheval," which last dish we should be inclined to hold, as Mr. Sapsea did himself, in abeyance.'

But the taste for horse-flesh did not spread, nor is it likely to do so when the flesh of the noble animal is once more introduced to the public after the fashion adopted by a Mr. Beidge, a butcher of Manchester. This ingenious individual was not content with offering horse-flesh for beef, but the animal had unfortunately died from disease of the lungs, and the carcase was unfit for food. brought the enterprising experimentalist upon the digestions of the men of Manchester under the notice of the police, and Mr. BRIDGE has been condemned to the seclusion of a prison for the space of one calendar month. There in the intervals of hard labour he may ponder upon the old axiom that "honesty is the best policy;" and when next he tries to sell horse-flesh let him kill a fresh animal, and call it by its proper name.

FROM THE RANKS.

V .- Un-hansom Treatment.



SIR, - There's young who's smart chap in vel, known trade as Вов," veteen Bob," because he's a dandy, and sports swell togs. He was helped to a gorgeous new shoful - cab one day - a Forder with patent sashes and plated lamps, and a. looking-glass in-side, and a flashy silver German tray for eigar-ash, which cost a pound, and is worth about tenpence — topping, slap-up, and very expensive — and on the strength of it he mounted a crest upon his panels, to which

he had no right, and invested in a new rug and a macintosh like driven snow (excuse poetry, because apt to a driver). All the old Ladies in Piccadilly waggled their umbrellas at him; but, bless you! he wouldn't take no notice. Down St. James's Street he trundled, in hopes of landing the Prince of Wales at least, and loitered opposite White's. There was a fat swell, with wavy hair, in the bow-window, recovering himself with B.-and-S., who stared at him with eyes like oysters. Presently, when he felt better, he came out, climbed into the cab, and sat there, speechless. "Where shall I drive, my Lord?" asks Bob. (He knew he was a Lord—his boots were so shiny.) But his Lordship was not well, and really didn't care. He took a dyspeptic view of life. "To any Club about!" he muttered faintly; and so he spent his afternoon. And so he spent all the rest of that season, Sir. Bob was ordered every day at eleven, at the rate of two guineas per diem, and no night-work, with the option of putting up in his Lordship's stables till wanted, when the wind was too cold for his horse. You'll scarcely believe me, Sir, I daressy, when I inform you that Bob sat smoking his pipe in them stables sometimes till it was time to take my Lord out to dinner at eight P.M.! His cab had had no wear and tear, his horse had been 'gently exercised up and down the aristocratic thoroughfare, and fed on his Lordship's cats, while Bob had a cosy feed on his own account in the housekeeper's room. Hot, with cheese and celery, in a overgrown wine-glass. And this not once or twice, but four days out of six. Wasn't that a good berth to tumble into? And there are many of the smart, good-looking young fallows who have ichs like that

once or twise, but not days out of six. Wasn't that a good bern to tumble into? And there are many of the smart, good-looking young fellows who have jobs like that.

But in Bob's case he had too much of it. And we middle-aged coves as can't quite say we're young or good-looking, were not so sorry as we ought to 've been. His Lordship went so hard at his London life that he broke down—got seriously ill—and collapsed like a spent balloon—could not get out at all. But like many invalids, he liked to coax himself into the idea that his qualmishness would pass off, and that he'd be better by-and-by. The cab wasn't allowed to stop in the stable now. It had to be a standing in front of the hall-door in all weathers—rain, snow, or sleet—lest my Lord might take a fancy, all of a hurry, for a drive, and Bob got sick a pacing up and down for ever. He spelt thro' the newspaper, read a book, with an occasional beseeching glance at his Lordship's bedroom-window, in hopes that he might really be coming out, or send him away. But there was my Lord crouched all of a heap, more goggle-eyed than ever, wrapped in a blanket, sipping gruel. Sometimes a pal would whisk by, and, jealous of the job, would jeer out, "Why, Bob, how's this? Are you cemented to that there paving-stone?" And then Bob, driven mad by the chipping, would ring the bell, and ask if he might go. Not a bit of it! His Lordship liked to see the cab, and there the cab must stand for his friends as came to sympathise to stare at over the window-blind. So in course of time Bob got the horrors—just as I do when I look at my second horse—and wanted to turn it up. The wurkuss would be a pleasant ohange from the monotony of this. He knew by heart all the stains upon the flags, all the grime-spots on the portico; watched the old

milkwoman over the way growing stouter and more bald about her parting. He felt getting like Rip Van Winkle in the play I once saw when a gen'leman gave me an order for the gallery—motheaten and mossgrown and withered—and he didn't dare look up at his Lordship's window as time went on, for his Lordship was getting thinner and thinner and whiter and whiter, and more hollow-eyed as summer gave way to autumn, and the leaves came dribbling down. It seemed like some awful nightmare, and the poor young chap became quite melanoholic and in a decline-like from mere depression of spirits, and terror of this slow death, and groaned every morning when it was time to get up, instead of springing out of bed as fresh as a daisy, and grooming the old horse as if it was a pleasure, and rubbing up the brass furniture till it winked again. His life was a burthen in spite of the two guineas per diem, and the grub tasted like bran—for there was my Lord fading, fading, like a crumpled-up ghost, and he felt it would be a relief if the coffin was to come round the corner with the mutes—let alone the sneers and the chips of his brother cabbies who were envious.

the corner with the mutes—let alone the sneers and the chips of his brother cabbies who were envious.

But he wasn't such a fool as to give it up. He had lately married, and, just as a beginning, did all that his pretty young wife asked of him. She liked the cheque for twelve pounds every week, and spent a good deal of it on bonnets and baby-linen. Unfortunate coves like me, who, with a disreputable old growler, can't manage to scrape together more than fifteen shillings a day, out of which Skinnum wants eleven, must not think of bonnets, and must trust to the parish for the linen when required; and so, in a friendly sort of way, I told him not to quarrel with his porridge, or make too wry a face if it burnt his mouth a bit. And there he is still—grown serious and worn. You may see him any day—wet or dry—pacing up and down in front of that gloomy family mansion, blowing his fingers or whistling, or stamping with his feet—the miserablest man on the face of all creation—while his Lordship looks though the glass of the upper window, mumbling his cadaverous jaws over his gruel, or puffing at a little cigarette, gathering his blanket round with shrivelled fingers, as he looks wistfully down at the slap-up shoful that he'll never get into any more, and wonders at what hour he'll go out.

T. H. (aliès Tommy The Toff).

RARE BIRDS.

Ornithological "Hop" given to celebrate the coming into Operation of the Wild Birds Protection Act. Chaffinch "NOT IN IT."

"Welcome, Little Stranger!"

A NEW journal, called the Cuckoo, is announced, to which we wish every success, at the same time that we clear up a few misconceptions regarding its character. It will not be a "word of fear," nor particularly unpleasing to the "married ear," as its reports of Divorce and similar cases will not be as long and not half as minute as those of some of our contemporaries. It is quite time that the name of a bird should be given to a journal, when so many newspapers are busy earning the title of parrots. As there are old birds that are not to be caught with chaff, we hope this young bird will not be irritated by badinage.

ARMY REFORM.

CORPORAL Punishment is to be abolished, but every inducement is to be held out to Privates for obtaining the Stripes.



INVERTED MAXIMS.

"In the good fortune of our best friends we always find something which is not pleasing to us."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Jim. "Ullo, Jack! Haven't seen you for an age, old Man. Tell me, who is that lovely Girl?"

Jack. "MISS BELLINGHAM GOLDMORE." Jim.

Jim. "WHAT, THE GREAT HEIRESS?"

Jack. "OII, IT'S ONLY TWENTY OR THIRTY THOUSAND A-YEAB! BUT SHE'S AS CLEVER AS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, AND AS GOOD AS SHE'S CLEVER!"

Jim (who has lately married one of the Strong-minded Sisterhood). "I SAY! He's A LUCKY CHAP THAT GETS HER, HAY, OLD MAN?"

Jack. "I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO. SHE'S JUST ENGAGED TO BE MY WIFE!"

Jim. "!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

ON THE MANJUBA HILL.

"They in vain tried to withstand that awful hail of lead. . . . Our poor fellows broke, and rushed for the crest in the rear."—Times' Correspondent.

THEY broke! All in vain that long climb through the night,
Mute and breathless, o'er donga and boulder;
In vain the stern stand and the desperate fight
Of our Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder.
The foes, five to one; and as brave as our best,
Stormed up the steep ridges and crowded the crest.

They broke! Clean and close shot the Dutchmen, and fast, Right and left, fell our men, dead or dying.
What flesh could stand firm 'gainst that fierce fiery blast, That hot hail of bullets straight flying?
They broke, sturdy Britons led blindly to death, Their thin lines swept flat as by Azrael's breath.

They broke! Dauntless STEWART, stout FRASER in vain Their torn ranks might rally and muster; In vain did they gather again and again, Teeth set, in fierce knot and close cluster. They broke! Ah, the pain of that pitiful rush, Down the Spitzkop's steep ridges o'er boulder and bush!

They broke! Whose the fault? Gallant COLLEY lies dead,
Brave, generous, loved,—all men sorrow.
To-day we must praise the slain heroes he led,
We'll portion the blame on the morrow.
'Tis scarcely disgrace to such foemen to fall.
'Tis pity such foemen are foemen at all!

THEATRICAL NEWS.

Mr. Booth, the American Tragedian, is to join Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, where this programme is under consideration:—

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Fabien dei Franchi | Mon., Wed., and Friday | Mr. IRVING.
Louis dei Franchi | Tues., Thurs., and Saturday | Mr. Booth.
The Ghost of Louis | Mon., Wed., and Friday | Mr. Booth.
Tues., Thurs., and Saturday | Mr. IRVING.

To be followed by Morton's celebrated Farce, entitled BOX AND COX.

John Box (a Journey-) Mon., Wed., and Friday | Mr. Irving.
man Printer) | Tues., Thurs., and Saturday | Mr. Booth.

James Cox (a Jour-) | On the above nights | Mr. Booth.
meyman Hatter) | On the Science | Mr. Irving.

Mrs. Bouncer . . . Miss Geneviève Ward.

Mr. Dillon's Speech. (Thursday, March 3.)

His speech about Devox was full of treason,

Devoid alike of argument and reason.

When Members cry "Divide!" the word employed

By devoytees will be "Di-voy'd! Di-voy'd!"

"PAUCA VERBA."—Trichinosis Notice.—" Pig-Stickers Beware!"



THE PIG THAT WON'T "PAY THE RINT!"

THE PILOT AND THE PURL.



TIMKINS THINKS HE 'LL "GIVE THE EMPRESS A LEAD!"



THIS IS HOW HE DOES IT!

LES AMBASSADEURS S'AMUSENT.

(See the Times, March 3.)

FRANCE. But who was she?
Russia. I don't know from Eve, but she was the prettiest woman

I have seen in this place.

Greece. Is this business?

Germany. Yes, of course it is. We mustn't do things in a hurry.

Don't you think a little tobacco would help us in our deliberations?

Italy. Most certainly. I intend to have a cigar now.

England. Is that one of those Cavours one gets in Rome?

Italy. Not likely. England. Thanks. Try one of mine.

England. Thanks.
France. Don't you think that Turkish tobacco makes the mouth very dry?
Russia. Turkish business does.
Turkey. Then let us have some sherbet up!
England. I haven't tasted sherbet since I was at scnool, but if my memory serves me it is very nasty.

[Sherbet is brought.
Greece. The claims of the Greeks, Gentlemen, from the days of Homes.

England. Oh, don't go on that tack! If you had been flogged over Homer as often as I have, you would loathe his very name.

Italy. Is anything more dreary than his catalogue of the ships?

HOMER exists for schoolmasters.

Germany. Of course. What wretched weather we've been having! Turkey. It is consoling to reflect that it is worse elsewhere. Greece. Gentlemen, the descendants of THEMISTOCLES—
Italy. Oh, that was the man who held the pass of Thermopylæ, or

said he did, wasn't he?

England. No, surely he was an orator, or am I mixing him with EURIPIDES?

Germany. No, EURIPIDES was the orator; Themistocles wrote plays. At least I think so. But you, Greece, can tell us.

Greece. How on earth should I know? (Privately to England.)

Do let us get to business!

England. Well, Gentlemen, I suppose we can knock off work for the day? I say, GREECE, come in and take pot-luck one night this week. No ceremony, you know. Ta! ta!

[Exit England.

Greece (privately to Russia). What are you going to do for us?

Russia. You'll see. Don't be in a hurry. Look in any time you to passing. Good day!

[Exit Russia.

Russia. You'll see. Don't be in a hurry. Look in any time you are passing. Good day!

Greece (privately to ITALY). What is going to be done for us by you?

Italy. What do you think? as Goschen says. Always something on in the middle of the day. Remember that.

Greece (privately to France). You'll of course be on our side?

France. Do you know that it is four o'clock? By the bye they is always are reserved to broaders.

humbugs!

France. Do you know that it is four c'clock? By the bye there is always a spare seat at breakfast.

Greece (privately to Germany). Will it be men or money?

Germany. Ha! ha. Why don't you bring out a book of conundrums? Well, good bye. Come and try that wine. [Exit Germany.

Greece (privately to Turkey). Are you going to do anything?

Turkey. Certainly.

Greece. Well. What? What?

Turkey. Go home and have a nap. Good bye. That sherbet makes one feel sleepy.

Greece. I am hanged if I think one of these men is in earnest. I must write to Gladstone and call him Homer. It will please him, though I am blowed if I don't think he reads the Iliad with a crib. I must write the Lord Mayor of London, and call him Themstocles. I must wire the Lord Mayor of London, and call him THEMISTOCLES.
That will make him happy, though I am blowed if I think if he knows, any more than I do, who THEMISTOCLES was. What a lot of

'Arry 'ad-for Once.

Scene-Exterior of St. James's Hall on a Schumann and Joachim Night.

[Exit GREECE in a rage.

'Arry (meeting High-Art Musical Friend, who has come out during an interval, after assisting at Madame Schumann's magnificent reception). 'Ullo! What's up? What are they at now?

High-Art Friend (consulting programme). Let me see. They've done "Op. 13." Ah, yes! They've just got to "Op. 44."

'Arry (astounded). 'Op forty-four! St. James's 'All got a dancin' licence! Hooray! I'm all there! I'll go in for 'Op forty-five. What is it, a waltz or a polka? [Rushes to the pay-place.

SUNDAY POPS.—If you want Sacred Music, go to-CHAPPELL.

WHAT IS A "RUN"?

This is not a Sporting Conundrum: no Foxhunter need reply. We allude to a Theatrical "Run."

An eminent Musical Composer, an equally eminent Dramatist and Author, a Joint-Stock Company, a num-ber of distinguished Managers and Actors, a Chancery Judge, and a host of Chancery Barristers, have been spend-ing much time and money within the last week, in trying to discover the exact meaning of the theatrical term "run." Dictionaries were searched in vain, and no wonder, as the theatrical profession has a jar-

gon of its own.
"Run" is a word used in dramatic circles to signify the number of consecutive per-formances of a certain piece at a particular theatre. It is used to represent as of equal importance the most dispro-portionate results. It is applied to one hundred nights at a theatre not much larger than a furniture van, in the same sense that it is applied to one hundred nights at a theatre the size of a Roman forum. If the stage appealed to the imagination behind the curtain, as it sometimes appeals before the curtain, the poetical drama would not be such a rarity.

Mr. John Dillon thinks that he will be one of the first to be arrested under the Peace Preservation Act. His friends, it is said, share his present conviction. We hope they conviction. We hope to won't share his future one.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 22.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

WE WELCOME HER MAJESTY TO ENGLAND, WHILE A PLAINTIVE VOICE IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, SINGING.

"Come back to Erin, Mayourneen, Mayourneen!"

A FEW PENANCES FOR LENT.

Mr. Gladstone.—To superintend the enforcement of the Irish Coercion Acts. Mr. Forster.-To assist in

Mr. Forster.—10 assist in the forthcoming evictions.
Mr. Bright.—To consent to the sending of further reinforcements to the Cape.

Lord Beaconsfield.—To read Endymion from beginning to

end.

Lord Shaftesbury.—To visit Hampton Court Palace on a

Sunday.

Lord R. Churchill.—To reconstitute the Fourth Party.

Non Bismarck.—To

Prince Von Bismarck.—To get well when he wants to be

ill.

Mr. Goschen. — To make things pleasant between Turkey and Greece.

M. Rochefort. — To learn English.

Mr. Parnell. — To understand French.

M. Victor Hugo. — To keep his eightieth birthday seated in a draught at an open win.

in a draught at an open window over again.

Sir Evelyn Wood.—To welcome Sir F. Roberts on his arrival at the Transvaal.

Sir F. Roberts .- To explain matters satisfactorily to Sir EVELYN WOOD.

And (worst of all) the Irish Obstructionists.—To stay in their native country!

CONSCIENTIOUS.

OF course Sir GARNET WOLSELEY avoids any Church on Sunday where there's a sermon besides the usual mornning prayers. He still objects to long service.

WITH THE WYNNSTAY.

Punch to the Empress of Austria.



A WELCOME to the Kaiserin, who rides so straight and well,
No other lady in the hunt from her
may bear the bell;
From Austria's old Imperial halls she
comes to English land,

And not a rider in the field has lighter bridle hand.

So gallantly she races on through all the livelong day,— And who would shirk his fences when an Empress leads the way!

The meet was fixed for Cloverley, the hounds were WATKIN WYNN'S,
An old dog fox was quickly found, and, "Yoicks!" away he spins;
Past Ighthield on to Hall he ran for Wilkesley like the wind,
But there upon the Course at Ash the hounds were close behind;
Heads up they ran, before them fled the fleet fox for his life,—
In sooth it was a "crowded hour" of not inglorious strife.

So fared we with the Wynnstay Hunt, and ever in the van,
Though Muddleton and Bulkeley rode, as English sportsman can,
Upon her grand old horse *Hard Times*, the Empress sail'd away,
The dark-blue habit shone for us an Oriflamme that day:
She topped the fence,—she flew the brook,—now sound the fox's knell,
And doff the cap, and hand the brush, the Empress wins so well!

On the menu for Victor Hugo's banquet,—Irish Stew à la fran-çaise, sans Parnell Sauce, but with Grévy. Not both together.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

(By Our Own Illegal Reporter.)

Author and Composer of H.M.S. Pinafore v. Opera Company, Limited.

This was a peculiar case. The Plaintiffs having made joint arrangements for a pleasant "run" together, were suddenly tripped up by the Defendants. They had not liked it, and so had brought the present action. On the case being called, Mr. Justice Fry, who took his seat on the Bench amidst several rounds of applause, which he acknowledged with repeated bows, notified his intention of taking

the evidence on either side with proper musical accompaniment.

Mr. C. Russell, Q.C., on behalf of the Bar, thanked his Lordship in a few feeling and well-chosen words, for the suggestion, which, he said, "he thought would materially assist the progress of the case."

A grand piano was then brought from the Exchequer Division, and, after a little good-humoured badinage in the well of the Court, was firstly placed on the boach by the side of the Judge.

and, after a little good-humoured badinage in the well of the Court, was finally placed on the bench by the side of the Judge.

Mr. Justice Fry.—I think if Mr. SULLIVAN will step up here, he can give me some substantial assistance: for while I weigh out justice, he can provide me with the scales.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert.—You want him, my Lud, I suppose, to teach you your own Notes.

A Juryman here rose and said that if the Plaintiff would not only mind his own business but undertake also to teach them theirs, they would be happy to sing an opening charms.

mind his own business but undertake also to teach them theirs, they would be happy to sing an opening chorus.

Mr. Justice Fry (addressing the Foreman).—Then you propose to supply us with a musical box? Well, Gentlemen, I am quite agreeable; but I think, if you'll permit me, I may as well first tell you "How I came to be a Judge."

Mr. North, Q.C., on behalf of his clients, objected. They came there prepared to tell the Bench how they came to be producers of Comic Opera.



"LOOPHOLE."

Visitor (who is leaving). "But I see here—(pointing to bill)—that it's strictly forbidden!" Waiter (for Self and Page, &c.). "AH, BUT WE NEVEE MADE NO STRANGER OF YOU, SIR, 'M SURE, SIR!"

[Usual result!

Mr. Justice Fry.—Very well, brother North. (Laughter.) I am paper into the crater after seven, and send down the prompter with not in very good voice, so am quite agreeable. By all means, let the book in a fire-escape.

Mr. Sullivan take his place at the piano, and Mr. Gilbert stand

Mr. Justice Fry.—Excellent. Now let's look at somebody else. on the Clerk's table, and give us a verse or two.

[Prolonged applause, during which Mr. SULLIVAN was assisted over the Counsels' heads, on to the Bench, while Mr. GILBERT mounted the table amidst some vociferous banter from friends at the back of the Court.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT said :-

When we, good friends, discovered that "Fame" Spelt "impecunious party,"
We winked to each other, and said, "This game Is a vast deal too High-Arty." So we turned in our minds to Ages Ago, And to Serjeant Bouncer's fury, Cut Handel and Shakspeare, and stormed Soho With a new sort of Trial by Jury.

The Plaintiffs were about to proceed with a second verse when Mr. Russell interposed. He said he did not see the good of continuing this. They were met there this morning for the sole purpose of having a good stare at a whole host of theatrical celebrities, and he was most anxious for his part to produce his thirty odd like-

Mr. Justice FRY.—Certainly, Mr. Russell; let them all stand in a row on the Bench. I should like to have a look at them myself, Which is Mr. Bancroff?

the book in a fire-escape.

Mr. Justice Frr.—Excellent. Now let's look at somebody else. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD was then examined. He had never stopped the run of a piece in his life. On the contrary he had acted

In. John Hollingshead was then examined. He had never stopped the run of a piece in his life. On the contrary he had acted on the principle that a piece that couldn't run, and wouldn't run, ought to be made to run. He managed that very simply. He never, if he could help it, allowed a piece to try to run without legs. (Laughter.)

Mr. Justice Fry.—I suppose, Mr. Hollingshead, you see no 'arm in that?

Mr. Arthur Sullivan was the next witness. He said he was first led away from the paths of virtuous High-Art oratorio-witing by a gentleman who did the libretto of Cox and Box. He would prefer not to mention names. Regretted it exceedingly. Yes, he had not stopped there. Meeting with his brother Plaintiff in the present proceedings, they had gone step by step further away from the Albert Hall. (Here the Witness was visibly agriated.) Had, he admitted, found this "descensus Averni" remunerative. Oratorios, as a rule, did not run anything like five hundred nights, and so were never very satisfactory to the composer. He should say that the market-price of a first-class oratorio, fully scored, with the band parts copied out, would be about £4 10s.

Cross-examined.—It was easy to stop the run of an oratorio. If

Cross-examined.—It was easy to stop the run of an oratorio. If you didn't pay the band, and the chorus, and the organist, and the principal singers, and the conductor, an oratorio would not run long. Being asked whether, notwithstanding this, he was sorry to have met with Mr. W. S. GLEERT, the Witness burst into tears, and, amid a scene of indescribable confusion, was carried out of Court. After a few minutes' consideration, the Jury returned a verdict for the Plaintiffs.

Mr. Justice Few — Well Gardinger that we will be supported by the confusion of the confus

Which is Mr. Bancroff?
Mr. Russell.—You shall see him, my Lud. (To the Usher.)
Show Mr. Bancroff to a Public Box.

[Loud laughter.]
Mr. Bancroff then entered the witness-box. He said a company of Walking Gentlemen could manage a run between them. He had seen it done. One of the best runs he ever had was with a Hare at the Prince of Wales's.

Cross-examined.—Yes, he had known a run cut short from simply doing his duty. He did not mean absolutely his own duty—but somebody else's. A volcano in the pit of a theatre need not stop a run. All the manager would have to do would be freely to admit

Being asked whether, notwithstanding this, ne was sorry to may met with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the Witness, burst into tears, and, amid a scene of indescribable confusion, was carried out of Court.

After a few minutes' consideration, the Jury returned a verdict for the Plaintiffs.

Mr. Justice Fry.—Well, Gentlemen, that will be sixpence to each of you!

Upon the verdict being known, all concerned in the proceedings joined in a break-down dance and patter-chorus, the Plaintiffs handsomely announcing their intention of giving the Jury a cold luncheon on the damages.



SEASONABLE ADVICE TO ALL.

SAYS AARON TO Moses, "I've got Trichinosis!"

SAYS MOSES TO AARON, "YOU SHOULDN'T PORK FARE ON."

THE MILITARY CORRESPONDENT OF THE FUTURE.

MR. PUNCH, feeling the full weight of the recommendation of H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, that Newspaper Correspondents at the seat of war should reveal no secrets of military importance, has engaged his "Own Special Special." That Gentleman has been requested to send only such intelligence as can be given to the public without injury to British interests. The following is the first communication that has been received from him:—

Head-Quarters.

Head-Quarters.

Here I am. I cannot tell you exactly where, because that would be playing into the hands of the enemy; nor can I give you any date, for the same excellent reason. Doubtless you would like to learn the number of forces under the General's command. But then, "which General?" you might ask, and I certainly should be unable to satisfy you. So if I cannot give you the name of the chief officer, it would be absurd going into details about the force he has the honour to command. In this I am sure you will agree with me.

You want to know, no doubt, how we are off for infantry, and I frankly admit that I have means of gratifying your curiosity to the utmost. But then patriotism steps in and bids me hold my pen. If I gave you our "field state," it would be published in the morning in London, to find its way over here before the close of the same evening. So you see that I should be guilty of a great breach of duty if I said a single word upon the subject. I may hint, however, in the most guarded manner possible, that perhaps we have one battalion, perhaps two hundred dozen. I must leave you to decide which number is most likely to be with us. This will be a little exercise for your intelligence and ingenuity.

As you know the duty of mounted soldier in the most transcription.

exercise for your intelligence and ingenuity.

As to cavalry, you can scarcely expect me to say much about them.
As you know the duty of mounted soldiers is to act as scouts. In a pitched battle they sometimes charge. Of course such a force would be useful here, as it would be useful anywhere. But have we such a force? And here you press me too closely. I must respectfully decline to say another word on the subject. I trust you will appre-

ciate this reticence. If your readers are disappointed, they must console themselves with the reflection that what I do is done for the hest.

best.
Artillery, too, is not an uninteresting topic. There are many, no doubt, who would like to learn whether we have any guns with us. Perhaps we have, perhaps we have not. If we have, our cannon can scarcely fail of securing attention sooner or later. Sooner or later, I repeat; and heartily hope that by fixing this date I have not been guilty of indiscretion. Should you have any doubt upon this point, please show my despatch to a military expert, and be guided by his opinion upon the subject. You will not offend me by cutting the

opinion upon the subject. For which are of the Sinews of War "—addressed to me Poste Restante, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. I will take care that it shall reach me safely. In the meanwhile do not be surprised at finding the envelope of this letter bearing the Paris post-mark. As I have already told you, and as I tell you again, my chief object in life is to puzzle the enemy!

FORECASTS. OUR ADVERTISING WEATHER

Monday, Daytime.— Bright, clear, and sunny. Temperature delightful for out-door exercise in London and country all day. Same on coast. Same everywhere. (N.B.—Fine opportunity for tailors' and dressmakers' advertisements-Cut your cloth

tisements—Cut your cloth according to your weather. Evening.—Capital weather for going to theatres, whether walking or driving. (N.B.—This should be a good opening for theatrical advertisements. Accommodating weather forecasts being guaranteed. so that everyone can book

a month in advance.)

Tuesday, Daytime.—A

trifle unsettled. Showery.
(N.B.—Here could come in
umbrella-makers' advertisements. Open to competition. Also waterproofcoat-makers and mackin-

toshists can apply.)

Evening.—Queer. Dirty under foot. Slippery. Occasional pelting storms, wetting you through in a second. (N.B.—This is just to show what we could do if we liked. Theatrical Managers, beware!)

Wednesday, Daytime,.—Dull in town, but delightful at Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Sunbury, Putney, Surbiton, Kempton Park, &c., &c. (N.B.—First-rate opportunity for advertising excursion trains, race meetings, &c., &c.)

Evening.—Murky and unpleasant in London. Charming at Crystal Palace and Alexandra. (N.B.—Evident chances for advertisers.)

ROYAL PRACTICAL JOKE.

WE are delighted to see that our beloved QUEEN is in excellent WE are designed to see that our beloved QUEEN is in excellent spirits. Nothing, for a long time, has given us greater pleasure than reading in the *Court Circular* of Thursday last how Her Gracious MAJESTY assembled a Council at Windsor, and then, when the gravest possible business was being transacted,—

"Her MAJESTY pricked the Sheriffs at the Council."

How those Sheriffs (bless 'em!) must have jumped and roared again! and how Earls Spencer, Sydney, and Mr. John Brieht—who were "all there"—must have screamed with laughter.

Ah! to quote Mr. Terry, in Ali Baba, "We are a merry (Royal) Family—we are!—we are!"

FROM THE LOBBY.

If the Solicitor-General for Ireland is, according to Mr. Dawson, "The Junior Freshman of the Ministry," Sir W. V. Harcourt, it is said, has already come out as "Senior Wrangler."

ACADEMICAL.—Combine the two Colleges, Girton and Newnham, under the title of "The Sister University."

FAUST AND FURIOUS.

(A Nicht wi' Berlioz, and an Afternoon with Three Popular Performers.)

THE Musical Public is now paying BERLIOZ nothing more than what it barely owes him. His Faust is a grand work.

Why in Oratorio or in the musical rendering of a Dramatic Legend

SANTLEY MEPHISTOPHELES. "The Prince of

is it necessary for the performers to keep the words-and-music-books in their hands ? course, singers are required to hold their notes, but not in this way. Is their memory so very defective that, no matter how often they may have sung their parts, they cannot get on without these partitions? Is it a greater effort to remember a dramatic legend, or an Oratorio, than an Opera? Fancy on the operatic stage the Artists going through an Opera holding the score of each Act before their eyes, or Mr. Irving, Mr. Booth, and Miss Ellen Terry playing Othello with books of the play in their hands!

The book of a Dramatic Legend which is to be sung and not acted, should not be interspersed with Stage directions. For example:—Part I., Sc. 1—"They disappear in the air." They—Messers, Lioyd and Santley—don't do anything of the sort; they sit down quietly course, singers are required to hold their notes,

anything of the sort; they sit down quietly on each side of Mr. HALLE. Again—"They are borne through the air upon Faust's cloak." This applies to the same gentlemen, who simply resume their seats, and the only air they are taken through is the one conducted

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."—Lear, alone; and a most balmy air it was. The Hungarian March is effective; the "Gaudeamus igitur!" disappointing; and there is nothing to equal Gounon's Soldiers' Chorus.

Miss Mary Davis, charming as Marquérite, is the only one of the performers who appears in proper costume. If not quite the Marquérite dress, it was a sufficient indication of it, and the idea might be adopted by Mr. LLOYD and Mr. Santley, who, in future, could suggest a notion of the characters they are assuming by appearing in a portion of the appropriate costume. As Mephistopheles, Mr. Santley could be in evening dress as far as the waistband, and then he could be continued in tights à la Mefisto; and Mr. LLOYD as Faust might reverse the notion, and come out in dress trousers, with Faust might reverse the notion, and come out in dress trousers, with doublet, cloak, and collar. A propos of costume, in the present libretto Faust is evidently particular as to his dress, the Author having made him ask Mephistopheles,

"What boots to-morrow, Fiend?"

To which inquiry, however, his diabolical companion returns no answer, implying by his silence that the To-morrow will come—

The most stirring, most dramatic, and, we should say, the one



the platform, like Barnaby Rudge's raven, shrieking out at the top of his voice, "I'm a devil! I'm a devil!!" There of his voice, "I'm a devil! I'm a devil! I'm a devil!!" There was, indeed, a sort of satanic eagerness displayed by Mr. Santley



MADAME SCHUMANN AND HERR JOACHIM DOING A LITTLE "OP." TOGETHER.

being in a hurry to catch a last train, or to avoid the crush, suggested something terrible at the finish. Probably Mephistopheles caught him up at the door, and said, "I'm going your way; I'll

The last part is the best of all, barring the serenade above-mentioned. The wild weird ride is thrillingly exciting. Then comes the climax :-

Mephistopheles. His soul is mine for evermore!
Faust (naturally enough). Oh horror!
["They plunge into the abyss"—i.e., Messrs. Lloyd and Santley sit down comfortably, the former occupying his time agreeably enough in talking to Miss Davis.

The Dramatic Legend ends with an Epilogue and a chorus of Celes-Last Saturday Madame Schumann gave us "her last appearance (but six)"—to quote the advertisement, which reads like a sort of stage "aside." Were the line written dramatically it would be—

High Art-hur Chappell (aloud). Her last appearance !!!—(wink-ing aside)—but six. [Exit slily.

High Art-hur Chappell (aloud). Her last appearance !!!—(winking aside)—but six.

Her reception was enthusiastic, as usual. Certain shade of melancholy that must tinge the pleasure of any one who assists at a concert of celebrities, arising from the fact, not of it being their last appearance bar six (why not "bar six" when speaking of musicians, Mr. Chappell, or is it too sporting?)—but of being present for the sole purpose of witnessing their execution! Boldly, yet modestly, Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatri stepped on to the scaffold—we mean the platform—and their execution was as glorious a triumph as that of any Martyr of Penzance—no, Mr. Sullivan, we should have said Antioch.

The Martyrs of Penzance would be a Ritualistic Opera. The selection on Saturday deserved to be murdered rather than justly executed, it being about the dullest thing we've heard for some time. By way of relief, a pale young gentleman of feeble appearance, but with a fairly strong voice, sang Handel's light and arry trifle, "Revenge Timotheus cries," which had quite an enlivening effect. We recommend everyone to go to all 'the Last Appearances but Six"—(why stay away from the six, though? eh, Mr. Chappell?)—of the gifted pianiste, Madame Schumann.



The Voting Market.

St. James's Hallé conducting Methistopheles and Faust the cost of beef or labour. At Oldham a good substantial Liberal voter could be had for 10d., while a Tory cost 1s. 6d., and the same articles at Wolverhampton cost respectively 2s. 2d. and 16s. 1d. At Hackney Radicals were as low as 10½d., and Conservatives as high as 8s., and in nearly every borough the Tories were considerably higher in price than the Liberals. The nearest approach to an equality was at Manchester, where the Liberal fetched 4s. 2½d. and the Tory 4s. 11½d. These are the lowest ready-money prices for the political article, and no reduction is made on taking a quantity.



THE APPALLING DIFFUSION OF TASTE.

Much as he hates a joke, Sir Pompsy Bedell has a still greater loathing for Nature, Poetry and Art, which he chooses to identify with Postlethwaite, Maudle, & Co.; and Grigsby's lifelike imitations of those gentlemen—whom, by the byc, Sir Pompey has never seen—have so gratified him, that he honours our funny friend with a call,

Sir Pompey (aghast). "What, Mr. Grigsby, can this Room really be yours !- with A DADO!—AND ARTISTIC WALL-PAPER!!—AND A BRASS FENDER!!!—AND, GRACIOUS HEAVENS, A BUNCH OF LILIES IN A BLUE POT!!!!"

Grigsby. "They're not for Luncheon, Sir Pompey; they're only to smell, and TO LOOK AT, I ASSURE YOU! LET ME OFFER YOU ONE!

Sir Pompey. "Not for the world, Mr. Grigsby!"

Beats a solemn retreat.

ATHLETE AND ÆSTHETE.

Being brief excerpts from the Diaries of Jack Beamish and Tristram Moldwarp.

MONDAY (Jack). Awful prig that MOLDWARP! Languishes round LILY VAVASSEUR like a limp eel. Jolly nice girl, Lily. Saw my slog for six out of the ground, and asked MOLDWARP whether he wouldn't like to be a Hercules. Said he'd rather be Antinous. Could have kicked him.

Monday (Tristram). Quite too awfully utter Philistine that JACK BEAMISH! Spoons LILY VAVASSEUR like a mooncalf. Lily is Consummately Quite! There is one little curve directly under her left ear which is distinctly precious. Could gaze at it for hours, only she fidgets and asks if I see a smut or a spider.

Tuesday (Jack). Lilly asked me what I was going to be. Moldwarp said that "to Be and to Be Beautiful were, strictly speaking, identical; I asked him when he was going to Begin to Be. He twined his legs in another pattern, and replied that of course I could not understand him.

not understand him.

Tuesday (Tristram). With Lily and Beamish on the river. Beamish pulled. I arranged myself in stern in consummate attitude. Lily asked if I wasn't afraid of getting the cramp. Beamish laughed brutelly. I pointed to a tangle of woodbine, and asked if they supposed that got the cramp. Had the Philistine there!

Wednesday (Jack).—Lily slily asked me whether I ever got any time for reading in the intervals of athletics. Said that though I wasn't a "sap," I hoped to satisfy the Pater. "What! do you read Pater?" squeaked Moldwarp, emerging from a moon. "Not if I know it," said I. "Ah!!!" sighed he. His "Ah!" is like a small simoom, and

"And what suggests infinite impudence.

suggests minite impudence. "And what do you intend to do for a living?" I asked. "Live," said he, with an ecstatic wriggle. If enly he wouldn't squirm so! Wednesday (Tristram). Got Lux to myself for an hour to-day. Showed her design for a dado. Lilies—à propos. She thought it pretty, but just a bit lackadaisycal. Explained, that the Intense ever seemed morbid till the Soul was attuned to seemed morbid till the Soul was attuned to it. Just as she was beginning to under-stand, BEAMISH rushed in and challenged her to a game of Lawn Tennis. And she went!

went:

Thursday (Jack). Explaining "sprints"

to Lily. Moldwarp, lollopping on a bench
in a tangle, said, "All haste is undivine."

Asked him what was more exhilarating than
lively action. He said, "lovely emotion."

My emotion was not lovely—in fact, I felt
sick. Wonder what Lily felt.

Thursday (Tristram). Still and a souring

Thursday (Tristram). Still endeavouring to explain to Lilly the nature of the Intense. Fine passive susceptibility to subtlest muances of abnormal emotion. As illustration instanced rapt hungering rapture with which I found myself absorbed in contemplation of a minute mole on her neck. Lily gave a little quick shudder. Promising! How few understand the quite too quitely utter eestasy of a shudder!!!

Friday: (Jack). Lily going to-morrow!
I'm hard hit. Must tell her! Surely Lily can't like that squirming attitudinising helpless Nincompoop? And yet—

Friday (Tristram). We leave on Saturday. Glad to get Lily away from that blatant Philistine, Beamish. Upsets my plans of culture by laughing at Blue China, and Bowdewow's Ballades, And Lily only needs Æsthetic Culture to make her Consummate! nuances of abnormal emotion. As illus-

summate!

Saturday (Jack). Hooray!!! Lily loves me, and loathes the Wriggler! Told him the passion for Blue China was an effeminate craze, and that Bownewow's Ballades were weakly wicked! Straight tip, that! Lily left this afternoon. Must go and write to her!

Saturday (Tristram). Bah! LILY—loves—BEAMISH! Bathos! Pity, too! A possible Psyche condemned to Beeotia! Ah!—Psyche in Beeotia! Splendid motif for a sonnet. Go and write it at once!

ALDERMAN ROBIN HOOD, M.P.

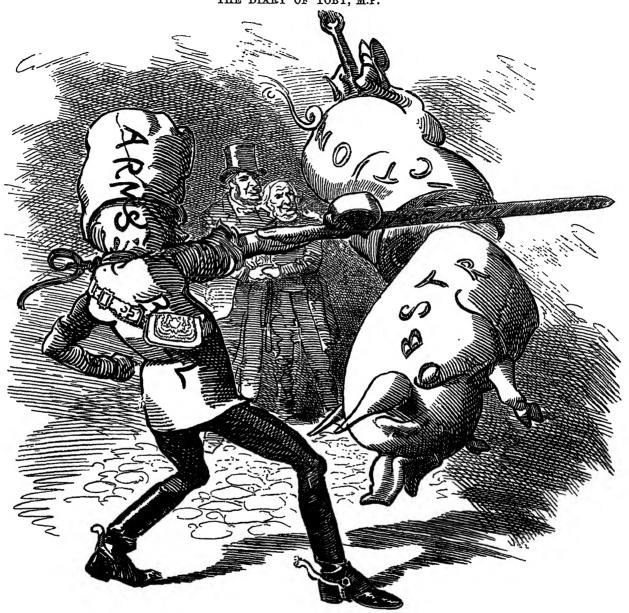
IF Robin Hood had been alive at the present day, he would have lived in Sherwood Forest, but instead of sallying out at intervals and robbing eastles, he would have acquired forest-land by various means, would have become an Alderman of his Corporation, and a Member of Parliament for his County and would have increased. for his County, and would have suggested and promoted railways through the forest to give a new value to his "eligible man-sions" and "semi-detached villas." Luckily we live in more honest times, and though we hear that the sanctity of Epping Forest is about to be invaded at the instigation of charitable brewing Baronets and the "City Conservators," we cannot believe them to be moved by the fact that they possess land, houses, and public-houses in the heart of the threatened district.

"Le Printemps."

It is evident, from the recent disastrous fire in Paris, that there is one thing they don't manage better in France, and that is their Fire Brigade. They want to come to

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



- SAMBOURNE. s lui DEL

Monday Night, March 7.—Sir William Harcourt in charge of the Arms Bill in Committee to-night. Had evidently made up his mind to falsify designing rumours current to the effect that he is of a rasping disposition. People say that he would sacrifice the Ministry for the success of a joke, and that if the passage of a Bill in which he was concerned depended upon his smothering a retort, he would let the Bill pariet.

which he was concerned depended upon his smothering a retort, he would let the Bill perish.

"It is my business as Home-Secretary," he is reported to have said, "to put down crime. Homicide, fratricide, matricide, and suicide, I punish; and shall I myself commit jokicide?"

This is an invention of some enemy. As to the character sketched above and assigned to HARCOURT all a mistake. He is the mildest mannered man that ever had charge of a Coercion Bill. Mr. FORSTER by comparison looms through the lurid light of Irish denunciation as a releast agent. Six WILLIAM brought down with him to night a relentless tyrant. Sir WILLIAM brought down with him to-night a delicate little cough which played a large part in the proceedings. When Mr. Healy accused him of having never been in Ireland, he gently coughed, as who should say, "How can you expect a man

with a delicate chest like this to cross the Irish Channel?" When he was not speaking, he sat with hands folded before him and head leaned backwards, so that he might, with sweet expression, regard the illuminated roof that reminded him of a home far away, where the meek and long-suffering shall find rich reward. If he had to refuse any of the many demands made, he did it with an expression of nein that showed how deeply it wounded him to hart an Irish of pain that showed how deeply it wounded him to hurt an Irish Member. If he gave, he gave with both hands, adding grace to bounty. Whether speaking or silent, standing up or sitting still with this far-away look in his eyes, he was a touching spectacle, a sight that softened even Mr. HEALY.

As for Mr. Biggar, he was simply spell-bound. Sat silent, staring at the Right Hon. Gentleman, and never so much as opening his mouth—in itself no small victory. Some talk of Irish Members signing a petition to the PREMIER, asking him to place Mr. FORSTER at the Home-Office, and give to them the gentle creature who now rules there.

Business done .- Arms Bill in Committee. First Clause agreed to.

Truesday Night.—Never saw such a row in my life. Yes, once before, when I paid an official visit to a hospital for dogs, and they howled, barked, and whined with envy to see me walking about without a chain or other bondage, and apparently in good health. Mr. Finigan began it. When he rose, for the two-hundred-and-oneth time, Members opposite gave vent to their feelings in a pro-



THE CROSS BENCHES.

longed sigh. Mr. Finican, highly sarcastic and effusively polite, welcomed this break in their silence, which he alliteratively and Dan-O'Connelly described as "beastly bellowing." Then up rose the Chairman, and his battle-cry "Arder! Arder!" rang through the House. Mr. Finican more polite than ever. If he could oblige the Chairman he would withdraw; but what?—any particular word the Chairman fancied? If so, here was Mr. Finican, with his head persuasively on one side, and his syllables longer and more sweetly drawn out, ready to withdraw.

Then up jumped Mr. Callan, as if shot out of a catapult. Came up with loss of breath and a little indistinct in speech. Up jumped Mr. O'Donnell, also Mr. Healy; whilst in the background Mr. Biegare observed, shouting at the top of his voice, and with outstretched hand attempting to still the tumult, so that Joseph Gills might come to judgment. Also the Chairman on his feet answering Mr. Biegare's signals with similar deprecatory waves of the hand, and lustily calling out "Arder! Arder!" as if it were an incantation. All through which the Home Secretary sat meditatively stroking his chin, and looking on reflectively. Members in Irish quarter constantly popping up and down. Presently all elected to stand, and shout together. Finally gave way whilst Mr. O'Donnell faced the Chair, unfinchingly receiving at short range the persistent cry of "Arder! Arder!"

In the end, or in the middle, or three-quarters along, or somewhere or other, no one could say exactly where, Mr. O'Donnell was "named," and the Home Secretary promptly moved the Resolution for his suspension. Then the fight began again. Irish Members, by way of change, remained seated, putting on their hats and shouting away in chorus at the Chairman, who, thanking Heaven for the length of the table between him and them, benevolently regarded them through his spectacles. Mr. Bregars, would be



LOSING HIS HEAD. A Portrait of Mr. Biggar in this tile.

his hat off, but that, it appears, would be an offence against the Constitution. Mr. BIGGAR did not care a hat for the But Constitution. his friends, careful for the possibility of his continued attendance on Parliamentary duties, insisted upon his having a hat. Then fresh difficulty arose. Nobody's hat would fit BIGGAR. All too small; pressed them down—wouldn't go;

A Portrait of Mr. Biggar in this side.

down—wouldn't go; stuck on one side—fell off. Where is Mr. Leahy? Great rush for Mr. Leahy. Captured his hat; stuck it on. Almost total disappearance of Mr. Biggar. From under the canopy, with the rim of Mr. Leahy's hat resting on his nose, Mr. Biggar heard shouting, "Mr. Playfair! Mr. Playfair!" Sir Charles Forster, wakened by the row, thought he had tumbled into the hat, and wanted Chairman of Company of the let your Army be licked into shape.

mittees to drag him out by the legs. Didn't offer to go to the rescue. At last O'Donnell comfortably suspended, Mr. Finigan renewed his remarks at the precise place where he left off when, as he says, "an un-tow-ard circumstance a-rose."

Business done.—Mr. O'Donnell suspended.

Thursday Night.—SPEAKER rather spoiled sport to-night with his objections and rulings-out. Thirty-three Amendments on the paper and promises of as many divisions. If they had all come off the Aquarium would have been nowhere. Unhappily less freedom here than over the way. No one interfered to rule particular glass balls out of order, and the shooting went on as per programme. Here the SPEAKEE ruled out more than half our amendments, and by consequence denrived us of as many divisions. But on the whole can't quence deprived us of as many divisions. But on the whole can't

See now whence word "legislation" derived. To-night our legislation began with legs and ended there. T. B. Potter fell out early. Says he is out of training, and, indeed, has never been the same man since he went to America and ate so many dinners in the interest of

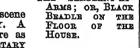
since he went to America and ate so many dinners in the interest of Free Trade. Briggs, on the contrary, in at the finish. Says he is half-a-stone lighter since Coercion Bill was brought in; calculates he will be quite thin before Third Reading of Land Bill.

Rather hot in the lobbies. Service of attendants with buckets of iced water and sponges with which they wiped our faces as we passed in the successive laps, very acceptable. Mr. Leahy says he has ordered tights for the Land Bill. Much cooler and better for walking in; only question as to whether Speaker will "take notice" of the costume in the House. Speaker so very particular. But I vish Members never at a loss for Amendments. Mr. Leahy will add to the original Resolution a long, loss cloak, in which he will envelope his graceful form on entering the House after a division. "Prevent him getting cold, too,"

he says.

GLADSTONE did not miss a lap, and never far out of the first flight. Cast off his black skullcap as he warmed to the work, and has not since put it on. On Tuesday he threw the Lord Advocate into a condition of speechless terror by suddenly appearing on the Treasury Bench without his cap and with streamers of sticking-plaster waving on his crown. Had run in hurriedly when the row commenced about O'Donnell, and forgot to put on his cap. To-night streamers have been decently nipped off, and the PREMIER locks so little like as if he had ever felt a wound, that we expect he savs. as if he had ever felt a wound, that we expect

every moment to hear him jest at scars.
All over by midnight. Then affecting scene between PARNELL and HOME SECRETARY. A sucking dove quite a ferocious creature as House. compared with Parnell. Home Secretary yisibly affected. Thinks of residing some part of every year in



THE SERGEANT-AT-

Ireland. Business done.—Arms Bill as amended reported to the House.

Friday Night.—Thought we were to go home as soon as the Coercion Bill was passed. We have been at it nine weeks now, and one gets to feel a little tired. But as soon as the figures in the final division are announced, and everyone wants the Protection of the Arms of Morpheus, here is Sir John Lubbock, rising with calm and murderous intent to discuss ancient monuments. My ideas a little mixed with hearing so many speeches, and my legs a little stiff with going through so many divisions. But gather, generally, that Sir John's back has been put up by remarks made about the Griffin. Wants to see it preserved, and hints that Chancellob of Excheques should day up for some extra policemen. Gladbrone says no objections. should pay up for some extra policemen. Gladstone says no objection to their preserving the Griffin, especially if they will put it in a jar and hide it away on a shelf. At present it jams the traffic in the highway. Mr. Stanhope fiercely attacks Mr. Gladstone. Peter highway. Mr. Stanhoff hercely attacks Mr. Gladstone. Letter appears as mediator. Mr. Sergeant Simon lets out that he thinks the Giants' Causeway is an ancient monument, and eloquently pleads against its disturbance by a railway being driven across it. House crumbles away like one of the most ancient of monuments, and when the division is taken, it is found the majority is against the PREMIER.

Wild cheering from the Opposition. Sir Stafford Northcote with great difficulty prevented from immediately taking his seat on the Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Arms Bill read a Third Time, Ancient Monuments supported by 79 against 56.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



Whenever I sees a poor Chairman, as I sometimes do, a strug-gling in vane to get out a few simple sentences, and looking so hot and nervous that all we Waiters quite pities him, it reminds me of my own feelings when I once attempted the post of Toast Master. It of Toast master. It happened this ways. Arker was took ill, and sent word at the last moment that he couldn't moment that he couldn't come, so I kindly wolunteered, and pretty nervous I was, to be sure. My first slip was in giving out Grace, which I did by saying, "Crave silence for John Jobis!" Oh, didn't they laugh. However that was a slip. However that was a slip any waiter might make, for we're not supposed to know French. But, as ill luck would have it,

when I had to call for silence for the Chairman, I had rolled up the when I had to call for silence for the Chairman, I had rolled up the long list of toasts and was flourishing it about, as I had seen ARKER do, when just as I said, "Crave silence for the Chair," I brought my roll down with a bang, right upon the Chairman's shining bald head, so smartly too that it made quite a report! I was soon bundled out, and didn't show myself there again for many a long day.

It wasn't of much consequence in a purfessional pint of view for it was only the Butchers' Gill, and the Butchers isn't quite A I.

They acshally sumtimes asks their friends to dinner and gives 'em nothing but heef stakes was heef stakes cooked in every possible

They acsually sumtimes asks their friends to dinner and gives 'em nothink but beef stakes, yes, beef stakes, cooked in every possible way, and in almost every impossible way, and some on 'em has the face to say they really likes it.

It's astonishing what things people will say at the dinner-table. Even the most particular of men seems to allow theirselves a large amount of sauce peckont on these occasions, espeshally over very old

I think Port's a much wickeder wine than Claret.

ROBERT.

WHO WILL HAVE IT?

"A VACANCY in the Office of Black Rod is expected before long," says Truth, and as the post is one of the few "good things" left, there will probably be an ugly rush for it. The place, however, is by no means a sinecure. In addition to the necessity he is under of wearing black silk stockings in winter, cleaning the brasswork of wearing black silk stockings in winter, cleaning the brasswork of the Throne on Saturdays, teaching deportment to Peers under sixty, and sharing any perquisites he may pick up in the Strangers' Gallery with the policeman on duty and the Sergeant-at-Arms, Black Rod is expected to know the cab-fares from the House to every part of the Metropolis, the latest odds for the Derby, and, when they are in season, the price of cysters. Add to this, that he is not allowed to drink beer in the lobby, and that when the Lord Chancellor dies on the Woolsack, he is called upon to pay the whole of the funeral expenses, and provide suitable mourning for the Junior Bar, it will expenses, and provide suitable mourning for the Junior Bar, it will be seen that £7000 a year, if an adequate, is not an out-of-the-way figure for the duties of the office. Anyhow, whoever gets the post, Sir William Knollys "being well over eighty, and very feeble," his retirement at least seems judicious.

Parliamentary Politeness.

It is doubtful whether any Government can be successfully carried on in a tone of pompous sarcasm, and certainly the Seldom-at-Home Secretary would do well to use the word "Convict" a little less frequently. No one knows better than he does that it is not a term to apply to political prisoners. There are many people who might call CHARLES THE FIRST a gaol-bird, but then they speak with no weight of official authority.

"Rugged Independence."—(A definition suggested by some recent "Reminiscences.")—The habit of mind induced by the failure to secure a genteel independence.

OUR LITTLE GAMES.





Loo (CLUB-LAW).

PYRAMIDS.





CHESS (CHECKMATE).

TRAP AND BAWL.

EVELYN'S DIARY.

(Advance Sheet.)

March 10.—Reinforcements on their way! Started! Hooray! Celebrate the news by a breakdown by myself behind a donga. Caught by my Aide-de-Camp. Never mind. Feel I shall have my chance at last. Must look up details. Meantime, Mem.—to learn a few phrases which I can air at champagne lunch with the Dutchmen to-morrow. Hope they understand meaning of "Armistice." Wonder what it is in Dutch? How about stoppenshoots?

March 15.—All details out! A pretty go this! No chance for me, after all. Roberts coming. Well, anyhow that's a nasty one for Sir Garner. But they might have kept Newdigate out of it. What's the good of being a local Major-General? However, everybody very kind, specially the Dutchmen. Asked'em a riddle about it at lunch. Q. What's the emptiest handed thing in the Service?

A. A full Colonel. Explained this to a friendly Kaffir later. He roared. Still, haven't yet got over the details. To sleep, hammering out verses of a new Comic of my own,—title, "The Horse Guards' Job."

March 16.—Wake up singing chorus—

March 16.—Wake up singing chorus—

For the Duke does La-di-da And sends out fighting Ros; So you don't know where you are With your Horse Guards' job!

Translated this after breakfast to friendly Kaffir. Roared. Suppose Translated this after breakfast to friendly Kaahr. Koared. Suppose it is good. Shall try it on Boer Commissioners to morrow. Strange reports, by home mail, about possible "pacific attitude." Don't like this. Where will be my chance, I should like to know, if we have to knock under. Newdieare was bad. This is worse.

April 1.—Hooray! Roberts at last! Splendid sight, the advance. But what have they done with their bayonets? Olive branch in the muzzle of every rifle! Look like the fellows who came after Macket! Explained this to friendly Kaffir Rosered. Ask Roberts.

Macbeth! Explained this to friendly Kaffir. Roared. :Ask ROBERTS what it means. Only winks. But there,—they can't have sent out 15,000 men for nothing. At least, I hope not. Is it W. E. G.'s joke for the First of April? Ask ROBERTS. Still winks and won't say. Friendly Kaffir in fits. Evidently, shan't have my chance!

THE MODERN "SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT."-Mr. PLAYFAIR.



LADY GATHEREMALL AT HOME.

(Informal Introductions are best-especially when formal ones are not forthcoming.)

Ponsonby de Tomkyns (to Mrs. P. de T., who is artfully protruding a tiny foot). "What's the good? His All Serenity's as blind as a Bat. He'll only tread on it!" Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "I mean him to!" Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "What for?" Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "Why, HE'LL HAVE TO APOLOGISE, YOU GOOSE, AND THEN--BUT THERE, LEAVE IT ALL TO ME, THERE'S A DARLING!" [The august foreigner falls into the pretty little trap, and success crowns Mrs. P. de T.'s endeavours.

ARMY ESTIMATES.

General Foozle. What, do away with our Colonelcies? May I never go to sleep again after my dinner at the Senior in an armchair, if the Service is not going to the dogs!—going to the dogs, Sir! Colonel Snooks (Shoreditch Highlanders). Quite right to give us the kit! Hope they will quarter our men in Scotland some day.

the Rit! Hope they will quarter our men in Scotland some day. Should like to see our native country for once in our lives!

Major Muddle. What, make me resign because I am a Militia Major of seventy! Too bad! And when I expected to be a Colonel by 1890! Well everybody will go if this is passed! How can the Service get on without us?

Captain Greyhair. Good! I'm to get my promotion at last! I see—six Field Officers instead of three! I suppose they will tell me

see—six Field Officers instead or three! I suppose they will tell me off—to command the Band!

Lieutenant Curleyvig. Very proper. Quite so. Turn the Militia into Reserve Battalions. Gold lace instead of silver! Yes! Much prettier at a fancy ball! Fine force! Glad I belong to it!

Sergeant-Major Fortyyears. Increased pay—increased position!

No need to take a commission. Far sooner belong to my own mess!

Sergeant Boneandsinews. Pension insured! Civil employment to follow! Shan't give up the Service for the present! The Army is looking up! looking up!

Corporal Tenterfour. Going to make a couple of dozen of us K.C.B.'s! And why not? See what crack-shots have done in South Africa! The Army is essentially a force of Volunteers!

Private Thomas Atkins. Corporal punishment abolished! Well, I never cared to get his stripes! Hang it if I desert until I have had another try! Maybe they will abolish the Defaulter's Book next! Well done our side!

FOR SALE.—Second-Hand Gloves: only the Lefts can be guaranteed. An instance of what SHAKSPEARE calls "Maimed Rites."

BEWARE OF THE WEED!

"Collidine, the new alkaloid existing in tobacco, is a liquid as poisonous as nicotine, the twentieth part of one drop sufficing to paralyse and kill a frog." -The Times.

> THE Chemists are at it again! Though the weed may be sweeter than manna, There still may be seen what they call nicotine In cigars that are made in Havannah.

And now here 's a new alkaloid, Collidine is the name,—it's surprising;
'Twill finish a dog, and, when ta'en by a frog,
It will kill, after first paralysing.

Away with the fearsome cigar!
And yet, stop! Collidine has been in it
For years, if you please, so I'll smoke at my ease;— Give me back that havannah this minute!

An Astrological Hit.

Some people continue to entertain doubts of Astrology. should read ZADKIEL's prophecy for the conclusion of last month :-

"Parliament meets under favourable auspices, and farmers will benefit by measures of reform."

Compared to the foregoing, perhaps, even among ZADKIEL'S "fulfilled predictions" there never was one which, in point of fulfilment proved so thoroughly out-and-out.

M. GAMBETTA is a lover of harmony. It is rumoured that he intends producing an important musical work on pianoforte studies, to be entitled, Le Scrutin de Liszt.



A DIFFICULT PART.

W. E. G. (as Hamlet). "THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT;—O CURSED SPITE,
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT!"—Act I., Sc. 5.



Messrs. Crawl and Funker. "WHERE'S THERE A BRIDGE?" Second Whip (rather in a hurry). "HAIN'T NIVER A ONE FOR MILES /--COOM UP, 'OSS !"

NO THOROUGHFARE.

The complaints about the filthy City ditch called Lowest Thames Street have been uttered for twenty years without avail, and now the Corporation have invented a new line of defence. They refuse to remove or abate the nuisance, and seem to claim the power of removing the public. They contend that Lowest Thames Street is a market, and not a thoroughfare, and that Billingsgate must endure for ever, according to the sacred law of Vested Interests. This is a brilliant idea for the Duke of Mudford to copy. If the public complain—as they do complain—of Mud-Salad Market and its obstructions, the answer is, find other thoroughfares, as these are private property. When the reputed owners of markets have closed half the streets with muck, and the Black Sabbatarians have closed all the taverns, and when the Metropolitan Board of Works has ruined all the ratepayers in constructing fancy thoroughfares, the greatest city in the world will be a charming place to live in? THE complaints about the filthy City ditch called Lowest Thames

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

THE Supplementary Estimates are out, and comprise some odd mounts. Why has the F. O. overshot its figure for telegrams by 13,400? That is a stiff sum, and means a good deal of talk. Is £13,400? That is a stiff sum, and means a good deal of talk. Is it possible that some friendly person at home has been preparing the SULTAN'S replies? Lord DUFFERIN, too, seems to have been quite out in his "furnishing" estimates. He goes beyond his mark by £1,800. His Lordship should evidently have fallen back on the "hire system." But the most mysterious item is Lord Cowper's "Equipage Money," amounting to £2,770. This looks like the capital of a Circus company, and a question on the subject might well be asked in the House. Indeed, all the items are curious. It is nevertheless satisfactory to find that with much judgment, no charge has yet been made for the feather-beds and fresh strawberries supplied to imprisoned Land-Leaguers, and that neither Sir William Harcourer's Post-Office kettle nor Captain Gosser's steel under-shirt figure in the list. under-shirt figure in the list.

The Fall of Wolseley.

[Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is to be banished to the House of Lords for the remainder of his natural life. Vide Public Press.]

"IF I had served my country with half the zeal that I have served my Chief, he would not have peeraged me in middle-age."

A PROSPECTUS.

The utter want of a solely asthetic paper having long been felt, it hath seemed good to certain Anti-Philistines to conceive a journal that shall fill the gap so long empty. Its name shall be The Lily.

The proprietors will exclude from the columns of the Lily all that is known as "News;" also law and police-reports. The dreary verbiage called "The Debates," will be rigorously suppressed. Should, however, an appreciative rural nook choose to send one of the proprietors of the Lily to Parliament as its representative, that proprietor will be entitled to report his own speeches, at whatever length he likes, according to the tariff of the Lily's advertisement columns. Each proprietor will be at liberty to contribute drawings, articles, and poetry to the Lily, and will reserve the right of criticising the same himself. of criticising the same himself.

The Lily, though meek and drooping, will wage a war of extermination against the scoffing, scurrilous journal known as Punch.

It is finally resolved that the Lily shall be the only paper allowed to lie on the tables of the Oxford Union.

"De Mortuis," &c.

THOMAS CARLYLE is dead and buried. Dean STANLEY called him a prophet, when he might have called him an inspired Jingo; and CARLYLE is said to have called Dean STANLEY an old body-snatcher. CARLYLE used the English language with a force and eccentricity that was happily peculiar to himself, but it is more than doubtful if he said half the things which were attributed to him in his lifetime. If he did say them, it would certainly be better now to let them be forgotten. He had a very poor opinion of GEORGE ELIOT'S powers. CARLYLE was something more than a rude old gentleman, with a powerful tongue, who passed half his time in making people uncomfortable. uncomfortable.

HIGH ART BELOW-STAIRS.

THE modern JEAMES of Bukley Square is going in for Æstheticism and Cultchaw. In his pantry he sits gazing on a lily in an old cracked blacking-bottle. He calls it the "Lily of the Valet."

"NOT IN IT."-Mr. BRADLAUGH, M.P. for Nothingham



AMANTIUM IRÆ.

Angry Wife of his Bosom. "I WISH I WAS DEAD AND CREMATED, AND MY ASHES PUT IN AN UEN ON YOUR DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THEN PERHAPS YOU'D BE S-S-SORRY!

Facetious Monster (a member, we regret to say, of the Slock Exchange). "My dear, that wouldn't end the Family Jars—it would only begin them!"

LONDON PAVED WITH GOLD.

EVERY Londoner is familiar with the works of the Artist-inchalk on the pavement. They are generally a mackerel in brilliant colours, a remark-able sea-piece, a horse and his rider, and a landscape of the now defunct tea-board style of Art. It is generally sup-posed that the



shabby but not altogether disrespectable person who sits by them is not the designer himself, but the guardian in charge of these Art-treasures, or a speculator who, having paid the Artist-in-chalk so much, takes his chance of the results.

of the results.

The individuality of the gifted pavement-deforator has hitherto been shrouded in obscurity; but since the exhibition of the Whistler Pastels in New Bond Street, and of Mr. Burne-Jones's Sea Nymph at the Grosvenor, the original genius that has so long adorned our flagstones cannot henceforth remain a mystery. The hands of the masters are evident; the labour is divided. Mr. Whistler, the Pastelthwaite of Bond Street, sketches the subjects, which are first suggested and then touched up by the inimitable Burne-Jones. We do not ourselves wish to trade on this discovery, though we are aware there are "millions in it." We wish to do Messrs. W. and B.-J. a good turn with High-Art speculators who will now make a rush to bid for these creations of genius, and, during the Season, will sit on the Park side of Piccadilly with a portable railing in front of them to keep off the crowd, and a money-box for the sovereigns which will be chucked in all day long. An occasional douceur to the police ("C" Division most likely) will prevent any unæsthetic minion of the law from bidding them "Move on!" or "Walk their Chalks!" WHISTLER, the PASTELTHWAITE of Bond Street, sketches

THE MARYLEBONE MYSTERY. — "Kidnapping" will henceforth be known as "Maryleboning a child."

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF THE POLYTECHNIC.

'Ir is rumoured that the Polytechnic is about to pass into new hands, when the present entertainments will be discontinued. Under these circumstances, it is not improbable that the following "Catalogue of the Sale" will be issued:—

The "Ghost Secret," including working Comic Skeleton and Spectre to illustrate a reading of Hamlet.

Dissolving Views of "Taking of Seringapatam," capitally adapted for Lectures on the Zulu, Ashantee, or Abyssinian Campaigns.

Job lot of Chemicals for producing "Brilliant Experiments," with

their accompanying Perfumes.

Gigantic Electrical Machine, capable of killing an elephant.

Useful lot for an old gentleman ordered a "mild galvanic treatment."

ment."

Illuminated Desk, with guard to ward off buns, peas from peashooters, and nuts on an Easter Monday. Capital rostrum for an unpopular Candidate at a contested Election.

Relics of the Royal George, experimentally blown up several thousand times by the Diver.

The Diver's Helmet, curiously indented by rapping pennies on the top. Useful for Antiquarians.

The Diving-Bell, licensed to hold six comfortably, might be converted into a lift, a summer-house, or, with machinery, crane, sir-pump, &c., would form an endless source of instructive entertainment for any gentleman with a fish-pond in his grounds.

Several working Models of Inventions which, owing to some

Several working Models of Inventions which, owing to some strange lack of intelligence in official quarters, have never been brought out and patented. N.B.—A little fortune in everyone of them for anybody of a mechanical turn and with time to attend

MS. of the lecture delivered by the Glassblower between the pauses of the entertainments, with list of prices introduced.

Drop of Thames Water extracted from the River twenty years ago, and microscopically exhibited on the large screen morning and evening ever since. Very curious specimen of "what we drink."

Portraits of Sir Joseph Paxton, Kossuph, Blondin, Lord Raglan, the Duke of Edinburgh as a Naval Cadet, Stonewall Jackson, the Shah, &c., &c., used in various à propos entertainments during half a century. Useful for importation to the Colonies or Central Australia. Central Australia.

Two hundred and ninety-seven lectures sent in by voluntary contributions, which (as no stamped envelopes were enclosed) were not "returned with thanks."

Farewell by Pepper's Ghost (which will still haunt the establishment)-

Our lectures now are ended. Our Directors, our lectures now are ended. Our Directors, As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air; And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The Diver, Diving-bell, ingenious modellings, Dissolving Views, and the Great Disc itself, Yea, all which it exhibits, shall discolve: And like this insubstantial "Poly" faded, Leave not a rack behind.

Ghost vanishes.

Carried!

THE Daily Telegraph informed us last week that:—

"The Home-Rule party intend, it is said, to send a deputation to Coventry to oppose the Liberal candidate."

Why a deputation? Let the entire Obstructionist Party be sent to Coventry-and stay there.

THE MILLAIS-NIUM IN NEW BOND STREET.

THE MILLAIS Collection is to be seen in the room adjoining the one where our friend, PASTELTHWAITE, exhibits his blotting-paper studies; and he has taken a leaf out of Punch's book to add to his

one where our friend, Pastelthwalte, exhibits his blotting-paper studies; and he has taken a leaf out of Punch's book to add to his own laurel crown, by framing our illustrated review of his artistic eccentricities.

Triumphe! On this same page occurred a poem entitled 'Io and Mr. Whistler has pasted a sheet of tinted letter paper over the poem, but left the 'Io Triumphe!' as a note of juting the poem, but left the 'Io Triumphe!' as bilation. He might now change it from 'Io into 'I pay triumphe!' as the sale of the effects—we mean the Pastels—has been marvellously remunerative; so that, on the whole, as compared with ourselves and the purchasers, he certainly has the best of the joke,—the best "by chalks." But let us pass from the 'Iim' to the 'Iem' Collection, i.e. that of J. E. Millais' pictures. It is a perfect history of his art, from Strawberries in March, 1851, to Ripe Cherries in December, 1880. A converted Pre-Raphaelite makes the best artist. Ask for a glass—there is no refreshment-room, but should Mr. J. Jopling be present, he will courteously provide you with the glass required, a very powerful one, a glass which clears but does not inebriate, and by its aid you can examine the marvels of the pre-Raphaelite painting as shown in Mr. Millais' early works, when he used his brush on each particular hair of the human head with such care and attention as only a Trueffir or a Douglas—who when he used his brush on each particular hair of the human head with such care and attention as only a TRUEFIT or a DOUGLAS—who beards you in his own den in Bond Street—could show, and gave the texture of cloth or tweed so faithfully that an experienced tailor could have priced the stuff for trousers at a glance.

No. 5.—Here he took a sacred subject, a touching tradition well known to the earliest Christian artists, and, preserving just so much of the old familiar symbolism as would appeal to poetic sentiment, he have been appeared to prove the manual level.

brushed away halos like cobwebs, and gave us the muscular Christian's view, in A.D. 1849, of a beautiful legendary episode of A.D. 10.

No. 6.—Mr. Millais made his Strawberry-mark in 1851, with "The Woodman's Daughter;" then, in a Pre-Raphaelite frenzy,





No. 6.—Very Early Prize Straw-Berry, Exhibited by Mr. Work of a Rife Artist, Exhi-Millais, 1851.

No. 15.—Cherry Bounce, the work of a Rife Artist, Exhi-Bited by Mr. Millais, R.A.,

exhibited his "Autumn Leaves," 1856; and, as a pre-Raphaelite convalescent, his "Vale of Rest," 1859, which we may take as typical of the burial of that style of art as far as concerns Mr. MILLAIS, who left it to the present resurrectionist school of BURNE-JONES & Co., with its caravan mermaids, angels with artichoke wings, forlorn diaphanous maidens, and its unwholesome paganism. No. 15, "Cherry Ripe," is the popular picture, of course. Here we see how, in the Graphic Christmas Number, the poor young lady was cut off in her prime. The Graphic proprietors might have



No. 15 .- "IN To-To."

The Graphic proprietors might have written under their print, "to be continued in our next," and given her legs in their Christmas Number for this year. If Mr. MILLAIS adopted Mr. WHISTLER'S plan, he would exhibit our contrast of would exhibit our contrast of "Cherry Unripe" just under-neath. Poor thing! How different heath. Foor thing! How different her expression would be if any of those twin cherries on one stalk— "Arcades ambo," i.e., blackhearts both—should not be quite as ripe as they look. Like the soldiers at Sir John Moorr's funeral, she would "bitterly think of the morrow"

Continued from the "Graphie" "bitterly think of the morrow."

Christmas Number. No. 17.—Our old friend, "The Yeoman of the Guard," whose motto, to adapt a quotation from Professor Percival Leich's immortal Comic Latin Grammar, ought to be—

"Beefeater unus erat qui scarlet coatum habebat."

even the greatest living artist a wrinkle now and then. Was it Time who took Mr. WHISTLER by the forelock and left his mark there?

left his mark there?

At And here, Number Nothing in the catalogue, but Number At 1 in fact, is the portrait of the Great Artist by himself—as it should be. What would it have been had he painted himself in his pre-Raphaelite days! Every hair would have been—ahem!—well, at that time perhaps he was necessarily rather a master in Macassar oil, and the treatment would not only have been very different but would have occupied a considerable time; while



WHAT YOU WERE THEN. The Artist as he would have represented himself in 1856.



WHAT YOU WEAR NOW. The Artist as he is in 1881. The rare "J.E.M." of the Collection.

now, with a clearer head and a freer use of the brush, he can dash his own or anybody else's wig off in a week, and we get a manly, sturdy, life-like portrait of a true artist, who learnt much as an "entered apprentice," then Past Master of the Pre-Raphaelite Fraternity, and who is now rather Athletic than either Æsthetic or Ascetic, and in fact just what his portrait represents him—himself all by

A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

(A Peck-sniff from our Private Snuff-Box.)



THOSE who have seen Tom Pinch at the Vaudeville will readily understand why, as a rule, the late CHARLES DICK-ENS SO STRONGLY objected to the dramatisation of his novels. The his novels. The piece now play-ing under this title might just as well have been called Tom Anybody - say Tom All - alone. The Stage is said to hold up the mirror

to Nature—in this case the glass used has been of rather inferior to Nature—in this case the glass used has been of rather inferior quality. The result is a somewhat distorted reflection of an episode in Martin Chuzzlevit. Mr. Tom Thorne appears in the bills as Mr. Tom Pinch, but, in spite of a wig of very peculiar construction, his identity is not altogether lost in his new character—which is not at all the real article, but Pinch-beck. The Pecksniff of Mr. WILLIAM FARREN is sketchily suggestive of Sir Peter Teazle in modern costume; and the representatives of Merry and Cherry conscientiously preserve that reputation for burlesque which the Vaudeville enjoyed in the early days of its management.

rously preserve that reputation for buriesque which the valuevine enjoyed in the early days of its management.

From a snuff-box point of view, this single Pinch is nearly equal to a full mull; but in *Divorce*, Miss Lydia Cowell's performance of the flower-girl's "Bunch" is not to be sneezed at.

QUITE natural that Dr. CROKE (ominous name!) should champion That wonderful artist, Old Father Time, has vastly improved even the three L's—Ladies' Land League—as he is Archbishop of Cashel this magnificent work of art. Time's touches—ah well, they give and Emly. How pleased little Em'ly must be with her Archbishop!



A DOUBLE EXPERIENCE.

"SHALL I READ YOU A PRETTY STORY, EFFIE?"

"HAS IT GOT A MORAL TO IT ?" "YES, DARLING."

"Then, Mumsey, I'd rather not. A Story with a Moral is like Jam with a POWDER IN IT!

HIGH ART BELOW-STAIRS.

JOHN SMAULKER JUNIOR ON ÆSTHETICS.

MY DEAR MARY

You, at Gath Lodge, among the Philistians from morn till dooy eve—pore dear sole!—can ardly emagine the innard appiness that ave bin my lot sinst settlink down ere at Peacocke Pleasaunce—the sweetly sinnificant name give by Sir Obray Lowder to is new Igh Art Willa. Sir Obray and is family are Hutter, o boo days hongles, as we say in Frentsh, and Beauty is made at ome in the basement as much as in the boodwor or the bedchamber.

"Without black velvet britches wot is man?" sez some poick or other. He weren't up to much evidenshally, but then he lived in the dark days afore daydoes. Black velvet, like orimsing plush—wh-r-r-r! ow the thought hof the latter hojusly wulgar faybrick do make me squirm!—is now honly fit for the Sunday weskits of retired Bungs and hid genius oh my knee! Without easthetik livry wot is suvvice? I should rayther arsk. And ekker answers "a oller woid."

"a oller woid."

I wish you could only see my livry. It were designed for Marster by Mr. Moldwarp, the hemminent ammytoor dekkerative artist. It is not too much to say that it is konsummit. Konsummit, my dear Mary, ecspresses the Hight of Quiteness. I menshun this becos the word, though "fermiliar to our mouths as All the Year Round," is at presink "kavvyairey to the Colonel," and a ostler to whom I appened to use it the other day seemed to ave a hidea that I wos swearin at im, and showed fight in consekens. But my livry! It is tight and twirly in fit, and demitinty, of course, in colour. A corse Philistian footman of my akwaintance said as it looked like sea-sickness turned up with yeller jarndice. But he were a beast. Our air is worn long and frizzled like a porter's knot in wool, and we ain't none of us allowed no carves! Carves ave ad their day, and, like biceps, buzzums, plump cheeks, and other human nubblynesses, are woted wulgarian.

cheeks, and other human nubblynesses, are woted wulgarian.

Peacock Pleasaunce is a Ome of Igh Art from attic to airey. O Mary, the Kult—that's washup, dear—of the Konsummit lifts us all to the same level. You should ha seen me the other day, standing on a stone globe in the garding, on one leg, hugging a lily branch, while

Miss Horianner—that's our heldest—sketched me as a hallegory. The attitood were trying, after a hour of it, but the effeck were soopreem. Miss Horianner is tremenjus at hallegories, makes em up like posy plasteeks, out hof ennythink. Wy, she painted Melinder Jane, the hupper ousemaid, in twisted grey towelling, flopping limply down through a lot of astonished stars, which Mr. Moldwarp said was the most office hold. Melinder Jane as saucer eyes, and any amount of chin, so she comes in andy for hallegories. The young ladies go in for chin kultchaw, sittin for ours with their elenched fistes under their jors like contemplettive arpies; but Miss Horianner - that's our heldesttheir jors like contemplettive arpies; but chins unless took early aint easy to dewelop, and Melinder Jane's ready made six inches beats theirs oller.

Ow I should now live in a huneasthetick ow I should now live in a huneasthetick family I carnt emagine. You tell me there aint sech a thing as a daydo in the ole of Gath Lodge. My dear gurl, its eksorewshiating. I send you, per sarmple post, a lovely peacock's feather. Put it over your looking-glass in your privit chamber, and it is a confirmation of the same of the s should tell you that me and a few more Konsummit Souls—in liv'ry—are thinking of forming a Association, to be called the of forming a Association, to be called the Twirl Society—for bringing Beauty ome to the Pantry. Why not? Surely she'd be as much at ome there as in the Ovel. More so, hindeed, for the soul of wot ribbled Scribes call a flunkey, is naturally more responsive to the thrills of igh class emoshun responsive to the thrills of igh class emoshun than the corse clay of a coster. Emagine a "bricky" in long frizzled air and twirly sage-green togs—like me! But the pantry and the Suvvinks' hall refleck instant and spontanyeous the finer himplushes of the droring room and the boodwor. So you may depend upon it the Twirl Society will be a depend upon it the IWH Society will be a sooksay pirrimiddle, and I ope yet to see you one of its "hutterest hornymenks." Owsomever, I shall be able to tell you more about it in my nex. Meanwhile, I remane Your dewoted

JOHN SMAULKER JEWNIOR.

RITES AND WRONGS.

THE new Turkish Financial Year was opened last week with religious ceremonies; prayers were offered, and sheep were sacrificed. The latter rite is symbolical, of course, as they are first well fleeced. It is course, as they are first well fleeced. It is just as well to keep up good old customs—specially on imports; but some malicious persons will be reminded of the story of the pious grocer who said to his assistant, "Have you brick-dusted the cayenne?" "Yes, Sir." "Have you birch-broom'd the tea?" "Yes, Sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, Sir." "Then—come to prayers." come to prayers."

Note by the Chairman. Vide Another " Evelyn(Ashley)'s Diary."

"ENGLISH Agriculture," says the Daily News, "is in a state of transition." The object of the Commission now sitting is to make the transition (per rail) as cheap and as rapid as possible.

WIRING IN.

WILL the Telegraph Clerks and employés be compelled to strike? They have addressed themselves to the Postmaster-General and said "Don't Force it!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Staff. Northcote (Betting Man). "BEATEN ON URGENCY, WILLIAM? WHY OF COURSE YOU EXPECTED IT. DIDN'T YOU GIVE ME THE STRAIGHT TIP ABOUT THE ODDS YOURSELF!"

Monday Night, March 14.—Remarkable thing how rugged simplicity yields to temptation in politics. Impossible to imagine any more guileless man than Mr. DILWYN. Rather goes against him that he should be a Railway Director. But his position at the Board is quite unique. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, who is also, I hear, a Railway Director, tells me very curious thing about Mr. DILWYN. He says, if it ever happens that the shareholders turn rusty and want to know, you know, the Chairman, instead of making a long statement in explanation, brings up Mr. DILWYN, and places him on a chair in front of the platform. All he has to do is to sit quiet; shareholders look at him and know that all must be square.

Sir EDWARD adds, "The people look at DILWYN and feel relieved." Very curious circumstance this. Man of wide information Sir EDWARD; has travelled a good deal in America, and seen many Royal Princes off at Charing Cross.

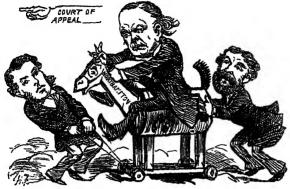
Anyone looking at Mr. DILWYN as he sits in the corner seat below

Monday Night, March 14.—Remarkable thing how rugged simplicity yields to temptation in politics. Impossible to imagine any more guileless man than Mr. Dilwin. Rather goes against him that he should be a Railway Director. But his position at the Board is quite unique. Sir Edward Watkin, who is also, I hear, a Railway Director, tells me very curious thing about Mr. Dilwin, He says, if it ever happens that the shareholders turn rusty and want to know, you know, the Chairman, instead of making a long statement in explanation, brings up Mr. Dilwin, and places him on a chair in front of the platform. All he has to do is to sit quiet; shareholders look at him and know that all must be square.

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Anyone looking at Mr. Dilwin as he sits in the corner seat below the gangway, can understand the impression he would make on an

balance Sir Stafford Northcote's Manifesto issued this morning, and are designed with intent to give the Premier an opportunity of answering it. Quite a stroke of genius to get Mr. Dilwyn to take a leading part in the farce. It has the touch of humour of inducing the Archbishop of Canterbury to say a bad word, or his Grace of York



AN UNCERTAIN SEAT.

to look in at a bal masqué. The House saw the joke, and roared at Rugged Honesty. But R. H. pretended not to hear the shouts, and went on to the end even to "fifthly," with a beautiful appearance of belief that he was tackling the Government.

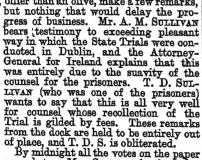
Business done. — Urgency refused. Unprecedented progress in

Committee of Supply

Tuesday Night.—Millennium suddenly turned on, and before quite knew where we were, found ourselves with arms round each other's necks. The lion is lying down with the lamb, that is to say, the HOME SECRETARY is sitting on the front Opposition Bench, cheerily chatting with Sir RICHARD CROSS. If any of us could not a cockatilly of any of the product of the could not be a support our hands on it.

enaturing with Sir RICHARD CROSS. It any of us could find a cockatrice's den we should certainly go and put our hands on it.

In this happy condition of affairs we are voting the public money in a manner excessively pleasing. No one would be so far at variance with the prevailing mood as to ask inconvenient whys or untimely wherefores. Peter, who used to look after the national pence, sits pensive in his corner seat. Mr. Monor has retreated within his cell. Mr. Director is recording with a contract the second secon within his cell. Mr. Dilwyn is regarding with astonishment the figure he cut yesterday. Once Sir Andrew Lusk rose, and putting his head on one side, after the manner of an interrogatory parrot, "wanted to know." But his voice sounded so hollow that he scarcely recognised it, and sat down marvelling. Mr. Callan, ruddier than a cherry, and Mr. Parnell, oilier than an olive, make a few remarks,



agreed to. Mr. Gorst, who has just arrived after spending a pleasant even-ing elsewhere, astonished and disgusted. Why should the House finish its work so early? the gay and festive Member for Chatham inquires. Committee had been at work for seven hours it is true; but Mr. Gorst has not. Insists upon an

answer to his question. Hints at some deep design on the part of the PREMIER in not putting down more votes. Fresh question of privilege looming in the near horizon. Perturbation on the Treasury Bench. Shall they yield, and get up a few special votes which Mr. Gorst may discuss to himself at midnight?

"He is as bad as Oliver Twist," said Mr. GLADSTONE, gloomily regarding this disturber of the evening's peace, as he stood at the

corner of the gangway.
"Worse," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. "Oliver Twist at least

disposed of what he had, before he asked for more. Gorst comes here when all is over, and parades a virgin appetite for votes."

Decided not to gratify him. Progress reported, and House adjourned. An hour later Mr. Gorst discovered by the policeman

sitting on the SPEAKER's steps moving to reduce the PREMIER's salary by £500. Had his hat on, and remained seated while he spoke, under the impression that a division had been called. Business done.—Remainder of Supplementary Votes agreed to. Thursday Night.—Greece and Turkey seem to be coming to blows, negotiations in the Transvaal are reaching a point of acute interest,

and Mr. CHILDERS has ready another speech on the Army Estimates. But none of these things occupy the mind of the House. The question is, Is our LORD MAYOR safe? Happily, he escaped the first shock, and after the Common Council had welcomed his arrival with enthusiastic cheers and expressions of heartfelt gratitude at his deliverance, some one put an inconvenient question. Was the Lord MAYOR at the Mansion House at the time? Thus unexpectedly interrogated, the Lord MAYOR admitted he was not, and enthusiasm subsided.

Since then begins to think there was a mistake. Must have been there, and saved only by the dauntless courage of the City police, else why should he be cheered in the crowded streets, or why this absorbing interest in the House? Came in just now with light and graceful step and countenance tuned to gravity of situation. Some one observes there is a smell of gunpowder. Lord Mayor looks conscious, and audibly whispers that this was not the coat he had on at the time. Everyone crowds round the Lord Mayor and shakes his hand. Some talk of giving him a medal for personal bravery. He begins to think that the policeman was a myth, and that it was he

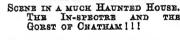
the LORD MAYOR) who pressed the burning brown paper to his bosom. Detractors busy, but harmless.

Mr. Alderman Cotton says he believes box placed there by some City Waiter discontented with Mansion House hospi-

tality. Sir Andrew Lusk believes it was an Alderman deranged by abuse of teetotal drinks.

Mr. Alderman FOWLER be-lieves it was a destitute dancing-master who feels the LORD MAYOR has struck a Blow at his Profession.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, taking higher political grounds, be-lieves it was the act of an oppressed Fijian, who had heard of Clerkenwell, and who desired to recall the LORD MAYOR'S attention to those



islands in Southern seas, which he has somewhat neglected of late.

These are but the mutterings of envy. We have our LORD MAYOR

These are but the mutterings of envy. We have our Lord Mayor safe amongst us plump and sound.

Army Estimates on to-night. Lord Mayor sits watching through his spectacles succeeding speakers. If things go on in this way he feels he must learn something of the art of war. Gets on very well at first, but becomes muddled as one Hon. and gallant Gentleman directly contradicts another. Moreover the place seems to smell of gunpowder, and the Lord Mayor's cheek pales at the thought. Throwing his cloak around him with military air, he strode forth.

"All 1 know about long service and short service," he said to Lord Elcho, "is that I am uncommonly glad the Lord Mayor serves for twelve months only. It's all very well in the crowded street or the animated Forum. But in the dead of the night, when you lie on your sleepless pillow, thinking the noise of every passing wheel an explosion, and the scamper of every Mansion House rat the tread of an assassin, it is quite another thing."

tread of an assassin, it is quite another thing."

Business done.—Men and Money voted in the Army Estimates.

Friday Night.—"Avast there! port your jib-boom; lay out on your lee scuppers; haul in the bow-line; sheer off; steady, so! Oh, I beg your pardon, Toby, didn't see it was you; but let me pass, there's a good fellow, we are going into Committee at once." It was TREVELYAN. I thought I could not be mistaken in the voice, though I did not at first recognise his literary style. Thorough good fellow TREVELYAN. As soon as he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty he read up Captain MARRYATT and PEFYS. When making his statement to-night alluded to the latter as "the most famous of my predecessors in office." Pretty to see Big Ben prick up his ears at this. Man and boy he has been growling at the Admiralty for forty years; but he never knew a secretary named PEFYS. up his ears at this. Man and boy he has been growling at the admiralty for forty years; but he never knew a secretary named Preys. Means to look him up, and see whether the Navy was going to the dogs in his days. If not it will be an exception.

TREVELYAN has given up wearing braces since he joined the Admiralty, and has ordered a pilot coat. Charming to see him hitching up his trowsers with a true nautical flourish as he stood at the table. Also has learned to call rum "grog," and a sailor a "blue jacket." Business done.—Men and money voted in Navy Estimates.



A COUNT OUT." N.B.-Not a Portrait, as there is no Count in.



Jeames. "They tells me as the Mornin' Post is comin' to a Penny! When I fust heard of it, Constable, you might 'ave knocked me down with a Peacock's Feather!!"

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Remembrancer.



Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, the City Remembrancer?

Remembrancer. I am. O. C. Whence do you derive your singular appellation?

R. I am expected never

to forget anything.
O. C. Is there anything you never forget?

R. Yes, Quarter Day.
O. C. Ah, certainly. What, pray are your principal duties?

R. To attend at the Houses of Parliament during the Session to hear what is going on, to be on good terms with the Whips, good terms with the Whips, to coach up the Sheriffs when they present Petitions, and to warm up our friends and cool our enemies by occasionally asking a few of the right sort of fellows to direct

sort of fellows to dinner.

O. C. What do you consider a right sort of fellow i

!R. A! fellow with a large appetite and a small brain, and who is not worried with conscientious scruples or a troublesome constituency.

O. C. How do you discover such men?

R. By making it the constant study of my professional life.

O. C. Dear me, how very strange! You are, I presume, the Parliamentary Agent of the Corporation?

R. I am, in fact, the connecting link between the Gentlemen of the Houses of Parliament and the Common Councilmen of the City. When M.P.'s whom I want to Councilmen of the City. When M.P.'s whom I want to see are not in the House, I have to rush off to the Opera, and to search for them there, between the Acts, which, of course, very much interferes with my enjoyment of the

O. C. Of course, of course, very annoying.

R. And the hours I am obliged to keep are something awful. I sometimes don't get away from the Opera till past twelve, and then often have to attend a reception or

a petit souper.

O. C. Dear me, dear me! Van equally important character? What further duties of

an equally important character?

R. I have to report to the Court of Common Council various matters which they have probably read in the papers some days previously. I have to invite the guests for Lord Mayor's Day, and to get everybody the best places, and to write excuses to those I cannot find room for, and generally to bear all the blame for whatever goes amiss on that terrible day. I have also to look after the venison that the Corporation Officers are entitled to receive from the Royal Forests.

O. C. And occasionally to taste the same.

R. And occasionally to taste the same.

O. C. Have there not in former times been some slight

O. C. Have there not in former times been some slight differences of opinion between the Remembrancer and his

R. There were some a long time ago, but that has all

been comfortably arranged.

O. C. Comfortably arranged! But I thought there were some very serious charges made about the receiving by some of the Clerks of discounts or commissions of

most objectionable character?

R. Yes, but the Corporation, in its wisdom, passed a very strong resolution that nothing of the kind should ever be done again, at any rate, not till the next time, and having made a clean sweep of the office, at present, as the yulgar say, it's all serene.

O. C. The Corporation seems as merciful as they are

liberal.

C. The merciful man is merciful to his—employé.
O. C. Any other duties?
R. Oh yes, plenty, but they are difficult to describe, as many of them are of a very delicate and confidential character.

O. C. In connection with Royalty?
R. Yes, occasionally; and therefore I hope you will not press me further in that respect.
O. C. Oh, certainly not. Have you any holidays?
R. Only just for a few months when Parliament is not sitting. As I work harder than any M.P., except the Speaker, of course I require rest as much as any of

them.

them.

O. C. Quite right.

R. Some years the House sits so late that I lose all my Grouse shooting.

O. C. Poor fellow! how very sad. Pray what salary do you get for all your terrible amount of work?

R. A paltry £1,500 a year.

O. C. Do you want it increased?

R. Yes, largely increased.

O. C. Indeed! I sincerely wish you may get it!

You may retire, Sir. [Retires, humming "Il segreto."

Racing Note.

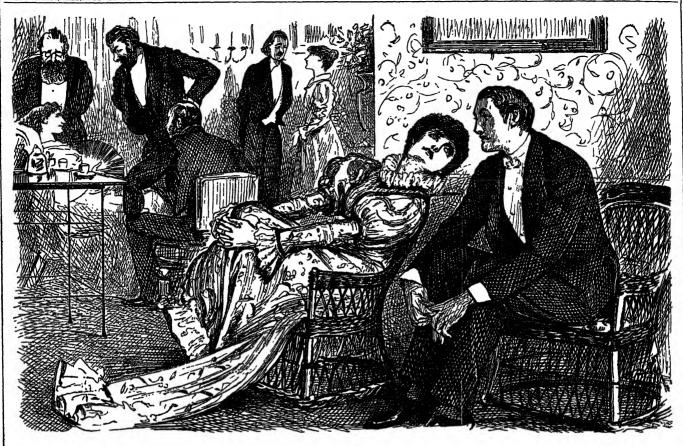
"JOHN PORTER and Mr. GRETTON have separated."

'TIS whispered the trainer had many a bet on The horses, forestalling their owner, F. Gretton; The Prince of the Mashtub then flies from Kingsclere,— So ends the alliance 'twixt Porter and Beer.

Election Agent's Circular.

In consequence of the recent success of the comedy entitled Sent to Coventry, arrangements can be made on the same scale for other Provincial Performances. N.B.— Seats can be booked several months in advance. No one Seats can be booked several months in advance. of the name of JAMES need apply. Home-Rulers liberally and conservatively treated with.

An Army Estimate. — "A Full Colonel" — at the Prince of Wales's.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Fair Intense One. "Have you seen the Old Masters at Burlington House?"

Bashful Youth (fresh from Marlborough, and better at Cricket and Football than aesthetic conversation). "No—that is—I mean, Yes!"

Fair Intense One. "Are they not really quite too TOO!!"

DON'T LET'S DREAM AGAIN.

"Obstruction * * * seems rather like an evil dream which I should be glad to dismiss."—Mr. GLADSTONE.

AIR-" Let Me Dream Again."

Polite Porter sings.

Obstruction? Nay, Sirs, prithee name it not! A distant dream, a shadow of the past.

I scarce remember when it was,—or what,
Its form from out my memory fadeth fast.

'Tis as the phantasms of ghostly fear
Which fever's dim disordered fancies weave.
But now the platform's free, the line seems clear,
So we'll be moving on, Sirs,—by your leave!

It was a dream, a nightmare of the brain.
Since we are waking, don't let's dream again!

Was I too urgent? did I drive and shove?
Irked by much luggage, baffled by dead-lock?
Well, we're so late. If you will kindly move,
Sir Stafford, and those Irish bhoys won't block,
All may go merry as a railway bell.
Name not Obstruction more, it can but grieve.
And now we're really getting on so well,
Bad bygones shall be bygones,—by your leave!
It was a dream, an incubus of pain,
Now we're awake, oh! don't let's dream again!

A RESULT OF "SELF-HELP."

THE advantages of "Self-Help" is a dangerous subject for the Postmaster-General to lecture on. The advantage gained by a letter-carrier who "helps himself" is a speedy introduction to some eminent Judge and a select circle at the Old Bailey Sessions.

UN-HERRING INSTINCT.

No wonder Fish is so shamefully dear! Listen to Mr. Bedford in the Court of Common Council last Thursday:—

"Billingsgate (Telegram) Mid-day.—Your Herrings just arrived. Can't obtain any offer for them; no trade." "Don't send fish at any price, market glutted, and no trade."

"Why" (asks Mr. Bedford) "are these telegrams sent? Simply because the Corporation, in their obstinacy, will not have a second Fish Market. There are more than ten thousand fishmongers' carts and barrows waiting for fish every morning, but they are not allowed to remain after nine o'clock, consequently all the fish that arrives after that time has to be kept till the next morning, by which time much of it is bad, and all much deteriorated, and its beautiful freshness lost. * * * The first requisite for a proper Fish Market is that it should be open all day."

Bravo! Mr. Bedford. It's never too late to mend. Give up that fearful Griffin, and, like a wise Cobbler, stick to your last idea of cheap soles and eels, and you will not only be forgiven for the past, but will be heartily thanked by all lovers of the purest and most delicious food that great Nature provides for our ravenous appetite.

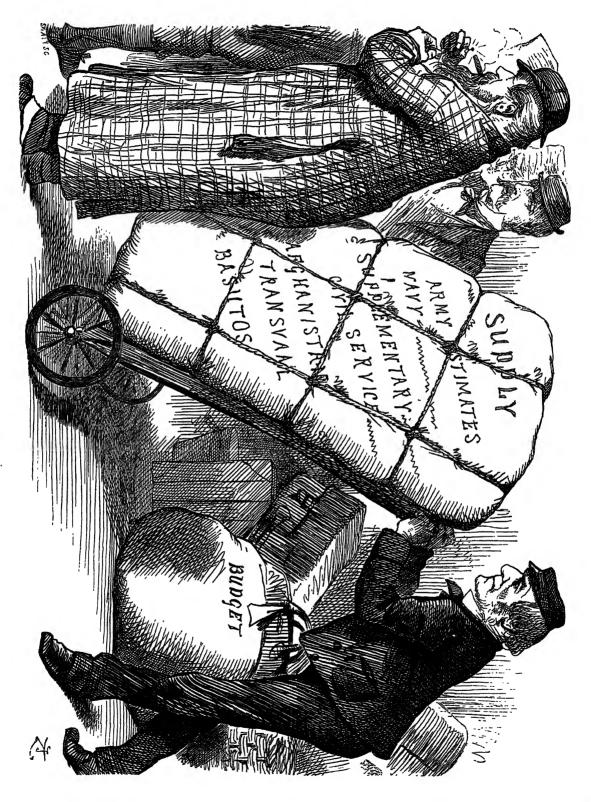
"Jerry Building."

A NEW Company is to be got up for this "tumble-down-dick" style of building. It will be called the "Jerry Co. (Limited)." The models for the walls it intends to erect will be taken from those of Jeri-cho. Everyone knows what happened to them, so the "Jerry Co." must be careful how it blows its own trumpet.

VOICES OF THE SMOOTING STARS FOR MARCH.

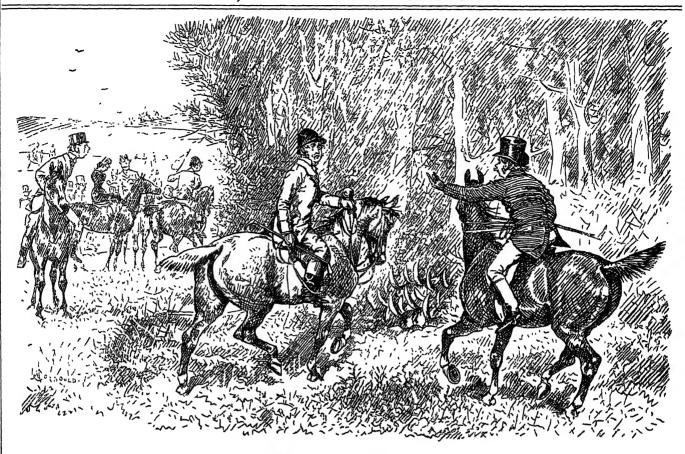
Enthusiastic Sportsman. Seen CARVER and Scott shooting at the aquarium?

Wilful Wag. Shoot at the Aquarium! They must be muffs if they can't hit that. Why they might as well shoot at a haystack!



"BY YOUR LEAVE!"

Polite Porter. "NOW, THEN, GENTLEMEN-IF YOU PLEASE. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE UP LOST TIME!"



A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

Cockney Sportsman (eagerly, to Huntsman, busy with his Hounds, about to draw a covert). "HI! I SAY, MISTER—HI! GIVE US TH' TIP, WHEN'S TH' PROPER TIME T' SAY 'YOIGKS!"

AN ASTROLOGER'S FLUKE.

▶ OUR friend ZADKIEL, however, has very nearly made a good shot. His "Voice of the Stars" for March predicted that:—

"The Czar will be in some personal danger about the 6th instant."

This, if ZADKIEL in his Almanac had said nothing further about the Sovereign assassinated on the 13th instant, would certainly have looked like, at least, not a very wide miss of the bull's eye.

But the Stars say more in Zadkiel's prophetic pages. Hear their
"Voice" again vaticinating in May:—

"The Czar of Russia will gain by the transit of Jupiter over his sun's place, but Saturn is hovering near the same place also; hence danger will attend any advancement conferred by the greater fortune."

In the meanwhile the Stars of Zadkiel had omitted to mention that the Czar of Russia they referred to the second time would be not Alexander the Second, but Alexander the Third. Moreover, they aver that in June :-

"Saturn transits on the 13th instant, the place of the Sun at the birth of the CZAB, and Mars squares his ascendant on the 28th; this will be a dungerous month for the Autocrat; his armies will meet with defeat.'

They next announce a "Conjunction of Mars and Saturn" to take place in Taurus on the 6th of July, and declare thereof:—

"To the Czar of Russia it is ominous of defeat and personal danger, and he will do well to prepare for the dread summons.

Lastly, Zadkiel prevents any doubt whatsoever touching whom he calls the "Czar of Russia" by publishing in his Almanac, page 58, among "Nativities of Eminent Personages," the nativity of that same Eminent Personage. He, firstly, gives a table of "Primary Directions," beginning with February, 1881, and ending with November. To these he adds "Transits in 1881"; the first of which is remarkable indeed:-

"April 1st, Saturn in sextile to the Moon's radical place."

Let the First of April by all means be the fête of ZADKIEL and his believers.

THE EARTH REVOLVES ON ITS TAXES.

THE real aim, ambition, and function of Governments of all kinds is not to legislate, much less to reform, but to tax, and tax, and tax again. For this purpose the Conservative Lion lies down with the Liberal Lamb, a fussy atom, like the Fourth Party ceases to be fussy and offensive, and even the mob of so-called Members, who represent themselves first and St. Giles afterwards, give up, for a time, their policy of obstruction, and do all they can to bleed the hated Saxon. As a good substantial parish dinner—paid for, of course, by the rate-payers—heals all the differences and heart-burnings of Bumbledom, payers—nears an the differences and heart-burnings of Dumbietonis, so a Committee of Supply in the House of Commons stops orations, personalities, scenes, and discord. Vote after vote is passed with that pleasing unanimity which is held to distinguish the actors in the *Critic*, and not a thought is given to those measures which are either promised in the Queen's Speech, or initiated in the course of Parliamentary discussion.

Parliamentary discussion.

The difference between the tax-payer and the legislator is this: the tax-payer, as a worker, has to do his work before he is paid; the legislator, as a worker, likes to be paid before he does his work. As early as possible in the Session the Supply business and Budget are got through, and then, after a refreshing Easter holiday, begins the breaking of Parliamentary pledges. Measures of reform are introduced with a languid air, to be put on one side for the Derby Day, and after this great festival of legalised betting, the Government Official begins to sharpen his knife for the usual "Massacre of the Innocents"—the greatest innocents being the tax-payers. If Supply were left, as it ought to be left, to the end of the Session, and then you grow the work done and not the work promised, the voted according to the work done and not the work promised, the taxation would not only be lighter, but the legislation would be much more speedy and effective.

A FRUITFUL SESSION!—The Session will not be altogether barren, as one reform is promised—Postage Stamps and Receipt Stamps are to be one and the same thing. This is a useful and obvious concession, but let us hope that the Government will not stick at trifles.

AN IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THE unfinished Opera-House on the Embankment, which has for long been as desolate as Balclutha, is at length to be completed, but it will not be according to the intentions of its original promoters. The debenture-holders have allowed Mr. MAPLESON to hand the property over to two gentlemen, to be turned into an hotel or suites of rooms like those "sky-parlours" which tower high into the air at Saint Anne's Gate. So far, so good; but we would suggest a further use for the big suggest a trader use for the big building, which will assuredly, as prospectuses of new companies say, "commend itself to the pub-lic." Let a large hall in it be set aside for the reception of the Irish Members of Parliament. Let it be comfortably and substantially furnished, so that the chairs and benches cannot be broken, with no fire-irons, heavy books, or inkstands lying about, while sur-rounding the principal apartment there should be a number of small padded rooms into which any gentleman might be locked who was in danger of hurting himself or others in the heat of debate. To this supplementary saloon to the House of Commons, the Irish Members might be escorted by Captain Gosser whenever they felt Obstruction coming on very badly, and only allowed to return when they had worked it off on each other. Here is a hint for the new proprietors of the proposed building, which, if acted upon, will earn them the eternal grati-tude of the "faithful Commons."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 24.



"BLACK" ART.

THE ATMOSPHERIC NOVELIST COMING OUT WITH "SUNRISE," IN WHICH HE DOES NOT TRY TO "POINT A MORAL," BUT "A DAWN A TALE.

A BALLAD FOR BRADFORD.

is "A meeting of Yorkshire farmers was held to consider the best means of alleviating the present depression in the Bradford trade. The meeting came to the resolution to appeal to Her Royal Highness to countenance, by her example, an effort to change the fashion in favour of the Bradford goods. . . Samples have been already forwarded to Her Royal Highness."—Times.

SAD it was to see it dwindle, All the work for loom and spindle; Yorkshire then took heart of grace, Rose the farmer in his place, And from all the hills and dales To the fair Princess of WALES Came petition she would care Frock of Bradford wool to wear; If the fairest in the land Donned it, all would understand Twas the fashion. Not in vain Did they plead, for she will deign To wear wool of chosen sample. Ladies, follow her example!

Change of Name.

It is said that the Hon. Fellowes-Wallop, second son of Lord PORTSMOUTH, is about to contest North Hants in the Liberal interest, and try to wrest this division from the hands of the Tories, who have held it firmly for many years. We wish him success, and hope he will be known in future as the Hon. WALLOP-TORY-FELLOWS.

ENTHUSIASM.—The Artists' Volunteer Corps will offer to serve seven years with the colours.

OPENED BY MISTAKE.

(Gum and Kettle Department, G. P. O.)

The Earl of B-c-nsf-ld to Sir W. V. H-rc-rt.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

SINCE circumstances, as much beyond the limits of my single circumstances, as much beyond the limits of my conception as outside the region of my control, have consigned me to the decorous dulness of the "illustrious and ancient House," I have, believe me, watched the progress of one career in that "other place," the memory of which I still respectfully cherisk, with a sympathy and solicitude frequently as decisive as they have been indefinite. But why should I fall back, in a private communication such as this, upon the phantasmagoria of phrase? When making my exodus from that crowd, where the brutalities of debate, if obvious, were at least sufficiently spiced with some personal nunobvious, were at least sufficiently spiced with some personal pungency, I began to fear that I had entered into the dignity that waited me above without remembering to let fall my mantle upon other shoulders as I passed from below. But I am immensely reassured. The vigorous and malignant satire, once supposed to be my

I know that in the columns of the daily papers it is usual to spell it with a "C," but here my intimate acquaintance with it begins and ends. I have heard of Ghuznee. I have heard of Merv. North-brook tells me that I must not confound the latter with Margate: and there is some reasonableness in this suggestion. I cannot say that I have ever confounded it absolutely with Margate: but I should be sorry to have to point out its exact position on the shores of the Caspian. And do I know in the least where the Caspian is to be found? What bounds it on the North? Certainly not. Why should I?

should I? I can refer to Balkh; to Herat; and to—what is that other place?—I forget its name—but no matter—and rattle "the key of India" effectively in the ears of those who look to me for the frontier, the Scientific Frontier, which that City dinner presented to me suddenly as a revelation, and in which, LYTTON, the anchorite and enthusiast of geographical rectification, has believed devoutly and divinely ever since. I have, I think, in the respectable rhapsody of a Lords' debate, referred to Candahar as the Gibraltar of the Indus. This was when I had pictured it washed by the blue waters of the Sea of Aral. Now that I hear it is about four hundred miles from anywhere. I should rather describe it as the Rosherville of the Canassus. assured. The vigorous and malignant satire, once supposed to be my special possession and privilege, has, so my parliamentary reading informs me, by no means passed away, as the powerful poetaster now rising among us expresses it, "like an evil dream." If I was once the Nepaul pepper of the Commons, you are now their Cantantle has not merely fallen on your shoulders—it has enveloped your head. And this brings me to the subject-matter of my letter. You have, I take it, been paying me that highest court—the court of imitation; and flattered as I am to the full by this sincere homage, I cannot I feel more exhaustively acknowledge the compliment than by adding a few hints that may be beneficial to you in your new rôle. To begin with, My dear Sir William, remember that if you are sharp you may, at least, be shallow: and that to be accurate is not so essential as to be acute. I do not know whether, the exigencies of party being eliminated, we differ deeply—say on the question of Candahar; but, diverging or in sympathy, we can, at least, take it as an illustration for instruction. What do I know of Candahar? where, I should rather describe it as the Rosherville of the Caucasus. Some day I may come across it in a map, and then some new dis-Some day I may come across it in a map, and then some new discovery as to its precise location may inspire me with a fresher and flashier phrase. The Billingsgate of Bokhara sounds well. But do not let me, my dear Sir William, be misunderstood. I am not beyond facts. I am only above them. I would rather ape the mannerisms of a matured mystic than attain mediocrity as a master of mere matter of fact. We may diverge politically; but we have much in common. We both have succumbed to the seductive pleasure that may be summed up in those two words "to startle and to sting." There is an ancient Assyrian proverb that says—but never mind. I think we understand each other. Meantime, should you doubt my candour, let me re-assure you. Let me put my "Scientific Frontier" on paper. Here you are:—

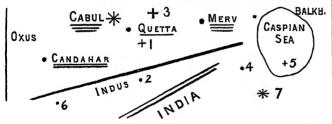
EVALANTARY OF THE PRINT OF T



TEMPORA MUTANTUR AT THE MUNCHING HOUSE.

ISN'T IT FAR BETTER FOR MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION TO BE TREATED TO TEA AND MUFFINS, INSTEAD OF GUZZLING PUNCH AND PORT AND GORGING TURTLE AND VENISON?

Bokhara? or the Steppes? or Possessions of Emir of Thingummy?



Be guided by me. Next Thursday, strike and shine. But if you must, in the interests of the newest poetaster, be able and accurate, forget not, Sir William, whose mantle has fallen upon you, and, at least, be icy and acute. Yours encouragingly,

BELL-METAL WANTED!

Canon Gregory wants a Big Bell for St. Paul's, For the means of compounding bell-metal he calls. His proposal seems fair, for there's reason to think That he'll find you the chimes if you find him the chink.

Of a good quid quo pro you can't have any doubt, If you let him take toll, he'll re-payment toll out. His appeal in the City will rest on good ground, He invites your investment in something that's sound.

As for metal he 's got all the needful within But twice three hundred pounds of the requisite tin. You may trust what he tells you, designing no sell; "Only six hundred pounds more, and up goes the Bell."

WHY would it be dangerous to ask one of the Midgets home to dinner? What! Dine-a-mite in the house! Impossible!

LENDING THE MILLIARD.

Scene—The Ministère des Finances. Crowds, stretching in queues into the next department, and waiting patiently for a week or two to pay their money and take their stock. Minister of Finance besieged night and day, and bombarded every other hour with five-franc pieces. 'Arry (in Parry) surveying "them forring ways" scornfully.

Minister (within). No, Usher, it's no use your bringing me the Duc d'Aumalle's card and compliments, and would I let him subscribe a couple of millions? Why, I have just had to refuse CAPOUL! And there's ROCHEFORT been raging for three hours in the back drawing-room, wanting to lend us all the subscriptions to the Intransigeant up to next Christmas!

Chorus (without) of Victor Hugo, Theresa, Dumas fils, M'Mahon, and the Proprietors of the "Printemps" (advancing with stockings full of specie; ensemble). Take, take our gifts, great Minister!

Usher (advancing sternly). Go and make queue. Even I couldn't get His Excellency to take more than a hundred thousand francs of my savings.

'Polyte (in the queue). Week's provisions beginning to get scarce; and I'm only two thousand off from the pigeon-hole.

Pickpocket. Forty-third watch! By the time I get to the bureau I shall be able to take up five hundred thousand francs' worth.

Marquise. Mille pardons, Monsieur; but one is really so bewildered after four days and nights in the queue. Do you think there'll be a million's worth left for me?

Chiffonnier. Not likely. My stockbroker has just sent to me to say that there is no use in getting ready more than a hundred thousand francs, for the Government will try to please as many lenders as possible.

Communard. Disgusting! There's a policeman taking advantage of his position to invest a hundred thousand out of his turn!

'Arry (from'Olborn). They are a rummy set! Dashed lot of labourers chucking their coin away on Consels! Give me the manly British sport of backing Fiddlededee for the Battersea Park Plate!



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

John Thomas. "DID YOU RING, SIR ?"

Surgeon (just arrived at Country House). "Yes. Why have you laid out my Surgical Instruments on the Dressing-table?"

John Thomas. "Surgical Instruments, Sir? I thought them things was what you Dressed for Dinner with!"

QUARTER DAY.

Friday, March 25.

RENT due again! Yes, by Jove, it is Quarter Day,
And I must stump up as soon as I like.

I, for my part, think it should be called Martyr Day.
Why can't a tenant go out upon strike?
This March 'tis Friday, next year 'twill be Saturday;
Each brings the landlord's importunate call;
One day I yow I'll be off to the Latter Day
Saint that is Morross—and not you of all!

Saints-that is, Mormons-and not pay at all!

Rent due again! Yes, of course, it is Lady Day.
Why should the Quarter so frequently come?
Though the sun shine, this must still be a shady day,
In that I feel so uncommonly glum.
Did I possess half the City, a jolly day
This would become, for I'd pocket the pelf;
Now, as it is, it's my landlord takes holiday,
While my poor cheque puts a check on myself.

Rent due again! Yes, indeed, it's a trying day; How to get money I scarce can divine. This is far worse than to laundress a drying day, When the rain falls on the clothes on the line.

I can't imagine a darker or sadder day:

Cash is by no means so easy to find;
Hares, they say, go mad in March, and a madder day
I can't conceive, for I'm out of my mind!

"OH, PRAY DON'T MANSION IT!"

THE Mansion House escaped a shaking last week. Suspicion fell on a disappointed Turtle disappointed Souper, who had at-tempted revenge with a few pounds of strong Gun-powder Tea. A Common Councilman suggested that if it wasn't powder it might have been Cotton. What is the next object marked out for destruction? Better increase the guard of Constables



guard of Constables about the Griffin. Let Policeman X be Treble X and double stout. These are merely precautionary measures.

PROS AND CONS.

REASON'S for "Keeping the Transvaal at all hazards," by Captains SLASHER and CRASHER, and Messrs. Fluster, Bluster & Co.:—

1. Because, by George, Sir, the beggars will think we're frightened

1. Because, by George, Sir, the beggars will think we're frightened of 'em if we give it back.

2. Because, although we may possibly have acted unjustly in annexing the place, we have annexed it now, and, if we don't keep it, right or wrong, where is our prestige likely to go to?

3. Because I 've read that Boers take young Kaffirs as paid apprentices, and that looks like slavery, and slavery is wrong.

4. Because it is always right to stop wrong wherever you see it, even if you have to annex a large territory to do it.

5. Because the only wrong that it isn't always right to stop at once is the wrong that we do ourselves.

6. Because, if we leave the Transvaal, Russia will invade India.

7. Because England, having utterly defeated and decimated the Zulus, and the Boers having defeated England, the danger of the Zulus some day reviving and then defeating the Boers, and then invading Natal, is a permanent menace to England.

Reasons for "Giring back the Transvall and Entire Independence—the 'whole hog or none'—to the Boer," by Messrs. Wary, Niegler, Paring, M.P. & Co.:—

1. Because nothing is so convincing a proof of the wickedness of the annexation as the fact that we have been temporarily defeated in trying to enforce it.

2. Because if we go on, we may possibly be defeated again.
3. Because annexation is vexation, and taxation is as bad.
4. Because a spanking Budget covers a multitude of repudiations.
5. Because England is so strong, that she prefers being defeated.

6. Because the Boers are such awfully good shots.

GOSSIP A LA MODE.

It is rumoured that a certain well-known Banking Firm of European fame have made arrangements to stop payment on Tuesday

What is this story I hear about a Right Honourable having accused a noble Lord of picking his pocket in the Division Lobby ?

If it be an ascertained fact that "the Major" cheats at cards, he ought to be turned out of that Club, or—left alone in it.

The report that the lovely Countess had eloped with her groom is without foundation. It would more probably be with a certain ex-Parliamentary Whip.

I have much pleasure in announcing that it has now been finally decided not to charge poor dear old popular "Bunks," as the General is familiarly called in society, with the murder of his first wife. I have this information, I may add, on the General's own authority.

An "Eau-de-Colonial Bishop" will shortly appear, so it is said, in the Divorce Court.

A Woolwich Infant.

"On the 14th March, at 14, Montague Place, Russell Square, the wife of MICHAEL GUNN of a son."

HE may be by nature the mildest of boys, But it's easy to see he must make a great noise: May he live to be loaded with honours well won! Here's health and long life to this son of a GUNN!

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAWN BY A LIVELY DEBUTANTE.





"SI NON E VERO," &c.

Old Lady. "OH, MR. HACKLES, YOU'VE STUFFED MY PARROT VERY BADLY! ALL THE FEATHERS ARE COMING OUT ALREADY!"

Taxidermist. "Why, Lor' bless yer, Mum, that 's the puffection o' Stuffin'! You know the Moultin' Season's now a comin' on, Mum!!"

THE UBIQUITY OF ALCOHOL.

"The Earth is a Toper," sang Poet of old, Nor of water alone does she drink, we're now told, Something else Mother Earth drinks, like *Mynheer* Van Dunk,

Something less to be sure though, without getting drunk.

Monsieur Müntz, a Professor and Chemist profound, Has got absolute alcohol out of the ground. He finds some of it even in soils that are poor, But from rich and fat mould has extracted much more.

He detects it in river, in spring, and in rain, Not only in cistern, but likewise in main,— That is, in the waves of the ocean, you know. He has alcohol found present even in snow.

He says that he thinks, though he can't as yet swear, That as vapour 'tis like to exist in the air; In short, he makes out, go wherever you will, You'll at hand have materials for working a still.

From it none but the purest spring water is free, Wherewithal shall Tectotallers, then, brew their tea? So the spirit which Nature pervades, as divine Bards and Sages have said, is the spirit of wine.

To matters organic it owes its production, Through decomposition in states of destruction, From various causes of chemical action, Whence comes fermentation—in short, putrefaction.

As the microscope, showing a water-drop rife, In minute animalcules, with animal life, Disgusted the Brahmin, how Chemistry must Any scrupulous Total Abstainer disgust!

The Right Move at Last.

A NUMBER of Ladies and Gentlemen in the unwieldy parish of St. Pancras have decided to do their own paro-chial work, and instead of delegating their authority to a set of ignorant and rapacious jobbers who make Bumble-dom a trade, they offer themselves as their own Guardians of their own property. There are times in the adminis-tration of domestic affairs when it is necessary for the Master and Mistress to descend to the kitchen, and clear out the scullions.

DIARY OF A REPORTER.

"Additional precautions have been taken for the safety of the Houses of Parliament from the misdeeds of unprincipled persons. An order has been issued requiring any visitor or stranger carrying bags or parcels to submit to an examination of the same before entering the precincts of either House. All arrangements are made under the personal supervision of Sir EDMUND HENDERSON, between whom, Mr. LEONARD COURTNEY, and the chief of the detective police in Manchester, a conference took place last night."—Daily



A P.M.—Just got down to the House. Wonder why there are so many respectable elderly gentlemen loafing about. A short man in spectacles knocks up against me, begs pardon, but says he wanted to see if I had any dynamite about my person! Short man in spectacles I find to be a detective from Manchester. I notice a person, evidently from the country, with Murray and DICKENS' Dictionary of London in his hand, apparently examining Houses of Parliament. By rapid and adroit movement of his umbrella he knocks my hat off. Pick it up, and remonstrate angrily. Person from the country says it's all right—obliged to do it—Sir Edmund's orders. I ask him if he is a detective from Manchester. "No, from Birmingham," he says, and just wanted to see if I had a case of nitro-glycerine concealed under my beaver. Smiles pleasantly, and says it's all right. What an idiot! Tell him I am a reporter. He laughs, and says, "So they all say." Why, can't the Scotland Yard fellows do this sort of work? They would know who I am.

4:15.—Got into House at last, thank Heaven! Have been thoroughly searched twice already. Feel rather funny in my new costume, which Sir Edmund says all Reporters must now wear: silk tights, gaiters, and strait-waistcoat. As Sir Edmund says, I couldn't blow up the House now if I wanted to. Usher just come to

couldn't blow up the House now if I wanted to. Usher just come to

search me thoroughly again—ordered to do it every five minutes. I ask Usher if he takes me for a Nihilist? He winks, and says, "Plenty of 'em about." I reply, angrily, that I've been a Reporter for fifteen years. He says he knows I have, and begins to cry a little, "but Mr. Courtney's so suspicious." Good fellow, Usher. Shall remember him at Christmas.

Shall remember him at Christmas.

5'0.—Take out a parcel of sandwiches from inner pocket. At once seized, handcuffed, and led out of Gallery in charge of Usher (crying bitterly) and five detectives in plain clothes. Notice person from country still reading Murray in Strangers' Gallery. What a hypocrite! I am led off to private room of Speaker. Speaker sent for. Conference between Speaker, Sergeant-at-Arms, Black Rod, Mr. Courtney, and Sir Edmund, all about my sandwiches. As far as I can see, they are tossing up as to who will open them. Finally decided that Sergeant-at-Arms shall open them to-morrow morning. Meanwhile I am taken in custody to a damp dungeon Finally decided that Sergeant-at-Arms shall open them to-morrow morning. Meanwhile I am taken in custody to a damp dungeon underneath the Thames. Sir Edmund says I shall save a lot of trouble by confessing at once. I ask what he expects me to confess. Does he take me for a housebreaker? Sir Edmund says something about a Mansion-housebreaker—Usher very much amused. I tell them I've come to report the debate. Mr. Courtner in background, taking down all my answers in shorthand. Pooh! Have Ministers nothing better to do? Thoroughly searched again, and left till morning. Shall certainly write to papers to-morrow.

The Pet of Portumna.

"The Royal Humane Society has voted its Silver Medallion to Miss JENNIE COATES, of Portumna, for rescuing her sister from drowning.'

THE Humane Society properly votes
Its Silver Medallion to Miss JENNIE COATES;
And the folks of Portumna may say, "We're in luck,
In possessing a girl of such excellent pluck."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE TWO OBADIAHS.

SAYS the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH, "I am shy, O my Sire, I am shy!" Says the Old Homer-buyer to the Young OBADIAH, "So was I, at your age, so was I.

MONDAY Night, March 21.—Late Home Secretary disclosed a remarkable chapter in the secret history of the last Government. Only shows how liable we are to misunderstand people. At a time when in the House of Commons Sir RICHARD CROSS was trumpeting forth the great battle-cry of "British Interests," there was a fearsome skeleton in the cupboard at the Home Office. When I say there was a skeleton in the cupboard, I mean there were two feet of sewage was a skeleton in the cupboard, I mean there were two feet of sewage in the cellars. Whilst we were thinking of the Home Secretary in Cabinet Council arranging with his colleagues the fate of Empires, he was actually sitting in his office with a large bottle of smelling-salts under his nose, inditing a note to the Treasury, informing them that, if they did not look after the sewage, he would take lodgings elsewhere, and charge them with the rent.

This seems to have brought them round. Eminent engineers called in. Sniffed all about; sure it was sewage. Architect said "impossible." Surveyor (at £1200 a year, with private practice)

For with such a big chance as Debate on Candahar,
And against 'that Boy of Northcote's'—I'll shake hands with his Papa—
You 've merely to be modest and in earnest—there you are."
Says the Young Obadiah, "I am fly!" (Old O.) "He is fly!"

said "incredible." At last decided to look. Looked accordingly, and found the slight sediment mentioned above.

Now we know what is meant by the "policy of sewage" which the late Mr. DISRAELI once announced. It means to arrange matters so that instead of the house-sewage running into the town-drain, the so that instead of the house-sewage running into the town-drain, the town-sewage runs into the house. So original, and quite worthy the occasion. Ordinary house may more or less proceed on ordinary principles; but when you come to the Home Office, the head of the social government of the country, the embodiment of all its practical wisdom, then it is necessary to strike out a new line, and give a new turn to your sewage. Everyone delighted with the discovery. All going home to make arrangements for the introduction of the new principle into our own horse. principle into our own houses.

Business done.—Numerous Votes passed in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday Night.—Conservatives have great eye for spectacular effect. Liberals nowhere compared with them in this respect. For

weeks they have been arranging an assault on flank of garrison with-



just on the eve of the debate, when Liberals, debate, when Liberals, steeped in sense of false security, think nothing would be done till Mr. STANHOPE began to pipe then amid dead and impressive silence they bring Sir Robert Carden to the front, and confound the embattled host opposite with this imposing Presence. Alderman does not often

speak in the House. Content to sit and look wise.

"Speech is silvern, but lence is venerable," he silence is venerable said to ASHMEAD-BART-LETT, when that great Statesman invited his concurrence in an attack

> cheerful evening with the foot-and-mouth dis-ease. Sir Wal-TER BARTTELOT

came out very mpressive. Emphasis breaks out in his speech

in unexpected places just like cattle - disease

among what he calls "our flocks and herds." As rule comes down heavy on conjunctions,

prepositions, and

rial speech.

parts of h. Result

"ROUND ABOUT MY CARDEN." touching Russian designs upon Epaphoditus. "Besides," he added, after a pause, "I don't know what paffydities are." But to-day there has been a meeting of the Citizens of London, to discuss Candahar, and Sir Robert presided. Meeting highly respectable. Letter of apology from one Duke, and one Lord (Elcho) actually present. Hot from this exciting gathering, Alderman came to the House, bearer of a petition. "A Petition in favour of Candy'ar," he announced, with unspeakable gravity, and nearly fabulous venerableness.

fabulous venerableness.
"Where is Candy'ar?" Mr. LABOUGHERE asked him, later in the evening, in pursuance of a new phase of prize-puzzle recently introduced in our Courts of Law. "I decline to answer that question," the Alderman said, 'aughtily. But subsequently he told me

that this answer was not given owing to ignorance.

"Of course, Toby," he said, "I know very well that Candy'ar is a place in the East, where sugar-candy first came from, as Banbury

cakes come from Banbury, and Everton-toffee from Everton."

Very affable man the Alderman when off the bench. Thinks of very anable man the Alderman when our the bench. Infinks of taking up foreign politics and joining Ashmead-Bartlett in the formation of another "New party." Special object to look after foreign affairs, growl at Granville, dictate to Dilke, and smooth the way for the return of Salisbury.

This over, went into the dead-meat trade with Mr. CHAPLIN, and had rather



"Is no one to pay for this? Most sad-Denning! NO ONE TO PAY FOR THIS! MOST SAD-DENNING! other compara-BUT THE PISTGL CAME FREE OF CHARGE! tively immate-MOST GLAD-DENNING !"

of earlier study. "Take care of your prepositions and conjunctions, WALTER," an eminent elocutionist once said to him, "and your nouns and verbs will take care of themselves." This advice the Baronet follows, occasionally with startling effect,

Business done.—Mr. CHAPLIN'S Motion rejected by 205 against 147.

Wednesday Afternoon.—What seems to me peculiarly alarming taking in English Nihilism is its range. Sort of Nasymth hammer, that the crushes a rock or cracks a nut. Nothing too high, or too low; too great, or too small. The other day it began with the Lord Mayor, and now it has come down to the House Secretary. Fiendish humour about it too. Leaves the powder on the window-sill of the

Mansion House, and sends the pistol per post to the House of Commons. HARCOURT acted with great presence of mind. "Send hither Inspector Denning," he said, as soon as his eagle eye alighted

hither Inspector Denning," he said, as soon as his eagle eye alighted upon the disguised glove-box.

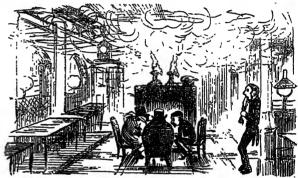
"Denning," he said, when that able and accomplished officer appeared, "I am in the frequent habit of receiving anonymous testimonies to my worth. Sometimes it is a box of cigars, occasionally a sovereign done up in cardboard, once it was a threepenny bit. I am a-weary of these tributes of a people's love. I am rich; I am honoured. I have noticed your civility and attention to your duties. Take this box, Denning; make its contents your own. It may be a sovereign, or it may be a threepenny bit. You must take your chance. Perhaps you had better open the box in your own room, and, by the way, do it quietly and carefully. It may be a china vase."

Then the Home Secretary went out, took the penny 'bus over Westminster Bridge, and stood listening on the other side of the river, with his eyes fixed on the Houses of Parliament. An hour later when, nothing having happened, he came back and met Mr.

later when, nothing having happened, he came back and met Mr. Denning, he was quite surprised to hear that the box contained a

I jot the story down just as it was told to me by a credible person, who, if not actually present at the interview, was in the House at the time it took place.

Business done.—Second Reading granted to Mr. Chaplin's Bill to Amend the Agricultural Holdings Act, and to Mr. Rodwell's ditto, on specific ground that they are worthless for the purpose designed.



"No Room for Smoking-miscall'd Smoking-Room."

Thursday Night.—Great match on to-night between two young game-cocks, one named NORTHOOTE and the other GLADSTONE, each backed by his illustrious father. Fine crowd to see the match, though the arrangements were kept quiet, and young NORTHCOTE was in the ring, feeling round with his spurs, before the affair got wind. Young GLADSTONE observed on the bench immediately opposite, leaning forward ready for a spring. Then everyone saw what was up, and from Lobby and Smoking-Room and Dining-Room Members rushed in in scores.

Young Northcore has, strongly marked, all the failings and scellencies of family oratory. Speaks in a low voice, without any excellencies of family oratory. Speaks in a low voice, without any gesture, unless a constant endeavour to twist one leg round another may be regarded as such. Seemed to have a good deal to say, from the mass of papers in his hand; but did not get it off in very sprightly fashion.

Young GLADSTONE a much showier game-cock. Dashed in in fine style. Made several good points; heard all over the House, and

encouraged by frequent cheering.

Pretty to see the desperate efforts the illustrious parents alternately made to appear unconscious of the fact that the Hon. Member speaking was his son. Sir Stafford sat immediately in front of his heir, with hands thrust up his sleeve, and an air generally deprecatory of paternal pride. The PREMIER feigned sleep, though it was not difficult to tell, from the flush on his cheek, that he was prouder of these cheers for his son than of the thunderous applause with of these cheers for his son than of the thunderous applause with which the Senate is wont to greet his own rising.

Business done.—Candahar debate commenced.

Saturday Morning, 2 A.M.—My Lord Harrington has made a speech that will add to his reputation. Rather difficult to speak at all at the fag-end of such a debate. Harrington came up (not exactly smiling) at half-past eleven, and hammered away for an hour and a half. Every blow a nail in the coffin of Lytton's glittering policy in our Empire in the East. Tremendous slogger, Harrington. Not that you see much upheaval of the hammer. But there is no mistaking when it comes down, and no resisting its successive blows. taking when it comes down, and no resisting its successive blows. HARTINGTON speaks as if he were himself convinced. A little detail this scarcely worthy of mention, but goes a long way with the

Business done. - No Confidence Motion defeated by Liberal majority



Boer. "IT WAS 'NEK OR NOTHING;" SO I GAVE HIM THE NECK, AND I'VE | For a Tobacconist. GOT HIS NEW STAMP RECEIPT.

THE CENSUS.

APRIL 4, 1881.

An! Postumus, truly the "anni fugaces"
Glide by and, old friend, we no longer are young; A new generation brings fair and fresh faces, The wrinkles now show on the girls that we sung. In vain 'gainst attacks of old age doctors fence us, Though bravely we combat its aches and its pains, The Registrar-General comes with his Census, To show us we're nothing but fossil remains.

The young folks to-day proudly put down their ages,
The future is theirs to enjoy and explore;
We've written our record and turned down the pages,
For good or for evil, 'tis there evermore. Yet one consolation may still recompense us,
Though HENNIKER shows us that time travels fast,
We've lived and have loved,—laughed and wept, and the Census

Must leave us at least the indelible Past.

THE PLEASING BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Instalment for April.

1st. "A Fool! A Fool!"-As For Anybody on the-You Like It.

For a Secretary.

22nd. "But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er." — SHAK-SPEARE.

For a Novelist.

24th. "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir."—CANNING.

For a Director of a Gas Company. For a rich Relative.

26th. "Light, more light!"

29th. "Thou art going to the grave! but we will not deplore thee."—HEBER.

30th. "My dank and dropping weeds."—MILTON.

CANDAHAR-BY JINGO!

AIR-" There you are, don't you know."

THERE is an Afghan City, whence to scuttle were a pity;

Can-da-har, don't you know!

In case of any shindy a true Master Key to India;

Can-da-har, don't you know!

For England, to be safe and great and dominantly strong,

Must collar everything she wants, and never own she's wrong,

And to that end there's one more spot to England must belong;

Can-da-har, don't you know! Can-da-har, don't you know!

CHRISTOPHER SLY AT THE PRINCESS'S.

HERE we witnessed such an indifferent performance of *The Merchant of Venice* as might do for a BOOTH, and would, if often repeated, "do" effectually for a first-class London theatre. The American tragedian has his admirers, and it seems that Mr. IRVING is one of them, as he has engaged his Transatlantic cousin to play with him at the Lyceum. The prices are to be doubled; it strikes us they should be halved, and a liberal discount for cash allowed to everyone visiting the

naived, and a liberal discount for cash allowed to everyone visiting the theatre when Mr. Booth plays either Hamlet, or Shylock, or Petruchio. It was, alas, our fate to witness the greater part of Katherine and Petruchio. Heavens! what an extravagant, pantomimical, senseless absurdity! Only Hanlon-Lees, the Pantomimists, and a couple of very ordinary burlesque actors, could do justice to this creation of the Bard's, which, had it been "the work" of a modern dramatic author, would most assuredly have been hissed off the stage. But after all, perhaps Shayshape only intended it for Christopher Shayshape on the control of the control o

would most assuredly have been hissed off the stage. But after all, perhaps, Shakspeare only intended it for Christopher Sly's delectation; and he went to sleep in the middle of it.

Mr. Booth as Petruchio reminds us forcibly both in face, and voice, and manner, of the late Mr. Dewar when made up, not for Captain Crosstree, but for some part in a domestic comedy.

One merit we must concede to Mr. Booth, he is a master of disguise. It was almost impossible to recognise in Petruchio the man who had but twenty minutes before appeared as Shylock. We wish it had been somebody else. But professional entertainers can rival him in this, and at the Gallery of Illustration the two Alfreds—Messre, Reed & Ryshop—can do as much, and more. Messrs. REED & BISHOP—can do as much, and more.

Mr. Booth's style of acting seems to us to be several generations behind the time. CHARLES YOUNG and the KEMBLES wouldn't



A Shakspearian Comedy witnessed by Christopher Sly the Tinker.

have a chance now; rolling the eyes, elevating the eyebrows (but not the audience), and twitching of the fingers, are the stock-intrade of a few travelling Crummleses; unless, along with growlings, gruntings, grunblings, and upheavings of the breast, even these old-fashioned signals of distress have disappeared with the MACREADY tradition, and with the last of the old school, Mr. PHELPS.

IRVING, "with all thy faults we love thee still!"—"still!"" Yes, "still IRVING" is preferable to sparkling effervescing IRVING. or

"still Invine" is preferable to sparkling effervescing Invine, or Invine in movement: but even then—well our Tragedian is a 'cute cuss to extend his hand to the Yankee. Brayvo, Invine!



THE LATEST FASHION IN MUSIC AT HOME.

"By Mendelssohn. is it not, Miss Prigsby?"—"We believe so." "One of the 'Songs without Words'?"—"Possibly. We neval listen to Mendelssohn." "Indeed! You don't admire his Music?"—"We do not." "May I ask why?"—"Because there are no Wrong Notes in it!"

[Our gallant Colonel is "out of it" again.

TAPPING THE WIRES: APRIL 1st.

Sir F. R-b-rts, off Natal, to L-d K-mb-rl-y, Colonial Office. COME, now; what on earth is the meaning of this? Here have I come out the whole way to the Cape, troops and all, and got everything ready to land, when Woon signals "Go home again!" Never was so chaffed in my life. I insist on knowing what's up. Is Sir Garner meddling? Answer paid. Am waiting reply on the beach.

L-d K-mb-rl-y, to Sir F. R-b-rts. WHAT? You haven't guessed it yet? Why, I couldn't have timed it more nicely! Don't you see! First of April, Sir Frederick, First of April! Ha! ha! I thought I'd have you!

The V-c-r-y, Simla, to the Marquis of H-rt-ngt-n, India Office. What have you been doing with those despatches? Do you mean to say they never turned up? Most important, some of them. Minute by RIVERS THOMPSON shows whole thing in quite new light. Surely, Sir W. H. hasn't been opening that by mistake, and forgotten to gum it up again! Please explain. Hot here. Irritable.

The Marquis of H-rt-ngt-n, India Office, to the V-c-r-y, Simla. Well, I suppose I'm clumsy. But can't you divine, my dear R.? What's the date? Eh? Come, you may find it hot, but why shouldn't we have our little joke? Don't be irritable. Ha! ha! But this explanation ought to reach you—on the First of April!

Prince B-sm-rck, Berlin, to the S-lt-n, Stamboul

Now, you twirling whipper-snapper of a dervish, what's this new foolery? You had my orders to carry the thing through. Hatz-feld now wires "Suitan laughing over a cup of coffee. Nothing done." If this means any backsliding, within three days of your getting this, I'll let'em all loose on you, and in less than a fortnight you'll be walking about the Caucasus without your boots, and begging for figs.

the Sheik-ul-Islam. I've burnt both the Treaties, and made the Map into spills. Didn't you know what I wanted was a small advance? Terms and Conferences! Oh, you April Fools! Ha! ha! You didn't know I could be so funny, did you? Meantime, a P.O.O. for a Turkish pound, by return, just to show there's no ill-feeling, will oblige. Hi cockalorum!

GOSSIP À LA MUD.

So an Eminent Judge wouldn't recognise an Eminent Entertainer last week! What is this I bear of some difficulty about a "trick wig"? Surely mere hair-splitting oughtn't to part old friends.

Is it a fact that the engagement between the sporting Captain-we need not mention his name—and a beautiful and noble heiress has been broken off owing to a dispute about settlements.

Why does Jo Miller wear a white hat? I think a certain fair equestrian in the "Row" can answer this question.

If (as it is whispered) the late popular Baronet committed bigamy when he married his acknowledged widow, it seems probable that there may be a change in the succession to the Estates.

A story is going the round that the stout Major-General, whose face is so familiar at the B. & S. Club, ran away from the enemy and concealed himself in a ditch until the fighting was over, at the battle for which he received one of his most cherished medals. The Committee of the B. & S. Club should look into this.

There are reasons for believing that an eminent physician, a con 'll be walking about the Caucasus without your boots, and egging for figs.

The S-lt-n, Stamboul, to Prince B-sm-rck, Berlin.

Kismer! Hi cockolorum! Don't be angry with me. It was all brain is the cause of this sudden abandoument of their active duties.



"MEASURABLE DISTANCE."

Mr. Bull (Owner). "HOW'S HER HEAD, PILOT?" WILL GLADSTONE. "STRAIGHT FOR THE LAND-BILL, SIR!"

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



HE pride of his father's Art is my eldest son WILLIAM, A promising lad, WIL-LIAM is. He was sent last week with a letter to a Mr. Gub-Mr. BINS Cheapsideon the 4th floor. The gentleman give him 1s. and told him to make haste back. WIL-LIAM has got a great objection to stairs, WIL-LIAM has, he inerits it from'me, so what did he do? When he found out the house. he waited in the passage, and asked every Gent

as went up stairs, or cum down stairs, if he was Mr. Gubbins, and in less than an hour he hit upon him, and so saved 4 pair of stairs up and 4 pair down. When he cum back, the Gentleman asked him what made him so long, and he said Mr. Gubbins was so very busy he couldn't be shorter. The Gent then said he hoped he'd grow quicker, but WILLIAM said he hoped he shouldn't or he might outgrow his strength. The Gentleman laughed and acshally gave him another shilling. I've known him wait at the corner of a road for nearly an hour, hoping something would cum by and give him a lift, altho he had only about a mile to go. That Boy will do. He has all the rekisites for a first-class Waiter. We think of dressing him all the rekisites for a first-class Waiter. We think of dressing him like a Page, to assist me, and his Mother thinks it would be a pretty idear to put sixpences on his jacket instead of buttons; she thinks they would be so suggestive. WILLIAM's maxim is, never be in a hurry, there's plenty of time for everythink. (Signed) BORERT. (Signed) ROBERT.

CHIC-AGONY.

SARAH is the Tenth Muse and the Fourth Grace, with a good deal SARAH is the Tenth Muse and the Fourth Grace, with a good deal of Madame the Admirable Crichton thrown in; but really her manners are not improved by travel. Compelled to give "levées" à la Martin Chuzzlewit, in order to attract people to her Art-exhibitions (one bust, one statuette, and two paintings), she revenges herself by roundly abusing, in French, all the sightseers who cannot understand the language. Her friend and fellow-traveller, the Correspondent of the Voltaire, chuckles patriotically over her remark to a Chicago merchant who gave her a diamond: "Not bad for a butcher!" and the gracious consolation offered to a poor enthusiast who had half-killed two horses driving thirty miles to see her: "Perhaps the old hunks thinks I am going to replace his screws." But the fact that "Meess Bernard" herself does not understand English, much less American, suggests the possibility of two playing English, much less American, suggests the possibility of two playing at that pretty Chicago game. A few verbatim notes of this kind might wholesomely correct the inflating effect of those other notes the Sarah tour produces :-

Real Remarks of Admirer who gave the Carriage-and-Four.— Dress A I at any rate, though I du think the gold-lace fixings out of

Dress A I at any rate, though I du think the gold-lace fixings out of place on a walking-dress on a cold day. But, Jeehosophat! what a figure! And conceit! And pictures altogether rubbish; temper tacklish, and mouth rabbitty. But gave a steam-yacht to Double-Headed Nightingale, so can't do less than a buggy for her.

Fine Speech of Poet who tried to commit Suicide for her sake.—On the whole she's simply—odd; and the way she kicks her skirts back's a caution. Travelled all through the continent without noticing anything or anybody. Doesn't notice me. Yes, noticed the cookery—and cursed it. Still, might as well try a blank cartridge: it would sell the Songs of Satanic Cynicism, at least.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

- "A-SEEN THE MIDGETS, MISS VENABLES!"-"YES."
- "A-THE MAN SAYS THEY 'LL NEVAH GET ANY BIGGAH!"
- "REALLY!"
- "YES-A-WONDAH IF THE LITTLE BEGGARS HAVE GOT SOULS?"
- "AH! BY THE BYE! YOU MIGHT HAVE ASKED THE MAN!"

THE CHANT OF THE CONSPIRATOR.

Yes, there's a keg of dynamite, and near it may be seen A pretty little tin that's full of nitro-glycerine; They're very useful in their way, and yonder, on the shelf, You'll find some blasting gunpowder I've patented myself.

My new Orsini bombs are quite the best that can be made, All other deadly missiles they throw quite into the shade; Some small gun-cotton hand-grenades are useful too, you'll say; They'll shatter glass and open doors in quite a playful way.

And there's a neat torpedo you can pop into a box, Which when exploded gives a man two different kinds of shocks. It blows him high, and when he drops, before he can complain, It gives another awful bang and sends him up again.

Machinery by clockwork moved explodes some dynamite, 'Twill wreck a ship on Monday week, or say on Tuesday night;
You've only got to name the day, the works begin to run,
You pop it quietly on board, and then the deed is done.

It's quite a scientific trade, is ours—it is indeed, For every new explosive's made quite public for our need; You'll take a drink—no, not that cask,—that's poison! What's that noise? And, by the way, I wouldn't smoke among these pretty toys!

English Tragedian's Motto .- " Dum spiro Shake-spero."

FILL, PHILHARMONIC!

Bravo, Mr. Cusins! though you're not a German Herr, or you're not a German Herr, or an Italian Signor, but simply Mr. Cusins of the Philhar-monic. A good selection last Thursday, including two songs by Mr. Sims Reeves, who, it will scarcely be believed, didn't sing. We sincerely pity our great English tenor for having great English tenor for having such thoroughly English bron-chial tubes. The public loses by his being so unfortunately delicate; and, be it remem-bered, so does he. Probably up to the last moment he is roung to wake an effort had going to make an effort, but foresees that if he does the foresees that if he does the result may be serious. Is it absolutely impossible to announce that Mr. SIMS REEVES will "positively" sing on such and such a night? Instead of a Simmer we got a BOYLE, who was highly satisfactory, though he didn't sing anything from his well-known Court Guide.

House crammed, Couldn't procure any programmes, Mr. Cusins. Perhaps you'll say you couldn't get one yourself. If so, you are in the same boat with a large party of our re-spectable relatives—"So did our Uncles, and our Cusins, and our Aunts."

Listen to this appeal, or next time while you are har-monious Cusins above, there'll be unmelodious "cussins" below.

AT WESTMINSTER. - Canon FARRAN'S sermons, are, they say, "strong meat for men."
They sound more like Farrarnaceous food.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 25.



H. LABOUCHERE, M.P.

"Il Cigaretto per esser felice."

MUD-SALAD MARKET AGAIN.

THE parochial authorities. who appear to be unable to remove a notorious nuisance like Mud-Salad Market, have at last succeeded in making it a little more profitable to the parish. The disgrace of light parish. Ine disgrace of light and unfair assessments on Drury Lane Theatre, Covent Garden Theatre, and other properties of the Duke of MUDFORD, still exists, but the head-quarters of London muck—the Market, or Muckit, as it is called, is now, after a long struggle, taxed at some-thing like a reasonable amount. thing like a reasonable amount. For years it was let off too cheaply at a so-called rateable value of £4200 a-year, and now it is assessed at a still too moderate rateable value of £10,000 a-year. This is not much for a central area like Mud-Salad Market, and nothing is abayed for the year. thing is charged for the use of a mile or two of public thoa line of two of public tho-roughfares, which for three days a week, in the best part of the day, are blocked up with waggons and vegetable refuse.

Dialogue in the Stalls.

First Theatrical Critic (High Artful and serious). I admit I'm a laudator temporis acti. Second T. C. (slightly frivo-lous and purely modern). So am I.

First T. C. (astonished). You!

Second T. C. Yes. I go in for being laudator temporisacti if the Act isn't more than forty-five minutes.

ONE-SIDED RULE.



THE Meddlevex Magistrates, having strangled dancing, more or less, within the wretched limits of their more wretched jurisdiction, are now turning their attention to more sacred things, turning their attention to more sacred things, and doing all they can to smother the *Messiah*. There are animals that have ears for everything but music, and the animal with the exceptionally long ears, whose effigy ought to stand on the top of the Sessions-House, Clerkenwell, has been known to bray wildly in the presence of harmony. Even the decorous dulness which generally dis-tinguishes oratorios has failed to have a soothing effect upon the Six Hundred Irresponsibles, who

effect upon the Six Hundred Irresponsibles, who usually sympathise with dulness, and they have issued an official warning that if any "sacred music" is played in any building, licensed by them, on Good Friday, that building will in future be deprived of all authority as a concert or music-hall.

Luckily for the cause of sobriety, and decent recreation, the area misgoverned by the Six Hundred Irresponsibles, is not the whole of London. While more sensible counsels prevail in Surrey and Kent, there is a building called the Albert Hall, which boasts of a Royal Charter. Here the Messiah, shut out of Middlesex, will find resting-places and audiences, and fifty or a hundred thousand people at the Crystal Palace, will show their northern neighbours that the rule of the Middlevexers is strictly limited to one side—the Fools' side—of the river.

A New Novel. — "Mamma," said Miss Ramsbotham, while reading a list of new novels, "have you heard anything about Queenie's Whim?" "Well," replied Mrs. Ram, "I know I went one day with the Tompkinses to see Miss Beckworth swim, but they didn't call her Queenie."

"MERRY ISLINGTON,"

"Scenes" in the House are mild compared with some recent doings of the Board of Guardians last Thursday, as reported in the Islington Gazette of March 25. There was a dispute as to whether a certain pauper woman was or was not a lunatic. Amid considerable confusion the following climax it appears was reached:

"Mr. Brown said the Chairman, after hearing that the woman had been confined in an asylum, had been running about London with his hat in his

"The CHAIRMAN (excitedly). No, Sir, on my head; and I don't mind what you say, you little bantam-cock. I know you to be a little venomous wretch. (Confusion.)"

By way of arriving at some conclusion, the Chairman subsequently offered to second a vote of censure on himself. After some further comparatively tame discussion, the Board proceeded to the next business, which happened to be a question of providing a Hot-water apparatus. Not much necessity for that, we should say, or Islington itself will soon be too hot to hold these valiant Vestrymen. What is wanted in that quarter just now is apparently personal self-government. We shall look out for another field-day at Merry Islington government. Islington.

Oh Ware and Oh Ware!

On, and such Ware too! Nowhere is there to be seen any ware more splendidly represented—we announce it warily as you may be already aware yourself—than in the Book of the Keramic Art of Japan, recently issued by Messrs. Hency Sotheran & Co. Any Collector of Plates will find twenty, in the Two-Guinea Edition, superbly coloured, which, though they may be torn from him by force, are warranted not to break. The Keramic Art of Japan, as a beautifully illustrated book of reference, is as useful as it is ornamental—and to say this is to speak volumes in its praise.

RHYMES FOR A REASON.

"ATLAS," in last week's World, said, a propos of the forthcoming GILBERT-SULLIVAN eccentric æsthetic opera, that there is a rhyme in it to totally "quite worthy of GILBERT." This intrigued us. What could it be? So, as our Office Boy is a rhymester, we gave him the office, and in less than ten minutes he had suggested the following probable rhymes to "totally," commencing thus:— "ATLAS," in last week's World, said, à

"Want a rhyme to tally With the word 'totally '?"

This we at once told him might have suited Hudibras, but wasn't worthy of The Pirates. A trifle abashed, he resumed—

"Huntsman cries 'Ho tally Ho!'—Rhyme to totally."

Better, we admitted; but couldn't he get beyond the huntsman? The youthful Laureate at once replied-

"How a line ends-Well—much depends

On what's before in the song.

If I said 'wrote a lie'

Might rhyme to 'totally,'

Would I be totally wrong?''

Better; though, of course, this rhyme too must be determined by the arbitrary pronunciation of "totally."

"The Æsthetics," suggested our dear Boy, "are in a wherry, and sing—

'Utterly, Totally,— Down the stream boatily!'

"Then on the lawn their repast is laid out, and they say-

'We're not mistaken totally In serving it table d'hôte-lly.'

"Or Mr. SULLIVAN may complain of a

' He who sings throatily Spoils my song totally.

"Again," cried the juvenile CHATTERTON, "if directing a traveller who had missed his

'If you would go to Lea, You are wrong totally!

"Mr. Toole might say that a horn was played Toole-ly wrong; or Mr. D'Oxley Carte steerer of the Opéra-Comique Gunnboat, might suggest an alliance with another Captain of another gun-boat—

Yours with my boat ally, We'll beat 'em totally!'

"Miss Dinorah will sing-'Down here my goat'll lie Satisfied totally.'

"An Irishman would ask-- with his hair fuzzled

'Tell me what coat'll I
Put on? I'm totally,
Utterly puzzled.'"

"Or," exclaimed the Boy, his eye in fine frenzy rolling, "An inspiration! I can emphasise the last two syllables, make it to-tally,' and then—listen!" And in a jubilant voice he sang out-

"Mister HALLÉ In a châlet, Lit a 'tally.' Then with SALLY And his valet Gene-rally

Danced a ballet. Out the 'tally.' Went dis-mally. They wer In ther Dark to-tally."

At this point we jumped on him, and sat on his head till a Composer came round. He is now composed.

As the new G. and S. Opera is to satirise the Æsthetes, instead of a "patter" song, the Author should write a "Pater" song.



PRIVATE INQUIRY.

Surveyor of Taxes (to Literary Gent). "But surely you can arrive at some estimate of the amount received by you during the past Three Years for example. Don't you keep Books?" Literary Gent (readily). "Oh dear no. I write them!"

Surveyor. "AHEM-I MEAN YOU'VE GOT SOME SORT OF ACCOUNTS-Literary Gent. "OH YES, LOTS"-(Surveyor brightens up)-"UNPAID!"

NEAR-NOT FUR.

THE Daily Telegraph's brilliant Special, writes from Russia, March 22nd:-

"As I had left London in so desperate a hurry as to be unable to provide myself with a fur pelisse, and as all the furriers' shops were closed throughout Saturday, in consequence of the procession, I may be excused for hinting that I shivered considerably between one and three on Sunday afternoon."

Why didn't the Proprietors of the Journal with the "Largest Circulation" provide their own Special Journeyman with one of their own "stitched wrappers?" In icy regions it would have been well worth their while, if only to keep up the Circulation. When We send Our Special, the Courier of St. Petersburgh, on six horses, he shall be wrapped in the furriest furs that furriners can provide. Alas! poor Special! when he started he couldn't sing with *Hecate*, "Now I'm fur-nished for my flight!" But he ought to have been.



MASCULINE INCONSISTENCY.

Lovelace de la Poer Spinks (his usual soliloguy before his glass). "After all— it's not a Man's personal appearance Women care for. It's his Cha-racter, it's his Intellect, it's—"

[Proceeds, as usual, to squeeze his neck into a collar which prevents him from turning his head, his feet into tight boots which prevent him from walking, and his waist into a belt which prevents him from drawing his breath.

'ARRY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've bin to a lecture! Now lectures, you know, ain't my mark;
Too slow and dry sawdusty mostly, but this was a bit of a lark.
Woman's Rights and that moonshine, my pippin. Thinks I, "There's a barney on here.

And whenever there's hens on the crow, 'ARRY's good for a hinnings,-no fear!

Needn't tell you my views on the subjeck. The petticoats want keepin' down, Like niggers and Radicals, Charle; but spouters in bonnet and gown, While they haven't got votes, are amusing. They can reel it off and no kid, Though I hold their right line is to marry, bile taters, and do as they're bid.

Oh, I'd suffrige 'em! Slap agin Nature, yer know, wrong end huppards, in

To a man as is really a man it's disgustin'! But, looked at as sport, This yere Shrieking Sisterhood lay ain't 'arf bad; though the duffers down there Who woted 'em right—ten to one!—made it 'ardish to keep on one's 'air.

They called it a Liberal Club, sort of cellar-like hunderground den, With two hundred cheap cane-bottomed chairs, and three fidgety-looking

young men—
That's all when I hentered—a-shifting the seats and the platform about,
Till the people began to pour in, when the three looked alarmed, and poured out.

But they toddled back arter a bit with a curly old joker in tow, And the three Woman's Rightists, in bonnets, who perched on a form in a row, Like three fowls on a fence; and Old Ringlets, who looked like a bantam in

breeks, Tipped the mag with as much bellows-blowing as though he'd two tongues in his cheeks.

Cheek? Buth chaps ain't in it, my pippin! I gave him chy-ike once or twice, But he napped me as sharp as a needle, and all the room roared, which warn't

And the fidgety three sung out "Horder!" as though they meant "hices or stout!"

And a rum little ginger cove heyed me as if he'd a liked

_ me chucked hout.

Then the birds on the fence fluttered down one by one, and each cackled her bit.

I am not nuts on argyment, fogs me. They spun it off

slick, I admit; Women's wotes was to be like 'op bitters, and put as all square like a shot.

Didn't understand 'arf wot they said, but of course it was all blooming rot.

Wy, we carn't keep the run on 'em now! What with ink-flinging, hart, and all that,
They're a-besting us fast, my dear boy; wus than Germans. Yes, that's "where's the cat."
And now they're connivering round arter wotes, I sez "Wide-oh's" the word,
Or us men won't be in it at all, and I arsk yer if that

ain't absurd!

Oh, they're regular scorchers, these women, when fair on the job, don't yer know. There was one or two chaps in the meeting as did 'ave a

bit of a go,—
Tried the lofty pooh-pooh, but lor' bless yer, them feminines chopped 'em up fine,
And old Corkscrews he chaffed 'em no end, and the honly fair "brayvo!" was mine.

Little Ginger kep fussing with papers, and dodging all over the shop,

And a fierce-looking party, all elbows, was likeways a deal on the 'op.

But the ladies was easy as mittens, and put it that mealy and mild,
That I felt I should jest like to smash 'em, but couldn't.

It did make me wild.

Talk of justice, and petticoat cultcher, and trainin' up women o' sense?
Bosh! The fillies are tired of the paddock, and mean

popping over the fence.

That's the size of it, CHARLIE, old man, and they show so

much mettle and pace,
'e must keep 'em well 'andicapped down, or I 'm blowed
if they mayn't land the race!

Made me mad to see fellers a-backing 'em; one in per-

tikler I saw.

A sewere-looking bloke, with a beak and black 'air, like a genteel jackdaw,

Woman's Rightist right down to his boots, and he limbed

little Ginger like fun,
'Cos he didn't appear quite so sound on the goose as he
ought to ha' done.

No, this lot didn't shriek or wear gig-lamps; but jest

you imagine a wife As could argue your 'ead off like they could! It adds a new 'orror to life! Two of 'em was Missises too! Well, if ever I'm tempted

to marry,
'Tain't no Woman's Rightist, you bet, as will nobble
Yours faithfully,
'Arra

'ARRY.

Penny-wise and Pound-foolish.

THE Natal Colonists think that Mr. GLADSTONE has been really pound-foolish in not pounding the Boers, but Colonists like to have all their fighting done at the Mother Country's expense, and to make a profit besides by selling horses and provisions. The British householder, who pays ninety-five per cent. of the national taxation, thinks that Mr. GLADSTONE is more than pennywise in proprising (indirectly) a penny off the Income. wise in promising (indirectly) a penny off the Income-Tax, and feels that he would have been threepenny-wise if it had not been for the Afghan Five Millions.

A VOCALIST OFTEN MENTIONED IN SPORTING CIRCLES. The Even Tenner.

QUITE BRITISH CLIMATE. - March in the Transvasl. Came in like a Lion, and went out like a Lamb.

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.



Preliminary.—"Be in time" should be the golden rule. As the contest is fixed to come off before any one is up, you had better not go to bed on the any one is up, you had better not go to bed on the previous evening. By this means you will secure a very good place. No doubt you will find plenty of room on the towing-path a little before three A.M. on the morning. You may safely invest in this bank — there is no chance of its breaking. Or, if you prefer it—you can make yourself really comfortable by camping out on some one else's property. All you will have to do in this instance is to get an easy couch and a foot-warmer. You can take the latter from anywhere, and the Police will supply the hot water!

The Start.—The earliness of the hour will probably drive away the old fog-cys—they will not be missed! By permission of the Dean of Arches (seated officially on Putney Bridge) the boats will be ordered to pull away by the Bishop of London. To emphasise the command, his Lordship will take a Canon charged under the Church Discipline Act
—and let him off! This "bang" may be safely
relied upon. Original remark to make when the
boats take the water—"They're off!" As the
betting men would say, "A case of taken and
offered!"

The Star and Garter.-Blue Riband of the Thames kept here in watered silk. Appropriate title to be used after lunch for this hostelry (from which the race commences), "Gar and Starter."

Craven Cottage.—At this point one of the representatives of the Dark Blue will show signs of fear. To encourage him his coxswain will observe, "We mustn't have a coverard from Oxon!" The crew will pause to indulge in mirth. The stroke will advise his comrades to take it easy. The Cambridge sight will consequently disappear. The Oxford stroke hereupon will observe, "We have missed them! Well, we are getting on! A miss is as good as a mile." "As a smile," the coxswain will retort, as he attempts to control his laughter.

And on they will go again!

The Crab Tree.—First pause of the Cambridge eight under the spreading boughs of the Crab Tree. Ten minutes allowed for refreshments and catching crabs! Oxford will subsequently join in the piscatorial amusement. With a heavy feather! How to catch crabs?

The Soap Works .- On reaching these magnificent buildings both crews will stop spell-bound by the sublimity of the prospect before them. The Press-steamer will then approach and supply both teams with plenty of soap. The sliding seats having by this means been sufficiently lubricated, the race will start afresh. Motto of the Cockney spectators stationed in front of the Soap Works, "So-'appy!"

Hammersmith Bridge.—As usual, the coign of vantage will be reserved for the police. The vantage will, however, declare that the posi-tion brings a coin of 'vantage to nobody. Good thing to say of the aspect of the river from here— "a view by Constable."

The Doves.—The most charming spot on the Thames! The sweetest of public-houses—the most coquettish of taverns! Capitally suited for a poet enjoying his honeymoon. Advertisers and lovers

will tell you that the Doves offers unchallenged adaptability for "billing and cooing." A Member of the Kyrle Society would revel in the place—for a consideration.

a consideration.

The Oil Mills.—Another pretty riverine retreat rich with suggestive savours. Famous as the Head-Quarters of the Peace Society. On the day of the race the Members of the Association will celebrate the event by throwing oil on the waters—when none is looking. At this point the crisis of the contest will take place. Here Oxford will either lead or fall into the second place. If the cognoscenti are right in this conjecture, the Cantabs may be confidently expected to spring to the front, or to rest satisfied with a less prominent position. Betting 20 to 1 on the winner!

Obstruction No. 1.—A barge! Idleness, Impudence, and Ignorance found in the same boat.

Obstruction No. 2.—A tub (as Mr. Toole would say) "tub be sure!" The persons connected with this tub richly deserve a good towelling!

Chiswick Ait.—Evident opportunity for saying something "vastly amusing" about one of the Eights. For instance—the Eight left behind—the Chiswick Ait! Jokes such as this may be made by the reel not only by Scotchmen but by Englishmen also.

Corney Reach.—On a recent occasion Lord Chief Justice Coleridge wanted to know "what the celebrated Mr. Corney Grain was?" It is scarcely necessary to point out that here his Lordship could easily find out for himself the things within the Corney Reach! "Very entertaining!" as Mr. George Grosshith would observe, if superiord on the metric questioned on the matter.

Barnes Bridge.—Some of one of the cruellest outrages of modern times. Each of the University coxswains will here shoot the bridge! Verdict of

coxswains will here shoot the bridge! Verdict of the Public, on noticing that neither gentleman in his fiannels is wearing jewellery—"Not Guilty!"

The Brewery.—Conveniently situated near a Malt Lake, or, as it is incorrectly spelt nowadays, "Mortlake." Recognition of the Crews by the Brews. Song of welcome of the Chief Tapster on noticing the heated complexions of the coxswains—"Oh, ruddier than the beery!"

The Evision (added by Mr. Punglis carp near

The Finish (added by Mr. Punch's one particular Prophet).—Is it necessary to state how the great contest will end? No! a thousand times no! for idle curiosity should never be encouraged! And yot it is so obvious so solf times no! for idle curiosity should never be encouraged! And yet it is so obvious, so self-evident that one of the Blues must win, that it seems almost cruel to withhold what (by proper management) may be valuable information. Then the secret shall be revealed. Away with technicalities! Away with professional jargon about "clean feathering," "sliding-seats," and the rest of it! In a case such as this one word will suffice! Either Oxford or Cambridge? Cambridge or Oxford? Yes; for a "dead heat" is next to impossible! The issues are narrowed. Which is it to be? I will tell you! As sure as I am writing, as sure, in point of fact, as eggs are eggs, the winner of the great Inter-University Boat-Race of 1881 will be—

(Continued in our next.)

(Continued in our next.)





A NARROW ESCAPE.

"BACK AT LAST FROM IRELAND, DEAR SIR JOHN! WE HAVE MISSED YOU!" "So have my Tenants, thank goodness!"

ADVICE GRATIS.

ADVICE TO PLAYGOERS.

WHEN you enter a theatre without having previously booked your seat, and are told that the house is full, insist upon having chairs put in the gangways, and turn a deaf ear to any Managerial objections. When told that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has issued orders forbidding such obstructions, tell the Manager, or his representative, to go to Jericho, and take the LORD CHAMBERLAIN with him. When to go to Jericho, and take the LORD CHAMBERLAIN with him. When the footlights flare above the glasses, or there is the slightest smell of burning paper or linen, stand up in the body of the house and shout "Fire!" as loudly as possible. Having created a panic, and being directed to outlets that are not altogether familiar to you—some of them labelled "Exit to be used in case of fire"—insist upon going out by the entrance or entrances you always come in at, and insist upon going out in the most disorderly manner. Knock over as many seats as you can find unfixed, upset people who are smaller and weaker than yourself, and do not hesitate for a moment to trample on them if they are foolish enough to lie on the floor. If you get out safely, and find you have lost a shirt-stud or a pockethandkerchief in the struggle, insist upon going back to search for it, and if anything happens to you, lay the blame upon the Manager, who is supposed to be "personally responsible."

ADVICE TO MANAGERS.

BLOCK up your passages with lumber and pot-house bars, and traps for catching shillings in the shape of coat-rails, umbrella-stands, opera-glass counters, book-stalls, &c. Put the gas-lights as near the wall and the ceiling as the lath and plaster will bear without breaking out into an immediate blaze. Suspend a chandelier in the middle of the house over the people's heads, and forbid anyone to examine its fixings oftener than once in a quarter of a contrary. Paid a contraction of the state of ing out into an immediate blaze. Suspend a chandelier in the middle of the house over the people's heads, and forbid anyone to examine its fixings oftener than once in a quarter of a century. Build a carpenter's shop over this chandelier, and fill it with plenty of inflammable materials. Choke up your cellars with shavings, bits of old scenery, rotten properties—anything that will burn with the slightest extremely comprehensive as the Exemption from Distress Bill.

SOMETHING FOR THE MONEY.

(From the Playgoers' Conversation Book. Coming Edition

I HAVE only paid three guineas and a half for this Stall, but it is certainly stuffed with the very best hair. The people in the ten-and-sixpenny gallery seem fairly

The people if the ten-ann-six painty garrety seem fairly pleased with their dado.

I did not know the call-boy was at Eton.

The expenses of this house must be enormous, if they always play Box and Cox with a rasher of real Canadian

How nice to know that the musicians, though out of sight under the stage, are in evening dress on velvet cushions!

Whoever is the author of this comedy, he has not written up with spirit to that delightful Louis the Fifteenth linen cuboard.

I cannot catch a word *Macbeth* is saying, but I can see at a glance that his kilt would be extremely cheap at seventy pounds.

I am not surprised to hear that the "Tartar's lips" for the cauldron alone add nightly something like fifty-five-

the catharon alone and nightly something like hity-five-and-sixpence to the expenses.

Do not bother me about the situation when I am looking at the quality of the velvet pile.

Since the introduction of the live hedgehog into the domestic drama obliged the Management to raise the second-tier private boxes to forty guineas, the Duchess

second-tier private boxes to forty guineas, the Duchess has gone into the slips with an order.

They had, perhaps, better take away the champagne-bottle and the diamond-studded whistle from the prompter.

Ha! here comes the Chorus of Villagers, provided with real silk pocket-handkerchiefs.

It is all this sort of thing that elevates the Drama, and makes me so contented to part with a ten-pound note for an evening's amusement. an evening's amusement.

Our Thames Bill.

OH, did you never hear of the Jolly Free Watermen, Who on the River Thames used for to ply? They feathered their nest with such skill and dexterity-But now they will find that their time has gone by.

BY OUR HEATHEN CHINEE.—Opium-smoking in China is thoroughly poppy-lar.

encouragement. Dress up a super in a fireman's uniform to comfert the eye of authority, and hang up ten or a dozen quart buckets in a prominent part of the theatre, to comfort the public and the Insurance Companies. Let the public smoke, if they like, in the lobbies, and the workmen smoke, if they like, in the cellars. Always keep a fiddler on the premises in case of fire, so that your building may perish in a classical manner.

ADVICE TO JOURNALISTS.

AFTER the destruction of a theatre in any part of the world, do all you can to create a general panic. Take no trouble to verify your statements, but assert boldly that no theatre is a bit safer than the crater of Vesuvius in the middle of an eruption. When you have frightened away half the paying audiences from half the theatres, apply boldly for wholesale free admissions.

Advice to the Licensing Authorities.

Respect vested interests, and never interfere with any old theatres, however badly constructed. With regard to new theatres, give a licence of exactly the same value to a capitalist who spends £20,000 to make his theatre comfortable and safe, as you give to a capitalist who expends less than half that amount.

ADVICE TO INSURERS.

LOOK into the statistics of theatre-burning, and find how many houses have been destroyed in the middle of a prosperous run or the height of the dramatic season.

Millennial Measure.

LIHLEY SAMBO

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



that would beat the Home Secretary's hollow.

Such subtle turn of phrase, such scathing sarcasm,
such blinding wit, were rarely imagined. But when he opens his mouth they all fly out inarticulate. The Colonel makes notes on a
small card which he holds in the palm of his left hand. These are the keys which, touched, should make perfect melody of speech.
The Colonel touches them rightly enough; he punches them, wrenches them, and wrestles with them generally. But only fragmentary
noises, in nowise musical, is the result. Still the intention evident and design clear. Most excellent speech in everything but words.
Dim notion that by practice the Colonel will get hold of the words right end up, and will by process of development become equal to the
Home Secretary. At present, in respect of well ordered fluency, he falls a trifle short. But the arrangement might be much worse. On
the whole, prefer a man with ideas too big for his words to one with words too many for his ideas.

or standing at the Club window, he makes speeches that would beat the HOME SECRETARY'S hollow.

Business done.—Mutiny Bill read a Second Time; Colonel HAR-COURT'S Motion, to make the State pay half the cost of main roads, defeated on a division by 159 votes against 145.

Tuesday Night.—Mr. BIGGAR wandering about the Bar to-night making feigned advances on the Chair, suddenly rising and as abruptly resuming his seat, and by other devices causing to grow pale the cheek of Mr. ASHTON DILKE, and to add more grey hairs to the beard of Mr. STEVENSON. These two Gentlemen have been looking up Decimal Coinage, and have tremendous speeches on hand, or rather in hat. Mr. Stevenson in particular supplies fresh fillustration of what "a working hat" may be, by bringing his down literally stuffed with papers. What with the speech burdening his mind, and this apparition of Mr. BIGGAR with constant threat of a Count Out, Mr. DILKE more than usually lugubrious.

"Looks as if he had lost a shilling and found a franc," Sir WIL-

FRED LAWSON SAYS.

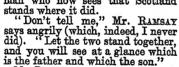
FINE SPECIMEN OF "CHELSEA,"

OUT OF A WELL-KNOWN CABINET COLLECTION.

But Mr. BIGGAR was only funning. Finding time hang heavy on his hands, it occurred to him that he might agreeably spend it in this ms names, to occurred to min that he might agreeably spend it in this way. He meant no harm, and though he might have counted the House out at any time between seven and ten, he forebore. Perhaps he knew what was coming, and thought to pay off old scores with an assembly that has sometimes manifested a passing disinclination to hear him address it. 40.37 minutes of Mr. Dilke, immediately followed by 35.87 minutes of Mr. Stevenson, go a long way towards settling belong of property.

settling a balance of penance.
Then there was Mr. HUBBARD. Curiously aggravating juvenes-

Then there was Mr. Hubbard. Curiously aggravating juvenescence about Mr. Hubbard. Feeling of grievance on public grounds that a man of his years should insist upon going about in an indecorous shooting coat, and should array himself in particoloured neckties, just as if he were forty-five. Mr. Ramsar, a gentleman of vast research, hints, in a blood-freezing way, that there is some mystery about the Lord-Advolate. It's all very well, he observes with an appalling nod of the head, to say that the Gentleman who recently retired from the representation of Edinburgh was the father of the Right Hon. Gentleman who now sees that Scotland man who now sees that Scotland



Mr. RAMSAY not a man given to joking. Fancy there must be something in this. Mr. Arnold fond of asking questions. Set him to ask the Home Secretary. Son or sire, and if so, why?

Much the same thing about the

two HUBBARDS. Member for City

currently regarded as Father HUBBARD, but in appearance and manner quite a chicken as compared to the son.

Business done.—Proposal for Select Committee on Decimal Coinage

negatived by 108 to 28. Discussion on the Sale of Benefices.

Thursday Night.—Implacable race the Scots, when once their blood is up. So sudden too. Everything going on peacefully and gently, when, lo! The Anderson (George), or The Colebroke (Sir Edward), pulls a dirk from his stocking, The Dalbymple produces the fiery-cross from his coat-tail pocket, and Bannockburn was nothing to what follows. Fiery-cross out to-night; dirks dinging, claymores clashing, the air full of guttural sound. Left the House for a few minutes at half-past eleven; everything quiet, even dull. Back at a quarter to twelve, and found the fiery-cross already half-way round. Harcourt grasping Lord-Advocate firmly by the wrist, to prevent him jumping up with intent to place one foot on the table and the other on the Treasury Bench.

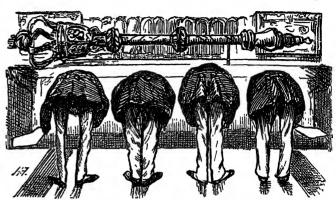
What was the matter? Had The Gordon (Sir Alexander) turned up in the kill he tells us he has worn, and had some rash Saxon pre-

up in the kilt he tells us he has worn, and had some rash Saxon preup in the kilt he tells us he has worn, and had some rash Saxon presumed to tickle his legs? Or had the market for pease-meal brose been rigged? No use asking questions. Everyone too excited to answer. Gather from reference to the Orders that business on hand is Second Reading of the Teinds (Scotland) Bill. Don't know what teinds are. Fancy they are a sort of haggis. "But, whatever, there was a row," as The Dowald Currie said. Gathered by degrees that it commenced with the LORD-ADVOCATE. Had moved the Second Reading of the Bill, and then Mr. RICHARD PEDDIE (don't know him well enough to call him Drcx) suggested adjournment. LORDwell enough to call him Dick) suggested adjournment. Lord-Advocate, as gentle in love as he is fearful in war, acceded to this innocent-looking suggestion. Whereupon pibroch sounded, Scotch melting.

Members stooped as one man for their dirks, and it was then the LORD-ADVOCATE would have bounded on the table like the picture in the *Penny Illustrated* of Lord COLIN CAMPBELL at Stafford House

in the *Penny Illustrated* of Lord Colin Campbell at Stafford House when there was question of abolishing the tartan.

No one can say what would have followed, but for the presence of mind of the Home Secretary. The Orr Ewing, in tones none the less terrible because their passion was suppressed, denounced procedure in general, and the Lord-Advocate in particular. More in this than meets the eye, the Chieftain said. Liberation Society at



THE FOUR-TELLERS AFTER THE EVENT.

the back of it. Church in danger; Constitution undermined. (Strange, this last charge. Always heard Scotchmen say haggis most wholesome food.) The DALRYMPLE even more fierce. Murmur of the clansmen in the distance; horrible noise of the surreptitious grinding of dirks; elderly English Members with large families begin to beat strategic retreat.

"I suppose you've heard of Glencoe?" Mr. Horwood whispered in Mr. RYLANDS' ear as he passed out.
Peter rose hastily, and left the House.

Just as the onslaught seemed about to begin, the LORD-ADVOCATE gave way, the Motion for Adjournment was withdrawn, the Second Reading was agreed to, and the necessity for numerous elections to

fill vacancies in Scotch counties and burghs averted.

Business done.—Mutiny Bill passed through Committee.
Bill read a Second Time.

Friday Night.—Last week in dead-meat trade, to-night in the butter business. Next week hope to embark in the hide-and-skin line, and eventually shall reach the treacle trade. Astonishing to find how much everyone knows about butter. Not surprising, of course, to find ARTHUR ARNOLD discoursing learnedly on the component parts of a tub of butter. Few things he doesn't know, and none he is not ready to discourse upon. Wallowed in the butter-tub to-night, and told us how nasty it is. CHAMBERLAIN showed singular grasp of the butter question, but everything sunk into insignificance beside the erudition of Lyon PLAYFAIR.

Business done.—Arrived at conclusion that, on the whole, butterine

better than butter.

STANZAS TO SPRING.

O balmy Spring, that brings upon the breeze Colds and bronchitis and the influenza, The thrush sings loud amid the budding trees, And we throw in a cough as a cadenza.

We're thankful that the Winter time is past, And thoughts of soft Spring days are surely pleasing, What mean these snow-flakes whirling on the blast, While mad thermometers sink down to freezing.

'Twas very well for KINGSLEY erst to sing

He liked the North-East wind, but who supposes, That ordinary folks enjoy a Spring— With gelid and exacerbated noses.

Burst not, O buds, though April suns shine out,
Back to the earth rash snow-drop and poor crocus;
The seasons have got mixed without a doubt,
Spring's turned to Winter by some hocus-pocus.

EASTERN TELEGRAMS.

PORTE crusted: Greece waxy. Later .- Porte generous: Greece

A MAUDLE-IN BALLAD.

To His Lily.



My lank limp lily, my long lithe lily,
My languid lily-love, fragile and
thin, With dank leaves dangling and flower-flap chilly, That shines like the shin of a Highland gilly!
Mottled and moist as a cold toad's skin ! Lustrous and leper-white, splendid and splay!
Art thou not Utter? and wholly akin To my own wan soul and my own

wan chin,
And my own wan nose-tip, tilted to sway
The peacock's feather, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny, yesterday?

My long lithe lily, my languid lily,
My lank limp lily-love, how shall I win—
Woo thee to wink at me? Silver lily,
How shall I sing to thee, softly, or shrilly?
What shall I weave for thee—which shall I sp
Rondel, or rondeau, or virelay?
Shall I buzz like bee, with my face thrust in
Thy choice, chaste chalice, or choose me a tin
Trumpet, or touchingly, tenderly play
On the weird bird-whistle, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny, yesterday? which shall I spin-

My languid lily, my lank limp lily, My long lithe lily-love, men may grin— Say that I'm soft and supremely silly— What care I, while you whisper stilly; What care I, while you smile? Not a pin! While you smile, while you whisper-'Tis sweet

I have watered with chlorodine, tears of chagrin, The churchyard mould I have planted thee in, Upside down, in an intense way, In a rough red flowerpot, sweeter than sin, That I bought for a halfpenny, yesterday!



POPULAR FALLACIES.

THAT ONE NEVER LOSES ANYTHING BY POLITENESS.—BEWARE IN A MARCH WIND.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

My wust fears is Realeyesed! The LORD MARE if not quite a Tea Toeteller is suttenly a Temprancer. He wanted to have for his Chapling Doctor Punch'em the Welshlean, and to ebolish his Trumpitters, but the Court of Aldermen came to the reskew. They sed, and werry properly, "You must draw the line sumwheres, my Lord, and we draws it for you at Chaplings and Trumpits." BROWN says, "Why not at CHAPLING and HORNS," but he's always saying sum rubbitch or other. After giving the matter dew considerashun, I'm inclined to think as a Chapling is about as good a judge of a dinner as anyboddy I knows on, let alone even a Alderman. But then of course there's Chaplings and Chaplings. A Lord Mare's Chapling is all werry well for the 12 short munse as he lasts, but only to think of the awful change wen he returns to his own Homely Fair! whereas a Chapling to a grate Citty Gill is a Chapling for ever, and lives like one all his life. They allers gives me a smilin nod of recognishun knowing as I shall pay The LORD MARE if not quite a Tea Toeteller is suttenly a Temallers gives me a smilin nod of recognishun knowing as I shall pay em special attension.

'em special attension.

But to return to my Lord Mare. Well, I've bin engaged in my perfeshnal dooties now for a good many years, but I never sea such things at the horsepital Manshun House as I've seen lately. We've had one of them prettyest of all pritty sites a Children's Party without no dancing. We've had dredful dull dinners without no ladies to sing, and sollem evenin partys without nothink to eat but Tea! And on every occashun such a lot of reverend-locking Gents, without no Shirt fronts in perickler that everywhold seemed quite without no Shirt fronts in pertickler, that everybody seemed quite afraid to larf

of course if the gents of my perfeshun who's engaged there, likes a change, they've suttinly got it, but I dowt if they quite apresheates it, or we should never have heard of such a downright awful staggerer as this. Two on'em has acshally applied to be made into Messengers to the Commissioners of Sewers! Oh, what a tumble down-stares was there my Countrymen! And, as if to add hinsult to hinjury, even the Sewers wouldn't have 'em!

Is there a skellington in the Manshun Ouse cubberd, and is its name Dullniss? I pores for a ripply.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—V. MEDICINE.

OH, would you study medicine, get learning anatomical,
First fill your mind with all the lore of muscles and of veins;
The names that they can boast of sound, you'll say, extremely comical,
But you must learn them ere you try to ease our aches and pains.
To grin derisively you use the Musculus risorius,
The Sterno-cleido-mastoid serves to turn the head away;
We'll land upon Reil's Island, nor will think the work laborious,
To cross the Pons Varolii a many times a day.

In course of time you'll learn, no doubt, the laws of Physiology,
With all that FOSTER, CARPENTER, and HUXLEY well must know;
We'll hope you'll pay attention to Professors of Pathology,
And gaze on all the wonders that the microscope can show.
You'll find how blood goes through the lungs, and how they're oxydising it; How certain foods can do us good, while others do us harm:

The body's like a steam-engine, 'tis really not surprising it Should take a regular amount of fuel to keep warm.

With Chemistry, and Pharmacy, and Surgery, and Botany,
And Jurisprudence Medical, I fancy you will find
Enough to fill a busy brain—that is, if you have got any;
You cannot cure the body till you've amply stored the mind.
You'll come when we are ill, like some benevolent inquisitor;
Or gallant feats of Surgery shall startle all the town;
While plunging into Lungery you may become a Visitor While plunging into Lunacy you may become a Visitor Appointed by the Chancellor, like Doctor CRICHTON-BROWNE.

Here, surely, is a grand career—to cure our poor humanity
Of all the ills to which our flesh is heir—a noble strife
To wage against each fell disease, disorder, and insanity—
To wrest the victory from death, and give the patient life.
And when you've studied all you can, in order categorical,
When you have worked at every branch of science under sun,
You'll find—the illustration's not my own, but is historical—
You pick up pebbles on the shore,—you've only just begun!





ESTHETIC LADY AND WOMAN OF FASHION.

WOMAN OF FASHION AND ÆSTHETIC LADY.

SOMETHING LIKE A PUNISHMENT!

Sword and Umbrella Department.

Sentimental Order. No. 24,000,000,487.

THE "Cat" having been happily abolished through-out the British Army, the following regulations for dealing with serious offences will come into force immediately:—

1. A Soldier who has misbehaved himself in the face of the enemy by abject cowardice, or by being drunk and incapable when acting as a sentry on active service, shall be liable to carry extra articles on the line of march under certain specified restrictions, that is to 827

 $oldsymbol{A}$. He shall be authorised to have someone told off to help him

when he complains of fatigue.

B. He shall be allowed strong beef-tea and other "hospital comforts" on making application to the doctor.

C. The weight of the extra articles shall be fixed by a Committee of Lady Members of the Royal Society for the Preven-

tion of Cruelty to Animals, and other kindred institutions.

2. A Mutineer who has escaped to the enemy, and been recaptured, may be tied to a cart or a horse in cases of supreme emergency. When this particularly harsh course is pursued, however, it must

be clearly understood—

A. That the prisoner may demand that a large easy-chair shall be carried in the cart for his private use when suffering from fatigue.

B. That he shall have permission to ride on the horse to

which he is attached, whenever he pleases.

C. That the speed of both cart and horse shall be at all times

strictly regulated by the prisoner's wishes.

It is to be hoped that when the above humanitarian regulations (so thoroughly calculated to maintain discipline in the Army) have been firmly established, that the British Public will at last be satisfied. By order of the Civilian M.P.'s.

April 1st, 1881.

(Signed)

和UNC的, Registrar.

A BIT FOR BULL.

CHEER up, BULL, good dog! Not so bad after all.
You are sick of short commons? No wonder, old boy.
Your snacks for so long have been scrappy and small,
That a jolly good feed you're prepared to enjoy.
There, don't be too eager, nor wag that old tail
With a joy that's excessive, perchance premature,
For Great Expectations you know often fail,
Of what vulgar dogs call a "blow-out" don't be sure.
That brace of fierce fowls are as ravenous quite
As the brazen beaked harpies old Hercules slew;
Can't drive them off yet, lad, nor "pot" them outright,
As the demigod did that Stymphalian crew.
But cheer up! They're provided for pro tem. at least;
Can't promise your platter, old boy, will be full,
But when they and their like have been fed, though your feast
Won't be rich, you may find there's a bit left for Bull.

PARIS AT PUTNEY.

(Notes by our own Jules.)

LE COACH.—Admiral à Cheval ("in sportmans language," Le Coach-man). LE CRAB. - Fruit spécial de la Course (cueilli du fameux Crab-

LE CRAB.—Fruit special de la Course (Corney Grain. Tree).

CORNEY-REACH.—Maison de Campagne de M. Corney Grain.
THE UMPIRE.—Personage important (ordinairement le Lor Maire, en costume de "Boatswain").

LE DEAD HEAT.—Mort sur la Course ("of the two Crews together") évènement ordinaire du "struggle."

TRAINING.—Façon d'arriver à Barne-bridge; par "1st Class, 2nd Class, 3rd Class. Return Teekets."

AND THE ODDS.—Sobriquet Britannique ("coarse joke") pour les Etrangers—les "lookers-on."



INTERCEPTED.

COURT CARDS.

MADAME MODJESKA'S Juliet is just the sort of experienced young person one would expect to result from the early neglect of a vain, weak, handsome mother, Lady Capulet (Miss GIFFARD), who had shirked her maternal responsibility by confiding the child to such a



shirked her maternal responsibility by confiding the child to such a repulsively wicked elderly woman as the Nurse, whom Miss Le Thire has contrived to divest of any redeeming quality of humour.

Whether Shakspeare meant to inculcate "Spare the nurse, and spoil the child" as the moral to mothers from this play of Romeo and Juliet is not mentioned, by his commentators, and may probably, therefore, be the point of the piece since so many eradite of the piece since so many erudite muddle-heads have overlooked it.

Genius being above rules of construction—so much insisted upon nowadays, and so little understood the action of this play is wearisome, and Madame Moddeska does little to

and Madame Modjeska does little to relieve it. Her art is evident; she is all actress; self-conscious, inconsistent, disappointing. Once, in the atrical slang, she "gets a curtain," but it is a bed-curtain which she brings down with a run after drinking the potion that ought not to have caused her a pang, but which clearly gives her such fits as to excite in the audience a feeling of resentment against the respectable Friar Lawrence (Mr. Ryder, of course), or rather against what seems to be Friar Lawrence's "Sell."

Mr. Forbes Robertson, though decidedly good in a great deal, makes Romeo too much of a

makes Romeo too much of a hybrid between an effeminate esthete, and the modern "Good Young Man" of Exeter Hall proclivities. How so gay and gallant a ruffler so witty and dashing a manabout-town as Mercutio could ever have "consorted" with such a mawkish, die-away, priggish, badly-dressed youth as this Romeo, it is difficult

to imagine.
With the exception of the Rev. Mr. Ryder, known in stage religion as Friar Lawrence, Mr. Wilson Bar-RETT'S Mercutio is the best



A "PINT" OF COOPER "She does make me so wild!"

played part in the piece. Of course this character is always popular; the more so, as, strangely enough, he is not absolutely essential to the plot; indeed, he seems to have been thrown in either because there was an actor in Shakspeare's company who would have been getting a salary for walking about and doing nothing unless provided with something in the new piece, or the Bard was inspired with the Queen Mab idea, and had to create a person in whose mouth the lines might



be appropriately placed, who could make his mark as an eccentric character part, and be then killed off to the great regret of all who had seen his chivalrous who had seen his chivalrous bearing, and heard his brilliant discourse. "Whom the gods love die young." But—that scoundrelly Tybalt (Mr. Price) to fight so unfairly, to pink this pink of fashion, and then to run

That fight is badly man-JULIET BRINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN,
BUT NOT THE HOUSE.

Uggests the stout heart and the pluck of Mercutio in his dying
moments his thoughtfulness for his page is a touch of the

moments, his thoughtfulness for his page is a touch of the man's kindly nature. Mercutio was a "real good fellow,"—and his slightly impatient "A plague o' both your houses" sounds rather like a regret for his own meddling than a reproach to Romeo, through whose fault he has met his death, and who has nothing more consoling to say to his dying friend than that

"he did it for the best!" Oh, these "Good young men!" away his sword and dagger, and give him a peacock's feather and a

lily.

Alr. Clever Cooper is capital as old Capulet. Ah! frivolous as my lady his wife appears, she must have had a trying time of it with that comic but peppery old idiot.

Mr. Anson plays Peter, and then doubles the Apothecary,—Peter and re-peater. The Apothecary is evidently improved by the process of "doubling," as, instead of being a thin, half-starved, pitiful, sneaking a thin, half-starved, pitiful, sneaking a construre he is as lusty as a butcher.

Mr. Anson "Doubling" THE APOTHECARY,—A CHEMIST DRUGGIST ROLLED

creature, he is as lusty as a butcher, and has somewhat the air of a brawny blacksmith temporarily out of em-ployment. Romeo-Maudle looks like a mere lily-fed lanky esthete by the a there in y-led tanky testhete by the side of this burly, sledgehammer-fisted, murderous-looking, muscular chemist. What a thankless part is this Apothecary's! Why this traditional fuss about its importance? Is it worth the first low comedian's trou-

AND DRUGGIST ROLLED ble for the sake of the "make up," of ble for the sake of the "make up," of saying "Who calls so loud?" and of the exit speech about his "poverty" and "not his will"?

The piece is well placed on the stage, and is worth a visit for the sake of Friar RYDER, Mr. ROBERTSON in the Balcony Scene, Madame Modueska in the bedcurtain, and Mr. Wilson-Barrett speaking soft and dying hard as Mercutio.

ELECTIONS IMPROVED.

LEGISLATION dealing with Corrupt Practices is about to be proposed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in connection with Mr. CARBUIT'S Bill for closing public-houses on the day of an Election. It will possibly be improved by the adoption of the arrangements following:—

Pending the time of polling, not only public-houses to be closed, but likewise restaurants and confectioners' shops, at most of which, also, strong liquors can be obtained; whilst treating to buns and pastry may be practised at all, and any Venal Elector can sell his birthright for a basin of mock-turtle, or other soup.

The Licensed Grocer's, of course, to be shut up as well as the Licensed Victualler's. All the other shops to be closed for the sake of equity. Every Election Day to be made a Bank Holiday for the

Every Election Day to be made a Bank Holiday for the electoral district.

Every Voter, on presenting himself at the polling-booth, to be tested as to sobriety by an officer in attendance, who shall not pass him to deposit his ballot-paper unless he find him able distinctly to enunciate the appropriate words, "British Constitution." The Elector incapable of articulating these words quite plainly, to be held drunk and incapable of exercising the elective franchise.

A Spinster on the Census.

THE Census is past, and how hard it appears, When I've been thirty-five for the space of ten years, To find out, while my relatives heartlessly roar, That I've had to confess to an honest three-score.

A Mitey Little Joke.

THE Midgets were immensely delighted with their evening at Mr. Labouchere's.

"General," said Mr. Uffner, on leaving, "I guess you'd like to come here as offen as possible?"

The General instantly replied, "Guess I'd like to come here much Uffner."—[This was not in "Truth."]

REID'S ENTIRE.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, with Mr. John Latey, junior, edits the New Journal for Boys. Of course, under such direction there 'll be nothing in it they Mayn't read. The Boys are quite e-Latey'd.

POLYTECHNIC. Easter Novelties. Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR will lecture on Oleo-Margarine, illustrated by magic-lantern butter-slides. His comic assistant, Mr. HASHMEAT-TARTLETT, will perform a solo on the Butterine. Concluding with Sir Sherbet Smackswell's celebrated "Soapstone Chorus."

PRIZE FOR "SLADE SCHOOL" STUDENTS .- The Nude-i-get.

SQUARE AND UNFAIR.

OUR friend JEAMES of Buckley Square took up his *Morning Post* and read as follows:—

"If Mr. James's Bill were pressed to its logical conclusion, its ultimate end would be, that all the squares in London would be thrown open to the general use of the public."

"Evins!" exclaims Mr. Jeames, "can't b'leeve my eyes! Buckley Square thrown hoping to the hoy polly, as the French say! And to think as this should be the proposal of anyone baring the honnerd name of 'Jeames'!"

Lancashire v. Ireland.

IRELAND must really look to its laurels, or Lancashire will soon surpass it. The other day a man was kicked to death at Oldham; and a few days afterwards another man was kicked to death at Wigan. The Wigan outrage took place at a house that had already been celebrated as the scene of two murders. Perhaps if amputation could be inflicted as a punishment, the crime of kicking would not find so many supporters?

Mr. E. E. KAY, Q.C.—the strict Q.C.—was made a Judge last week. Excellent appointment: quite "O. K."

FORECAST FROM THE TRANS-VAAL.—Cloudy. More Suzerainy weather.

NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR THE BOERS.—"Pretty See-uze-rain, don't say No!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 26.



HON. EVELYN ASHLEY, M.P.,

FIRST-CLASS CHAIRMAN OF RAILWAY RATES AND FARES COMMITTEE.

Mem. from Evelyn's Diary.—" The Mark Lane Express ought to slacken speed on Sir Watkins' line."

MORE DIRTY WORK!

The Liberals are particularly unfortunate. They have had to clean up an Indian mess which was left by their predecessors; they have been worsted in an Empire-at-any-price war which was prepared for them by Shepstone, Frere, and Wolseley; and they have had to meet Irish obstruction by knocking holes in Constitutional Government. This is not all. They are now compelled to interfere with the liberty of the Press, and to seize, printers, editors, and type in a way that must remind people of the muchabused French Empire.

A Parochial Reminder.

As the London Season is just commencing, it is as well to remind our parish rulers of their duties as road-menders. Pall Mall, Regent Street, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and other important thoroughfares ought to be closed at once, even if the work of re-paving is not commenced for a fortnight. Care should be taken not to apprise the Gas or Water Companies of this work, so that the new paving may be immediately torn up again for the supply of bad gas and worse water.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

. Brown. Where are you going to this summer?

Jones. Nowhere. I'm going to take the wife and girls to the theatre twice, and to the Opera once this season, and after that we can't afford anything else.

LETTERS TO A "HANGER."

(No. 1.) LADY FITZ-BLUSHROSE presents her compliments to Mr. TURPS, R.A. Lady FITZ-BLUSHROSE has a young protégée (Miss MARY MOTTLEGOB) who is about to send a picture to the Academy. The subject—one which must attract every refined mind—is a ball of worsted, a little lamb, some sweet flowers in a (blue) pot, and a church spire in the distance. Lady FITZ-BLUSHROSE has to request that Mr. TURPS will secure for this work a favourable position in the Exhibition.

(No. 2.) Dear Mr. Turrs,—You will remember me? We were once stopping at Bettsyowydd, you at the "Wanton Cherokee," I at the "Half-Brick." And now you are a "hanger!" Well, I'm frank by name, and frank by nature. I've painted a swell picture—original subject—"Boadicea finding the Body of Harold;" and I want you to give it a real good place—say on the line in the big room. I've never been hung before; but now you're "hanger," and I reckon upon you! Yours jollily, Frank Scrubs.

(No. 3.) Sir,—I know nothing whatever of you, but in the cause of charity I would brave much. I am an orphan—a bereaved orphan—and my whole future depends on you! I am one of seventeen, and I support the rest. Oh, Sir, you have a noble heart! Sir, I have taken to painting; but I have never had a lesson! With me all is intention! I shall bring my first picture to your house. Sir, hang it well! I have done an angel troubling the water in a bowl of flat-fish—as soles, flounders, &c.—all very bright, except the Angel in a diaphanous green. Sir, it must please the sesthetics!

NIOBE JANE BRITTLETOP.

THE only Guards on the Underground Railway from whom travellers have recently received particular attention have been Black-Guards.

LAWYERS FOR LADIES.



THE City Press announces that a Gentleman, member of an eminent civic firm of Solicitors, has been, as for the counties of Middless and Surrey, and the cities of London and Westminster, "appointed a Perpetual Commissioner for taking the Acknowledgments of Deeds by Married Women." Have single women, then, no legal provision made to secure them likewise the services of a confidential Solicitor?

To the Postmaster-General.

Your lofty "surprise" and "strong disapprobation" Perhaps may be shared by the rest of the nation. But for their direction,—why there, don't you see, Opinions may differ, my curt P.M.G. De-haut-en-bus airs may perchance miss the mark, E'en when aimed so low down as a Telegraph Clerk. Of little reforms you are deftest of planners, Let your next be not only upon, but in, Manners!

Guardian Angels.

Five Ladies have been elected on the St. Pancras Board of Guardians. At Islington there exists a celebrated and highly respectable Angel, why don't they elect her on their Board, as Chairwoman, to keep order and inculcate politeness?

"BRANDED," new melodrama at the Princess's. First four Acts, Toulon; Fifth Act, Paris. The audience thought it was all too long.



THE CANDAHAR QUESTION.

Conservative Colonel. "What! Our Prestige not injured? The Proof is under our Noses just outside this Club! Look at Ramsammy the Crossing-Sweeper here! He hasn't 'salaamed' to anyone for days! And he told the Hall Porter he was seriously thinking of transferring his business to St. Petersburgh! The Beggar's right too, I believe!!"

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

Not-Quite-at-Home Secretary to Chief of Unreflective Department.

JUST had visit from Distinguished Stranger. Greatly excited.

Directs my attention to recent number of obscure Chinese paper and urges Government prosecution. I enclose title (for translation), and address of office. Anything up? Watch and forward details.

Chief of Unreflective Department to Not-Quite-at-Home Secretary.

Have watched. A good deal up. Following are particulars. Title of paper in English, The Seven Dials' Thorough Gentleman, price a farthing, with a circulation of five-and-twenty. Advocates general extinction of all authorities (including Home Secretaries), by gradual solution in sulphuric acid. Shall we proceed?

Not-Quite-at-Home Secretary to Chief of Unreflective Department. Certainly. Distinguished Stranger has again urgently begged for prosecution. Refuses name and address. Have promised action. He left whistling happily. Shall be glad to know who he is. Are you quite sure the Emperor of Germany has not left Berlin?

Chief of Unreflective Department to Not-Quite-at-Home Secretary.

Not quite certain about Emperor. Meantime have seized printingink, half a Chinese Alphabet, MS. of article in hieroglyphics, Editor's
hair-brush, and three halfpence in coppers. Circulation has risen
suddenly to 75,000. Advertisements pouring in by the dozen.

Noticed Stranger you mention dancing jig on the other side of the
way. Hope to find out who he is by this evening. Think I'm on it.

Later. From Same to Same.

HAVE settled it. Got him at last! Followed Distinguished Stranger, and found him still dancing jig, turning back-somersaults, and ordering brougham without references. Says his fortune's made. He is THE PROPRIETOR!

GOOD FOR GARFIELD.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD's inaugural address was straightforward and to the point, and our American cousins are to be congratulated on their new President. He is going to protect the freedmen and see that they have the rights of citizenship; he is anxious to place the currency on a better basis; he is determined to put down the horrible scandal of polygamy at Utah, which is against the laws of the United States, and a standing disgrace to the nation; and, fourthly, he is going to reform the Civil Service. Bravo, GARFIELD! Punch looks across the long leagues of Atlantic foam and salutes you, while Toby winks at the American Eagle, and that noble bird gives a responsive and majestic flutter.

Humble Pie.

THE Governors at Guy's, who were skilful concocters
Of mischief, we find have at last justice done;
The Nurses are made to give in to the Doctors,
And so the best men, not the women, have won.

"Want a Little Dawg?"

IF you do, read this extract from the Bazaar of March 23-

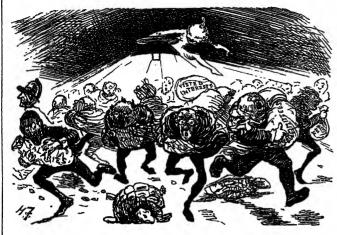
"To judges and exhibitors, that grand bull-terrier dog Crib, admitted by all who have seen him to be the best and finest specimen that ever breathed; splendid companion and very faithful, and as a guard you cannot find his equal; he will kill a man if told. Trial allowed. Price 30s. Worth a £10 note to anyone."

This sounds like an encouragement of another man-and-dog fight! Ahem! Cave canem!

THE best ship in all the Greek Navy is said to be the Miaoulis. Why not call it the Sea-Mew?

LIGHT AND FRIGHT.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK IN THE CITY.



Scene-London at 8.30 P.M. on the 31st of March, 1881.

Gog (excitedly). Hi! MAGOG! Wake up, you confounded old

Wot's all this here blaze?

Magog (rubbing his eyes and blinking). It's a reglar horoarer!

Gog. Wot's that?

Magog. You are ignerent. Lor! it's quite blinding!
Gog. Some blessed new noosance; they're always a finding Fresh sorts o' disturbance.

Magog. By Jingo, I know! It Is March thirty-first. The Electric Light!! Blow it!

Gog (viciously). Magog. You can't, Gos, wus luck!

Wot a shame! wot a pity! 'm sure we don't want no more light in the City. I 'ate it, a radical, scurvy-

Magog Percisely And where is the call for it? Things went so nicely When all was kep quieter, snuggerer, dimmer.

Gog. Ah! sweet as the old common Parish light's glimmer;

The quiet old oil-lamp by science unaided. The light of them old "other days" has quite faded,

Its glory is past! Magog. And Brusn-Bother Jablochkoff, SIEMENS,

A new broom! Yah! Delirium tremens It gives me a'most! Ugh! The scheme is to frighten meant:

When the City gits light it will soon git enlightenment.

Magog. Our fears for the future a werry large class shares—

Gog. Wake up then! Come down—and let's buy all the gas shares.

[Execute both, cautiously.

THERE AND BACK:

OR, SOMETHING IN STORE FOR HIM.

THE highly successful ruse of sending off Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS to the Cape in time to arrive there for the First of April, coupled with the still threatening and uncertain state of affairs, has led to the following arrangements on the part of the authorities. It will be seen at a glance that though of a provisional, they are not of an unpractical character.

unpractical character.
(1.) On Sir Frederick's approach off Plymouth being notified, he will receive, by signal, the K.G.C.B., together with a copy of the words of a "Life on the Ocean Wave," and be ordered to return to the Cape forthwith without landing.
(2.) As soon as Sir Frederick's fresh arrival off Durban is again announced at the Horse Guards, he will receive, by cable, a high cavalry command in the Marines, be requested to learn "Ye Mariners of England" unofficially, and hold himself ready to return home, again without landing at a moment's notice.
(3.) Sir Frederick heaving once more been telegraphed "off Directions of the state of the st

(3.) Sir Frederick, having once more been telegraphed "off Plymouth," his elevation to the House of Peers and his nomination to an Honorary Lordship of the Admiralty will be intimated to him by rockets. He will, however, be under immediate orders to depart again for South Africa, without setting his foot on shore; and be IMPROVED DRILL AND DISCIPLINE.—"Eyes Right!"—but no Lashes.

requested to familiarise himself with the easier portion of the horn

pipe on the way out.

(4.) Sir Frederick being now again once more well south of Natal it will be broken to him gently by cable that a life passage, out and home, on one of Messrs. DONALD CURRIE's finest vessels has been secured for him; and that in consideration of the moral effect produced by his long and honourable service on board, he will now be created a nautical Earl, and expected to remain permanently at sea.

GRAND JUBILEE UNIVERSITY PROCESSION.

Heads of Houses with Outrigger Sculls.

The Two Skippers. The Broad Jumper. hite "The Man with the Red Tie." The High Jumpers. The "The Man in the White Hat." The Broad Jumpers.



Postmasters of Merton with four-posters. Oxford Dons, in Spanish costume.



A Bunch of Caius Men. Odd Fellows (Cambridge) as Riquets with Tufts. Presidents of the University Triposes and Unions.



Smith's Prizeman, in Cap and Pinafore.

Doctors of Music. singing notes out of the University Chest.



The Craven Scholar, tied to his M.A.'s apronstrings.

Mr. MACNILLAN, M.A., in Scotch-Italian or Mac-Millanese costume.



The Senior Wrangler, supported by Props, and preceded by Riders.



Bull Dogs. Specimens of "Cats." Bacca-laureates, with pipes. Maids of Arts. Eights, in Gloves, with their Stretchers.



The Poker.

Mr. Punch, D.C.L.

The Wooden Spoon.

NEW COINAGE.

IF a Sovereign is twenty shillings, what is a Suzerain? Not exactly a Sovereign, and not a Guinea. Is it the same as "a quid"?



EASTER, 1881.-YE BATTLE OF BRIGHTON.

HEROIC DEFENCE OF YE VOLUNTEERS. [SECTION OF NEW GRAND PANORAMA.] CHARGE OF YE LANDLADIES.

DOMESTIC REGULATIONS FOR THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

1. LANDIADLES will prepare to receive Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery in Squares, Terraces, and Places.

2. After a heavy charge the Volunteers shall have a right to make a demonstration. They may rely upon one another for support, but a threatened appeal to the Press shall be kept in reserve.

3. Volunteers deploying up-stairs in the early morning after a late mess, will advance in échelon, in light skirmishing order. On reaching the candle and lucifers, they will make a rally.

4. Should there be a decided change in the weather, the Volunteers will order the Landladies to "cease firing."

5. Volunteers will be expected to keep provision-cumboards, tea-

5. Volunteers will be expected to keep provision-cupboards, teacaddies, &c., &c., in "open order."

6. Several additional charges will occasionally be made by the Landladies under the cover of "kitchen fire."

7. Should a Volunteer retire himself and his portmanteau in close order without paying his rent, he will be tried by County Court Martial. An order will follow, on his guilt being established, to "recover."

Should a Landlady have a needy relative, the Volunteer quartered in her house will be expected to comply with his request

to "present alms."

9. Should a Volunteer's shirt be damaged during the process of washing, the Landlady will immediately obey the command—
"Buttons to the front!"

"Buttons to the front!"

10. Should a Landlady have urgent need of some shop commodity and be unable to send her servant to fetch it, the Volunteer will be expected to execute a "counter march."

11. Should any of the Infantry of the Landlady salute a Volunteer by bringing the fingers of the right hand smartly to the nose and prolonging the line (thus formed) by fours, the Volunteer shall be entitled to break into smacks "to the right of sections."

12. And lastly, before the parade is dismissed, Volunteers and Landladies shall mutually forgive past offences, and agree to pay one another for the future "the proper compliments."

(On behalf of the Volunteers by

Brighton, Easter, 1881. Signed On behalf of the Volunteers by PRIVATE BOX. On behalf of the Landladies by SERGEANT BOUNCER.

AN UNSELFISH POLICY.

IN answer to Mr. MACFARLANE the other evening, the Marquis of Harrington said, "It was not proposed to abandon the line of railway lately constructed from our Indian frontier to Sibi." As to Sibi, of course, the intentions of a Liberal Government are exactly expressed by the line in Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph:—" You Sibi sed bono publico.

TUNISIAN TELEPHONE.—Colonel DACINI to the Kroumirs, "Obey!" The Kroumirs (back again), "No Bey!"

DIARY OF AN ILL WIND.

Fire-thirty: Whip sharp round a corner and freeze a poor porter,
And drive him to much "early purl" and the loss

of "a quarter." Six: Send sudden shiver through postman depleting

a pillar;
Six-thirty: Sweep down on a pallid-faced workgirl—and kill her.
Seven: Pinch blue a step-cleaning slavey's poor

nubbly damp knuckles;

Seven-thirty: Nip newspaper-boy till his skin crisps and buckles.

Eight: Palsy poor clerk till he can't feel his twopenny bus-fare;

Eight-thirty: Make school urchin worse than a steppe-roving Russ fare.

Nine: Cause portly Cit to indulge in short-breath'd commination;
Nine-thirty: Make Alderman's nose like a small conflagration.
Ten: Stop a big boat-race by making the Thames an Atlantic;
Ten-thirty: With bloom-slaying blasts drive a florist half frantic.
Eleven: Tip Lady Dr's nose with incongruous rosiness;
Eleven-thirty: Whisk through Club window and spoil cynic's cosiness

Twelve: Catch a State-Pillar out walking and tumble him over;
Twelve-thirty: Quite spoil the snatched stroll of a girl and her

lover.

One: Fill Flo's blue eyes with sharp grit till they look red and

owlish;
Two: Stir genial editor's bile up, and make him turn ghoulish. Three: Soour coast and river, and lead trozen seamen rare dances; Four: Dash into Kent and demolish a fruit-grower's chances. Fire: Pot poet penning an Ode to the Spring - set him sneezing; Six:—and thence round to six again revel in blinding and freezing.

Skin-parching, grit-choking, chillblaining, and plaguing Society With colds, coughs, and bronchial bothers in endless variety. Ha! ha! "'Tis an ill wind blows nobody good." Yes, precisely. Ha! ha! "Tis an ill wind blows nobody good." Yes, preci Ho! ho! Don't I answer the sawmonger's character nicely?

Truly Interesting Intelligence.

"FOOD FOR THE MILLION.—A vessel has arrived in the port of London from the River Plate with 19,000 carcases of sheep on board, which have been brought over in a frozen state."—City Press.

What a quantity of cold mutton, all supplied from one Plate!

VACANT SEATS.

THE first is the No-tory-ous case of Sunderland, where it will be the old Storey. Mr. BRADLAVEH is looking out for a good investment for his Chiltern Hundreds.



"ROUND THE STUDIOS."

First Artist (grumpily). "WHEN YOU FELLOWS CAME TO SEE MY PICTURES, THE OTHER DAY, YOU NEVER SAID A WORD

Second and Third Ditto (eagerly, both at once). "OH, BUT MY DEAR-'PO' MY WORD, WE-FELLOW, YOU'VE NO IDEA-OH-WE SAID-A TREMENDOUS-THEY WERE-WEREN'T THEY-DIDN'T WE, JACK-LOT ABOUT 'EM WHEN WE GOT OUT!!!?"

MUM'S THE WORD.

MR. GLADSTONE in introducing his Budget was much troubled by the word "Mum." He found it in every tariff, and no one could tell him what it represented. We can help to enlighten him. Mum is Sir William Harcourt when a question is asked him as to the vagaries of the Meddlevex Magistrates; and, when he condescends to open his mouth on this notorious subject, he appears to be one of the most devout worshippers of the Sacred Jackass. Mum is the Irish Land League in Parliament when Lord Mountmorres and other landlords are brutally murdered; but Mum is not, by any means, the same Land League, when a few wretched rioters are shot in the act of preventing debtors paying their just debts. just debts.

OUT OF TUNE IN TUNES.

BEY (to Europe generally). Awfully sorry, but what can you expect of a Turkish vassal not quite cured of a rude habit of piracy, and still addicted to slave-trading on the sly? I can't help it; we never can help anything our subjects do to injure Giacurs; it's a way we have in the Ottoman Empire.

Germany. I don't think that the Krou-mirs really did kill five or six Frenchmen. That the French didn't begin we can't believe. Du reste, it doesn't matter a rap to us, and will keep them harmlessly busy. What's the Milliard for if they don't have

something to spend it on?

something to spend it on?

Italy. Actually facing me; nearer to me than anybody else; and (bashfully), well. I may say, allied to me in blood. And to think that France is going to establish an African Republic, probably a Commune, from Tangiers to Tripoli—it's enough to make one seek alliances with Austria itself! itself!

England. What I can't get over is the awful abomination of thinking of annexing awth abomination of thinking of annexing anything! It is an iniquity I can scarcely contemplate in the abstract, much less conceive our old ally capable of perpetrating it. They say they don't intend annexation; but I myself know, how easily one is led to an—ahem!—and then there is that sacred integrity of the Turkish Empire, which we have could see attacked—ahem! again. In never could see attacked—ahem! again. In short, as you can't colonise, mon ami, why invade?

France. En avant! the drapeau outragé. Fine chance of trying in anima vile, if we are getting at all capable of the Revanche. Don't intend to hurt a hair of the Ber's fez; only if we can do a little Cyprusing or Transvaaling on our own account, it isn't Turkey will deter us, nor England neither; but we must en avant with a wary eye on Germany; for the power least interested in the matter is precisely the one that can best prevent us taking our African Alsace and Lorraine.

Re-adjustment of Taxation.

(Suggestions for the consideration of the Chan-cellor of the Exchequer.)

Don'r tax the pay of Soldiers and Sailors. Reduce the tax on the hardly-earned incomes of such real working-men as Jour-nalists, Authors, Actors, and Artists. Tax the Three "L's"—Legacies, Land,

and Luxuries.

Tax photographs, menu cards, and every dinner-bill above a certain sum.

Tax heavily all advertisements; and very heavily all picture-posters on the walls and

wooden structures, &c.
So as to avoid taxing thrift, let the rule
be, as regards the last-mentioned form
of advertising, "Don't tax savings—tax hoardings."

"THE CLAIMS OF GREASE."

THE new American compound called Oleo-Margarine, is said to far surpass Butterine, and to be an excellent substitute for butter at less than half the price. Our Grocer who goes in for the real Devonshire, says he is a wiscon and a way work Butter. wiser and a very much Butter-man.

FREE SAIL.—Shipping oneself as a Stow-

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Monnay Night, April 4.—My first Budget night; Mr. Gladstone's eleventh. Got down early to be in at the beginning, but found every seat taken. Have to be there at prayers, you know, to secure seat. Great access of devotion on days like this. Every man feels drawn towards the Chaplain, and would sooner miss his dinner than his prayers.

Was curious to see what happens on Budget night. Understood we all got a bun and a glass of Cape Sherry as we passed out, like the Blue Coat boys on Somebody's anniversary in the City. Gladstone a minute or two late. Looks very well; nicely brushed up, collar and necktic carefully attended to. Spoke for two hours in plain, business-like fashion, more in Stafford Northeore's way than Gladstone's. Lingered when it was all over, but neither bun nor sherry. Suppose the custom is obsolete, like many other good things.

Gladstone himself took refreshment in most unblushing manner. Saw it as soon as he came down. A pomatum-pot of the sort they used to sell bear's-grease in. Brought it out of his coat-tail pocket,

joke, much less to make one, is ARTHUR O'CONNOR. ARTHUR was. I am told, brought up in the vestry line of public business. Certainly a good deal of the vestry style of eloquence in his Parliamentary manner. Always making interminable speeches about twopence, which descented upon by the hour at a time in a level voice, and

which descanted upon by the hour at a time in a level voice, and with imperturbable manner not exciting.

House owes Arthur long grudge, but cleared off to-night. Happened at dinner time. O'DONNELL on his legs descanting at large on the iniquities of the Government. Not



DISCORSTED Gorst GRANT-DUFF AND KING CAN'T-GET-AWAYO.

looks as if he deserved well

of his country.

It will take ten minutes to count, which will be so much time lost. A hundred to a hundred and fifty

English Gentlemen will be inconvenienced. FORSTER

will be brought back; per-haps GLADSTONE will be interrupted in some import-

The moments passed in pleasant anticipation. Doors

ant business.

a single Member on the Treasury Bench. Elsewhere Benches conspicuously empty. Members supposed to be comfortably seated at dinner. Great joke to disturb them. Bring them in just when soup on, or fetch them out at a critical moment when delay would spoil the fish. Not quite an original joke. Often tried with immense suc-

COLTHUR'T Says. "Gets his dinner at one o'clock, wallows in buttered muffins and sugared tea at six, and at eight, when Gentlemen are sitting down to dinner, comes in and has the House counted, fetching them all trooping

It may be Mr. BIGGAR'S original joke, but it was greatly improved upon by ARTHUR O'CONNOR. Havwhen Members might be supposed to have the fish in, he called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were not forty Memattention of the SPEAKER to the fact that there were not forty Members present. O'Donnell, who was feeling his way round the question, abruptly sits down. Bell rings, door flies open, Joey B. rubs his hands in glee, thinking of the fish exposed to the east wind. Mr. Healy smiles grimly, and Arthur O'Connor.

LISTENING FOR TWO HOURS ON THE STRETCH.

wide open, bell ringing, nobody coming. JOEY B. begins to look anxiously towards the door; Mr. O'CONNOR also feverishly straining his eyes in that direction. One or two Members straggle in, but where is the rush of interrupted or two Members straggle in, but where is the rush of interrupted diners? Another moment gone; sand nearly run out of the glass; only twenty-five present. Joey B. doesn't quite understand it. Mr. Healy scowls; Arthur O'Connor, the great original jokist, who never performs out of Westminster, sits staring at the door, a strange pallor gathering over his face. Sand run out; no more come in; Speaker counts; forty not present; O'Donnell's speech spoiled; Irish debate out thort. House up.

cut short. House up.
"He! he! he!" said ARTHUR O'CON-

NOR, laughing hysterically, "a joke, don't you see?"

No; Mr. O'DONNELL didn't see, nor did JOEY B., nor did Mr. HEALY, nor did half-a-dozen other Irish Members who had speeches ready. Gathering impression amongst Irish Members that they will have to get ARTHUR O'CONNOR reelected on a vestry. His humour is too fine drawn for the House of Commons.

Business done. - House Counted Out at Half-past Seven.

Thursday Night.—Everyone grieved and shocked to discover that designing men have been imposing upon the simplicity of RANDOLPH. If RANDOLPH has a fault it is the tendency to

submit his judgment to that of other men. So retiring, modest, and ingenuous! Just the sort of man to be taken in by a tale of simulated sorrow or a narrative of fabricated grief.

It appears that a short time ago distinguished Conservative agent called and told Randolph that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Brassey were at the back of the *Freiheit*. Mr. Brassey had temporarily hampered his considerable fortune by advances, whilst Sir CHARLES DILKE had



THE DECORATIVE PARNELL IN THE HOUSE. RATHER SECRET SLIDING PAR-NELL JUST NOW.

been conged to smoke smaller digars or an inferior brand.
"Dear me," said RANDOLPH, his ingenuous eyes wide open with amaze-ment at this information. "This must be looked into. Members of the Ministry. Left wing. Radical plot. BRADLAUGH in it, I daresay. Part of a Government scheme to remove Crowned heads, and

been obliged to smoke smaller cigars of

dock perpetual pensions."

A month ago RANDOLPH would have issued a summons for a Cabinet Counrestled a summons for a capital council, and the whole powers of the Fourth Party would have been brought to bear on the case. No Fourth Party now. Bill for the Limitation of Recovery of Small Debts broke that up. RANDOLPH had to decide for himself. First impulse to go and ask DILKE was it true.

Knows him well; might be even the right thing to do. But private friendship cannot stand in the way of public duty. If DILKE got wind of the discovery,

the would burn his papers. Brassey had already left the country.

"Our Capitol must be saved," said RANDOLPH, meditatively feeling in the wrong place for the end of his moustache. "It was saved once before his moustache. "It was saved once before by cackling. I will cackle." So the dear boy came down to the House,

and cast into its unsuspecting midst notice of a question on the subject. House, which knows RANDOLPH, laughed; Germany, which knows him not, looked Now to-night turns out to be a ridiculous hoax. RANDOLPH can afford much from the wealth of his nature, but he cannot afford to be laughed at. Resolves to turn over a new leaf. This ingenuous mind, this modest mien, this hesitating speech, this deference to elders, and this readiness this deference to enters, and this readness to assume that people know better than he, will not do. RANDOLPH is glad Recess is coming just now to cover his discomfiture. When the House meets again he will be a changed man.

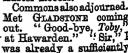
Business done.-Irish Land Bill introduced and read a First Time.

Friday Night.-MACULLUM is no More. Came down to-night to the House of Lords and formally announced his resignation. Painful to observe the placidity with which the House of six Members takes intelligence



PLEASE NOT TO TOUCH THE (SIR) STUFFED FIGURE IN THE ATTI-TUDE OF THE OPPO-

which Nature has approwhich Nature has appropriately preceded by so terrible an earthquake. Immediately after Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL proceeded to discuss Turkish affairs. S. and C. not nearly so refreshing as B. and S. Earl GRAN-VILLE rather sorry he got rid of the gout in time to hear this speech. Sits with face wearily turned towards S. and C. Salis-BURY, sole occupant of front bench opposite, turns his back on him. S. and C. sustained by frequent pulls at a glass of water which he stows away in his hat, drones on, finally droning the Lords into the Easter Recess.



Commons also adjourned.

Met GLADSTONE coming out. "Good-bye, Toby," to said; "I am off for a spell of holiday at Hawarden." "Sir," I said, "I should have thought your life was already a sufficiently hard 'un." But I don't think he saw it.

Business done.—Parliament adjourned.





PHYSICAL FORCE-TER.

NOGGINS OF NECTAR.

(A Song of the Smock-Frock.)

f" Besides what I have said on their case, I must also refer to another case to the case of those who are b t er known as Burton brewers, to whom we are indebted for providing us with one of the best beverages ever produced since nectar went out of fashion."—Mr. Gladstone on the Beer-Tax as affecting Brewers.]

BILL GLADSTONE all we, mates, med prize and exalt, Consider'n twuz he took the dooty off Malt. "What naaishun fools we wuz!" the Torees must swear, "Fur to let un gie we chaps the goo-by, so, there!"

The love o' malt liquor BILL owns to; for hear In his Budget spache how a cried up Burton Beer; Said we owed them there Brewers a beveridge about The best ever perdocced sence when Nectar went out.

What wuz't a called Nectar is moor nor I knows; But some sart o' strong Beer I be led to suppose: Good old English homebrewed 'tis most razon to think. O the days that be gone and O likewise the drink!

Where now's the stone jug as once foamed wi' mild ale? 'Tis a Beer that's been banished by Bitter and Pale. Not a word in these days 'bout the Nutbrown of yore And nobody never names "Stingo" no more.

Him as turns up his nose at prime Allsopp or Bass, I wun't noways gainsay but what that man's an ass. But the best of all beers that there be under bung, They ben't half like them there I remembers when young.

No wonder when now, wi' folks' new-fangled ways, 'Stead o' barley they brews out o' wutts, rice, and maize, And sugar, and serrup, and stuff sitch as that, Whereas, farmerly, ale used to sparkle, 'tis flat.

From tavurn to tavurn in vaain we med roam. 'Twur the best plan to brew for our own selves at whom, And drink health to BILL GLADSTONE, for malt duty-free, In what I calls Nectar—the Nectar for me.

Not none of your Clarrut, whereof, true to say, You no forrader gits when you drinks it all day But sitch Beer in my boyhood as used to pervail, Long afoor either Bitter was thought of, or Pale.

HOW IT WAS SETTLED (?)

(From a History of Europe to be Published in 1980.)

THE statesmen were assembled for the last time. There were six of them. The Frenchman pined for his dominoes. The German thirsted for the Bavarian beer, which he assured everyone was not to be obtained in Constantinople. The Russian missed his gentle gambling. The Italian and Austrian were both asleep. The Englishman alone seemed to be interested in the subject under consideration, but even he murmured something that sounded like "Want to go back to London to attend to business."

"What shall we do?" at length asked the Briton, after a very

long pause.

A universal yawn was the only answer.

At last the Frenchman, who had been exhibiting signs of impa-

tience, took the initiative.

"Colleagues, my dear colleagues," he cried, "we are terribly bored! We have submitted to heart-breaking delay—to every kind of ennui! Why? Because we have agreed to nothing!"

of ennu! Why! Because we have agreed to nothing!"
There was a languid expression of assent.
"Then why should this continue?" he asked once more. "Why should we suffer so much when, by pursuing another course, we should escape everything? Colleagues, we have agreed to nothing, and failed! If we try another plan, we shall be in no worse position!

Let as agree, then, to everything, and have done with it!"

In half-an-hour every decument in the room had been signed, sealed, and delivered, and the Turks had been cordially advised by everybody to do whatever they liked best!

everybody to do whatever they liked best!

So the day ended. No, not quite. Just before 4 P.M. a cloaked figure stealthily entered the Constantinople Post-Office. It was a disguised Ambassador hurriedly telegraphing his latest instructionsto his Stockbroker!

LEICESTER SQUARE - THE CHARGE OF BALACLAYA, -One Shilling.

PRINCESS'S AND FOLLY.



BRANDED, by Mr. RICHARD LEE, is, up to the Fourth Act, an exciting drama of a familiar and ever-popular pattern. With the Fifth Act the full title should be Branded: or, the Baker and the Banker.

Mr. NEVILLE, who gallantly plays the young Lancer, Roland, is accused of murdering a Sergeant in a bakery, is sent to the galleys, escapes, ulti-mately sets up as a banker, and proves his innocence to the satisfaction of everybody eighteen years afterwards.

ROW ME O! AND JULIET.

Lina—his wife, whom he calls his Leaner, which doesn't sound like his better half—is really his supporter, helps him out of prison by the aid of a trusty comrade, Corporal Paul, capitally played by Mr. Redmund, who, originally belonging, with Roland, to the rank-and-file, remembers the fact, and hands him the file, with which in "two two's" he gets rid of his fetters—thanks to his confetterate.

Miss Caroline Hill makes the most of Lina, and rouses the audience to genuine enthusiasm. The dramatic situations are

audience to genuine enthusiasm. The dramatic situations are effective; but the fall of the chapel, which is apparently built up from a box of big toy-bricks, is a very tame affair. Colonel St. Cyr—



BRANDED AND SODGER'D; OR, THE REVIEW OF THE PIECE.

the Sincere Colonel-finds a dignified representative in Mr. ARCHER, and he is in great favour with the audience. It is apparently the

and he is in great favour with the audience. It is apparently the fate of a Colonel to be popular on the Stage just now.

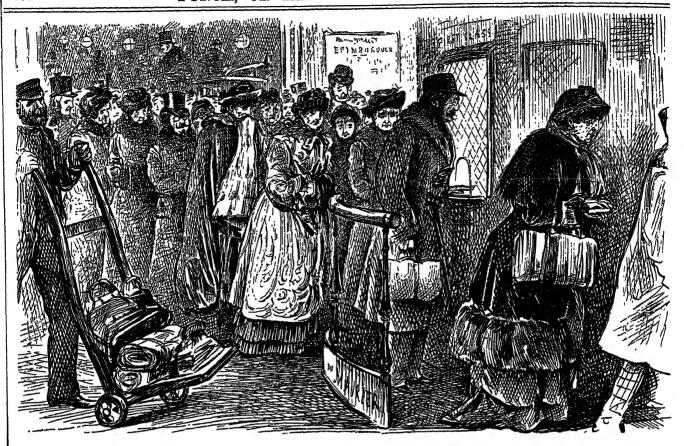
The villains of the piece (awful people!) are repulsively played—this is meant to be as complimentary as is the hearty hissing with which they are greeted whenever they appear—by Mrs. Huntley, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Estcouer. The children, Misses Katie Baery, Katie Neville and Little Miss Bunch—daughter, of course, of Old Mother Bunch, sent out of some Christmas fairy opening—are all three very good children; indeed, when compared with Mr. Sanger's mounted troop, it may be fairly said that, in the opinion of the audience, the infantry is superior to the cavalry. But the Princess's is close to a circus—Oxford Circus—and so a little equestrian display gives a little local colour—perhaps a little more than is absolutely necessary. Mr. Neville played

necessary. Mr. NEVILLE played the Convict Soldier in *Proof*. What with "Proof" and "Branded" he ought to be in

the best possible spirits.
Mr. Toole, as Didimus Dexter, has got some real fun in Mr. REECE'S Wizard of the Wilderness. His conjuring tricks are marvellous illusions, and every-one will appear at the Wizard's Home as a welcome Wizarder. But the most wonderful thing is when sometimes at a Matinée Mr. Toole executes the wonderful feat which our Artist has here feebly attempted to portray. It baffles description, and as SHAKSPEARE, in one of even his sublimest inspirations, has said, "Must be seen to be appreciated."



MARVELLOUS MATINÉE; OR, TOOLE IN THREE PIECES!!



SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION.

(Sunday Evening, April 3, 1881.)

PEOPLE OF A CERTAIN AGE, WHO HAVE RESOLVED TO ESCAPE THE CENSUS PAPER BY SPENDING THE NIGHT IN TRAVELLING.

DRINK BILLS AND LAND BILLS.

Ir there are Land Sharks in Ireland, there are also Whiskey Sharks, and the ground-down tiller of the soil puts an enemy into



his mouth to steal away his landlord's rent. England and Scotland may be greater sots than Ireland, but they pay their way, and do not get drunk, as a rule, with other people's money.

The Last of Argyll.

THE Duke of ARGYLL, so the papers reveal, Resigns the high office of Lord Privy Seal; 'Twas the Land Bill for Ireland that made him feel sore, And "I'm hanged if I stand it!" quoth MACCALLUMORE!

"A BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN,"

In some Churches the seats on the right are devoted exclusively to the Ladies, and those on the left to the Gentlemen. The latter is called the Aisle of Man.

OLEO-MARGARINE.

A DOMESTIC THRENODY.

Without Mr. A. C. Sw-nb-rne's Compliments.

"Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR told the House of Commons that gred elec-margarine was better than bad butter, and would supersede it."—Laily Paper.

I AM she whose nameless naked name to utter

The strong are weak;
The suet-sprung soft sweet sister of bad butter,
Yet rid of reek.

I, that, molten o'er the fires beneath me burning,
From void of vat,
Uprise supremer, in this my creamless churning,
First-born of fat!
By the bitter cry of bilious man downtrodden
'Neath trick of trade;
By the spade—the saffron'd smoothness salt and sodden—Not called a spade:
By the ghastly grease in seethe of soapstone blended,
Nice, yet not nice;
By the rancid richness mutely mixed and mended,
Prime at the price:
By the fetid foulnesses which feed and fatten
With slimy spread;
By the blind brute bite of boyhood bound to batten
On buttered bread;
By the toothsome taste of tongues that ache and hunger
For something sound;
Take me,—the cheap churn-child of the chaste cheesemonger,—And try a pound.

GARDENING IN THE METROPOLIS.—There is talk of transplanting the Mint on Tower Hill to the Thames Embankment.



END OF ACT I.

Sir Starford, the Wicked Baronet.

Obstructionist Conspirators.

William (the Wirthous Woodcutter, entering suddenly). "AHA! BEHOLD THE LAND BILL!"

[Tableau. . Curtain.



WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

Mrs. Muggles. "Well, Doctor, I don't know as what's the matter with Marier since she come from her last Siterwation in Lunnon. THERE SHE SITS ALL DAY A-STARING AT AN OLD CHINEY DISH, WHICH SHE CALLS A-GOING IN FOR ATHLETICS!"

[Of course Mrs. M. meant "Æsthetics." CALLS A-GOING IN FOR ATHLETICS /"

HIGH ART BELOW-STAIRS.

JOHN SMAULKER JUNIOR STARTS A SOCIETY.

MY DEAR MARY.

I SAID in my last that I would tell you all about the formashun of our new Society for bringing Beauty ome to the Pantry. I now perceed to do so.

We met, a round duzzen hof us, in the Suvvinks All at Peacocke Pleasaunce.

Bein woted into the Chair—a reglar Chippingdale, my dear!—unanermous, I opened the perceedings with the following perryration.

"Frends and feller Suvvinks! (Murmurs.) Percisely! Them murmurs does you hall credit, and likeways gives me my kew. The word 'Suvvink' is hindeed hindiwidgious. ('Ear! ear!') Suvvice is simply Slavery—('Quet so! quet so!')—hunless helewated by Art into washup. (Applause.) Then the most meanyul horfis bekums a Kult, and that is the true raisin date of Kultchaw in the Kitching. (Garsps of approval from Cook, who is a martyr to tightlacing in the oly kors of the Konsummit.) It is igh time that those who live below-stairs should learn to Exist Beautifully, which can honly be done by leading a life wich is innardly hintense and hexternully dekkerative. At live below-stairs should learn to Exist Beautifully, which can honly be done by leading a life wich is innardly hintense and hexternully dekkerative. At presink that is honly posserble to a limited hextent. Livry's all round is not what they should be. A trooly dekkerative footman is a rare objeck, and the distrybution of buttings on a page boy's jacket is a evvy haffliction to the heasthetick heye. ('Ear!' from pore young MIGGLES, who showed a dispersition to wrop hisself from view in a sage-green curting.) Neither is the fizzikal surroundings of the suvvinks' quarters kondoocive to the free development of the Hutter. (Groans.) I know some sensitive soles—(and ere I was a thinkin of you, MARX, dear)—whose lives is made a burding to them along of the Philistian hobtuseness of their hemployers. Secret love of the Lily, or privit kontemplation of fragments of Blue Grockery. is not enuff. Aying to along of the Philistian hobtuseness of their hemployers. Secret love of the Lily, or privit kontemplation of fragments of Blue Crockery, is not enuif. Aving to sweep a huneasthetick carpet, dust Philistian furniture, or lay hout a dinner wichating all the most sacred cannons of Igh Art, is triles to wich no survink should be subjeck. ('Ear! ear!' from Melinder Jane, who, in her hexstacy of approval, somehow got her skirts in a tangle, and ad to be carefully unknotted, like a badly-tied parsel, by our Konsummit Cook.) The hobjeck of the Twirl Society," I perceeded, "is, as you know, to bring Beauty ome to the Basement,—

in which there will then be no abasement wot somever. ('Ear! ear!' all round, and 'Isn't he too tooly too?' from MELINDER JANE.) I kommend it artily to your pattrennage and support."

This speech were received with applause at once numerous and emphatick, and I were elected, nem. kon., perpetual presidenk and poick-loreate in hordinary to the New Socierty—the latter in konsekens of my well to the New Society—the latter in konsekens of my well known love of the Mews. One pussing presenk, hindeed, a six foot footman, with the most wulgarly wigorous wiskers, and carves of puffeckly rewolting protubby rance, said that the Hintense, so fur as he hunderstood it, seemed a bit bilous, not to say eppyleptic, and that limp spines, spindle shanks, and bamboo fingers were not his hidea of flunkey "form." He likeways remarked that the "fads" of Swell Society didn't suit the Suvvinks' All, any more than the labourer's Cottage, and that if Beauty binterdooced erself to his One lookand that if Beauty hinterdooced erself to his Ome, looking as lanky and oller eyed as Miss HORIANNER LOWDER, he should feel it a Christian duty to wrop her up warm and take her straight to the Brompton Ospittle. These Philistian sentiments was met with a gashly groan all round, and Melinder Jane, who was got up in a spideresk kostume, like a Nockturn in drab and dust colour, struck a dekkerative hattitood of sech Medoosa like wo, that Wiskers seemed stone-struck, and backing out backwards, well nigh broke his back down the airey

This hobnoxhus hobstructive bein thus cumfably dis-This hobnoxhus hobstructive bein thus cumfably disposed of, we perceeded in our oly work as reposefully as a kumpunny of Mister Burn Jones's hangels. As poick-loreate I were requested to write a sort of Inoggerel Hode, and since then I ave bin day and night in the throws of composition to that hextent that my timpynum as become insenserble to the bells, I presented Mr. Moldwarp's card to Miss Horlanner on a soup-plate, and akshally anded that kollerick Capting Slog a peacock's feather when he asked for his unting krop. I believe if he could are knocked me down with a feather he'd a done it there and then seeh is the unsymmethetick believe if he could ave knocked me down with a feather he'd a done it there and then, sech is the unsympathetick hattitood of the Philistian mind towards the habsorbed hintensity of the Hutter! Owsomever the poick in me as riz superior to the slings and arrers of rampageous thingummy, and my labouring Mews has give buth to somethink Distinctly Quite, though to the wulgar hintelligence possibly not quite distinct. The Pome is called "Pan in the Pantry," and is treated paregorically. In my nex I shall ave the pleshure of persenting it to you, my dear gurl, and of giving you some account of its reception by our seleck little Igh Art Suckle at Peacocke Pleasaunce. Pleasaunce. Hever your own.

MOORE MODERNISED.

JOHN SHAULKER JEWNIOR.

For the Use of Contemporary Society. SONG FOR A HIGH-ART HOSTESS.

AIR-" Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer."

COME, rest on this gridiron, my own dear esthete, Though the herd may contemn, 'tis a true High-Art seat:

These, these the contours that Art yearns to create, A leg that is spindly, a back that is straight.

Oh, where is the taste that is worthy the name Loves not the stiff lines of this cast-iron frame? I know not, I ask not if ease they impart I but know they are true to the canons of Art.

Do they call it all corners? They know not the bliss Of the angular style in a seat such as this. In furnishing, firmly High Art I'll pursue And I'll crouch on my gridiron couch till all's blue.

"Budget" and "Mum."

EVERYBODY, of course, has been ready with their quotation from The Merry Wives, a propos of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "Budget" and "Mum." It occurs in a dialogue between Slender and Shallow. It is Slender's "Budget" and "Mum," and it is a shallow objection that is made to it.

FUSSY ACTIVITY.

PARLIAMENT, panic-stricken by the "disaster at Nice," has called for returns of the exits from the London Theatres. Parliament would be more usefully employed if it looked into its own Acts and repealed those which have limited repealed those which have limited these exits as much as possible. That splendid example of Mollycoddling legislation—the half-past twelve o'clock Act, should be the first sacrificed. Under its provisions more than one London Theatre have had to sacrifice splendid exits and stone staircass because foresoft that have had splendid exits and stone stair-cases, because, forsooth, they have communicated with restaurants, and restaurants are forbidden to communicate with buildings work-ing under a different licence. Such Siamese-twins as the Gaiety Theatre and the Gaiety Restaurant are joined together no more, thanks to the fussy activity of Parliament and the sympathetic action of the Meddlevex Irresponsibles.

Why He is Such a Dull Boy.

"'ARRY," said an eminent comic singer to his friend, confidentially at the Oxford, "I'm exclusively engaged at the Music 'Alls; mayn't perform in a theatre."

"Then," replied 'ARRY, knowingly, "it's 'all work and no play with you."

The sequence was so evident that, had it not been for a good deal of soothing syrup at 'Array's expense, there might have been a serious breach of the peace.

TRADE MOTTO FOR A FIRST-RATE COFFEE COMPANY,—"Berry good."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 27.



THE MEDDLEVEX MAGISTRATE.

Chorus-" Like a fine old Meddlevex Magistrate All of the modern time.

THERE IS MUCH VIRTUE IN IFS.

*If the Corporation can explain their transactions with regard to Epping Forest, let them do so. If they have made large pur-chases of land and public-houses in the heart of the Forest, let them say so.

If their anxiety for an extension of railways into the Forest is solely for their own benefit, let them say so.

If their regard for the convenience of the poor is only a pre-

rext, let them say so.

If the scheme for invading the Forest is really given up, let it remain so.

If Sir Thomas Nelson is really the City Remembrancer, let him remember this.

The Seldom-at-Home Secretary.

WHEN asked a question the other night as to the idiotic and offensive action of the Meddlevex Magistrates, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said he had no authority court said he had no authority over these gentlemen. No one supposed he had, but everyone expected him to say that he would immediately obtain authority. Sir WILLIAM is not generally very polite to persons of weak intellect; and if a so-called Home Secretary has no power to govern at Home, the country might possibly like to do without his services. his services.

To Friends at a Distance. We have no more room in our waste-paper basket for any joke about "Sound Investments" being "Buying Telephone Shares."

THE ROUGH'S RAILWAY-GUIDE.



else, except tips.

THE Ready Rough may always regard a Third-Class Carriage, or indeed, any carriage he can make his way into with or without a ticket, on the Underground Rail-way as a sort of travelling Alsatia, where brutal blackguardism finds "sanctnary." sanctuary

The one duty of a Guard—as of a watch—is to "keep time." He is not expected to keep anything For instance he is not bound to keep his temper,

or to keep on the look out for Roughs.

or to keep on the look out for Roughs.

No one has a legal right to get into a carriage which is full, but then a third-class carriage never is full so long as one more brawny brute can violently force his way into it.

When bent upon enjoying the exceptional privileges and immunities reserved for blackguardism by the Underground Gallios, it is only necessary for a few hulking ruffians, big of course, and half drunk by preference, to thrust themselves violently into some compartment containing not less than twice its legal complement. In doing this they will, of course, rudely trample the toes of weak women, and insolently dislodge the hats of inoffensive men; thus paying the way pleasantly for future operations. only necessary for a few hulking ruffians, big of course, and half drunk by preference, to thrust themselves violently into some come partment containing not less than twice its legal complement. In doing this they will, of course, rudely trample the toes of weak women, and insolently dislodge the hats of inoffensive men; thus paving the way pleasantly for future operations.

Having squeezed themselves in somehow, they can then further indulge in the lesser amenities of travel by puffing rank tobacco smoke in the faces of their fellow-passengers, expectorating at large with not too nice a reference to direction, and indulging in howling, chaff, and horse-play of the most offensive character.

The addition of blasphemy, especially if there should be women and children present, may probably provoke a mild remonstrance of the part of the part of the most offensive daracter.

So, knock under," says London.

from some one, and then the Rough's opportunity has arrived

To particularise the Rough's rules for dealing with such an objector and his sympathisers—if any—would be as tedious as superfluous; but the combined arts of the low pugilist, the intoxicated wife-beater, and the Lancashire "purler," may be called into play, with much enjoyment and perfect safety, until the object of his wrath is beaten into unconsciousness or kicked into convulsions. nis wrath is beaten into unconsciousness or kicked into convulsions. On reaching a Station, the frightened passengers may perhaps dare to appeal to the Guard! That autocratic official will of course, with much angry hustling and holloaing, declare that he can't stop to interfere, his business being, not to stay actual violence or prevent possible homicide, but to "keep time," and the ruffianly scoundrels go off shouting and singing "Rule Britannia," and telling their pals "what a bloomin' lark they've had in the Hunderground."

SIX TO ONE.

"The Identical Notes are being telegraphically agreed upon, and will be wired to Athens to-morrow. They will be presented separately."—Berlin Correspondence.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

Paul. "MIGHTN'T I HAVE A DONKEY, PAPA?" Papa (the New Vicar). "I'M AFRAID NOT, MY BOY! THERE WOULD BE NOBODY TO LOOK AFTER IT, YOU KNOW!" Paul. "OH, THE CURATE COULD DO THAT!"

A FEW MORE OF THEM.

From Lord R. Churchill's Discreet Parliamentary Question Book.

Guestion Book.

Is it a fact that five well-known Members of Her Majesty's Government habitually walk about with explosive bombs in their coat-pockets, and are to be seen daily in the lobby tossing with a halfpenny to settle who shall take the next turn at St. Petersburg?

Did the PREMIER close the Transvaal difficulty by sending M. JOUBERT a barrel of American cysters, £500,000 Secret Service money, and an offer in cipher of the two next vacant Bishoprics for himself or his nephews?

Has the Duke of Argyll been forced to resign the office of Privy Seal because he was found in a cellar under Buckingham Palace, disguised in a trick wig, and with a dark lantern of which he could give no satisfactory explanation?

factory explanation?

Is it true that instructions were recently despatched Is it true that instructions were recently despatched to Her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, enjoining him to refuse to take off his hat when conducting negotiations with the SULTAN, unless the latter first removed his fez, and said in good English, "How do you do this morning, Sir? Thank you, Sir; I'm very well, Sir"? Is there any authority for the rumour that HERE Most has been promised a Peerage on the conclusion of his impending trial, and will probably take his seat in the Upper House as Baron WINDMILL STREET?

And, finally, whether there is any foundation for the report that the SPEAKER has expressed his intention of obliging any persistently talky and misinformed Member to retire to the Clock Tower, and win twenty-five games of backgammon, running, of the Sergeant - at - Arms, before resuming his seat?

"And a Good Judge too!"

Sir Henry Hawkins has been so amazingly funny during the Spiritualists' case, and has sent everyone, from the Clerk of Arraigns down to the Old Bailey Charwoman, into such fits of laughter that he must henceforth be known as Sir Henry Haw-Haw-Kins. (N.B.—No, not Hee-Hawkins.)

EASTER-EGGS AT ST. PETERSBURG; OR, HOW THEY DIVIDE 'EM.

THE Nihilists to ALEXANDER THE THIRD—The Shell. ALEXANDER THE THIRD to the Nihilists—The Yoke.

THE TELEPHONE.

You can turn on the telephone just when you please, As you turn on the gas at the main,
You can talk over continents, islands, and seas,
If there's aught that you wish to explain;
You utter whatever you choose at one end,
And 'tis heard as a whisper—miles off by your friend.

You can stay in the City and learn from your home, Of whatever may chance to befall; If your wife from her duties should happen to roam, And you'll know when the water-rates call. You'll hear when the butcher delivers his book And you'll know when the policeman makes love to the cook.

You can fly to the lawyer when right makes you bold
To get wrong, from the law, through the wire:
And your doctor prescribes for a fever or cold,
While you neither stir out from the fire.
And your medical man won't know what you've been at,
When the pills and the mixture prove death to the cat.

You can list to a concert and never go out, But can hear every song that is sung;
You can easily know what a play is about,
From the time when the curtain's uprung.
You can hear the debates in the House if you like, But that twaddle might make many Telephones strike.

Here 's the Telephone taking the words that we say,
And the Telegraph's marvellous flight;
There's the light that's electric turns darkness to day,
And the Photophone sounds through the night.
While the Phonograph keeps for historical page
All the tale of the wonders of Edison's age.

THE DIGNITY OF DEBATE.

THE practice of opening daily the proceedings in Parliament by the putting of a series of ingenious and not unamusing questions to anyone who can answer them, having now been fully established, the following may be found useful to aspiring Members who, on the resumption of business at the end of the recess, may be anxious to distinguish themselves in this particular fashion, but are at a loss how to do it :-

Mem. for Mr. ---, M.P. for

To ask the Home Secretary, or the First Lord of the Treasury, or one of the Under-Secretaries, or, in fact, anybody who will pay the slightest attention,—

the slightest attention,—

Whether there is any foundation for the report that the Hong Secretary contemplates the idea of placing a statue of himself inside the Duke of York's column;

As to the amount of fish "totally unfit for human food," consumed annually at the Lord Mayor's banquet;

Whether, under the new regulations, Colonels of Regiments on active service will be admitted to the galleries of provincial theatres, on horseback, for half-price;

Whether the Sergeant-at-Arms is allowed a retiring allowance for hair-powder, shoe-buckles, snuff, and sea-bathing;

As to the contemplated wood paving and lighting with fireworks of Westminster Abbev:

of Westminster Abbey;
Whether it be true that the foot-and-mouth disease has appeared in a virulent form at Madame Tussaud's;
If there is any authority for the report that Mr. J. L. Toole has been offered, and has declined, an important command in South

Africa;
As to the manufacture of effervescing German Mineral Waters in the Isle of Dogs;
And, lastly, whether the Government contemplate taking any active steps to exclude talkative idiots from the House of Commons.



AT THE SENIOR UNITED.

Colonel (to pompous Steward). "Hullo, how's this? I see Woodcocks Five Shillings. Why, at the Junior they only charge Four!"
Steward. "Very likely, Sir. The Junior 'ud heat hanythink!"

APRIL: OR, THE NEW HAT.

[In deference to a prevalent taste, this Poem is also a Double

Prologue.

My Boots had been wash'd—well wash'd—in a Show'r; But little I griev'd about that: What I felt was the Havock a single Half-hour Had made with my costly new Hat.

For the Boot, tho' its Lustre be dimm'd, will assume Fresh sprightliness after a while; But what Art may restore the original Bloom, When once it hath flown, to the Tile?

I clomb to my Perch, and the Horses (a bay And a brown) trotted off with a Clatter: The Driver look'd round in his affable Way, And said huskily, "Who is your Hatter!"

I was pleas'd that he 'd notic'd its Shape and its Shine; And as soon as we reach'd the "Old Druid," I begg'd that he 'd drink to my new Four-and-Nine In a Glass of his favourite Fluid.

A gratified Smile sat, I own, on my Lips When the Barmaid appeal'd to the Master (He was standing hard by with his Hands on his Hips) To "look at the Gentleman's Castor!"

I laugh'd, as an Organman "paus'd in mid-air"-('Twas an Air that I happen'd to know By a great foreign Maestro)—expressly to stare At "ze Gent wiz ze joli Chapeau."

Yet how swift is the Transit from Laughter to Tears! Our Glories, how fleeting are they!
That Hat might (with care) have adorn'd me for Years;
But 'twas ruin'd, alack, in a Day!

How I lov'd thee, my Bright One! I wrench in emorse

My Hands from my Coat-tail and wring 'em; Why did not I, why—as a matter of course— When I purchas'd thee, purchase a Gingham?

* A surprise is in store for anyone who guesses this. Solutions to be addressed here to A Cross Stick Editor.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

I MAD three or four days down at the House of Commons lately, and a fine time Brown and me had of it.

Talk of late hours, ah, them was sumthink like! One time we didn't have no hours at all, so to speak, but went right on sitting all day, and sitting all night, and sitting all the morning and all the next day! and, as Brown said, didn't hatch much after all. My grayshus wot a time it was. Everybody went in for Grilled Bones and Shampayne till we was almost grilled ourselves and had cleand out all the shors in the navheroid, and the cry was still they come.

and Shampayne till we was almost grilled ourselves and had cleand out all the shops in the nayberood, and the ory was still they come.

One of my perfeshunal friends there told me as how he found a wunderful differrence in the Irish orders this season, none of your gos of Whiskey as before, but reel Sham and plenty of it, and their fust Toast, in a kind of larfing wisper, is alway, Success to the Land Leeg, root and branches and may it flourish for ever! just like one of our own City Gills.

Oh didn't sum on 'em look retchedly sleepy and washed out about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning! A good turn at the Pump wood ha' done some on 'em good, praps, as Brown said, in more ways than one, but of course I don't know what he meant, some imperance I spose as usual.

I smiles to myself as I goes into the House sumtimes and sees a whole row of poor devils a waiting for hours with their orders for seet in the Strangers' Galery (we calls it the ½ crown Gallery, for you can allers get in for ½ a crown, for particulars enquire of Pleaceman X.), and all jest for the chance of seeing sum of the emanent Swells at a distance, whereas I has the honer not only of seeing, em close, but of listening to 'em, aye and talking to 'em quite familyer! Saying to Mr. Gladstun, for instance, "Shall I get you a little more Tung, Sir?" or to Sir William Arcouer, "Kyan Pepper, Sir?" or to Mr. Biger, "A little Bore's Head, Sir?" or to Mr. Dillon, "A little Lamb, Sir?" or to Mr. Forster, "A little more Irish Stew, Sir?" ansettrer, ansettrer, aye and paid for it too into the Bargane.

Take 'em as a hole the House of Commons aint harf such good judges of a Dinner as my reglar patrons in the City. They don't will be—ar—a most wirtueus one; simply—ar—guile-less." I smiles to myself as I goes into the House sumtimes and sees a

understand the natteral order of things, and allers eats in an urry.

understand the natteral order of things, and allers eats in an urry, which is itself enuff to spile any dinner.

They allers seems a lissening for a Bell, like a young Waiter as hasn't learnt to take things coolly, and, when it rings, away they rushes like so many Manyacs leaving their dinner harf eaten. Why they can't leave off sitting and rise for a nour or 2 and have their dinner cumfortable, is what I can't understand. I'm sure it wood be better for their helth and better for their temper, for the langwidge as sum on 'em uses on these occashuns is reelly quite staggering.

I'm making sum private memoryandums of every celebrated man's favorite Dish, and of what he eats on certain grate occashuns, and if ever I am injuiced to print 'em, that will be one of the most interesting publiccashuns ever red.

Sum of the items will be found to be strangely epropriet to certain Public Men.

While the World is a wundering and Truth is a speckylating, why,

While the World is a wundering and Truth is a speckylating, why, on such and such a day, some of the werry grandest of 'em came out so grandly, and why on another occasion they mad such a Hash of it, my book will explane the whole mystery. It all depends on what they had for Dinner!

What's the use of telling a man of my grate experiense that a cut of Mutter and a pint of Beer can produce the some poble seatoners.

What's the use of telling a man of my grate experiense that a cut of Mutton and a pint of Bass can produce the same noble sentemens the same staggering langwidge as a couple of slices of Vensun from a noble Hornsh and a pint of Sham, followed by a Bird and a Salad and a Pint of Burgundy.

Why the thing's Ridickerlus!

I quite agrees with Brown, tho' I don't quite know what he means, when he says, "If the Mind's the 'Standard' of the man, the Stummuck's the 'Telegraph' of the Mind."

(Signed) ROBERT.

THE BALACLAVA CHARGE-ONE SHILLING-PANORAMA.



TURNSTILES to right of them, Turnstiles to left of them, Go the Six Hundred Thousand !—at a shilling a head.

a head.

The entrance to the Panorama is suggestive of something between a heathen temple (with turnstiles), a theatre, a music-hall, a church (with turnstiles, of course), and a mausoleum. You are not allowed to go straight before you, but have at once to turn to the left and descend. Be careful of the steps. Why go down to a Panorama? This is the first mystery. the first mystery.

After the first twenty steps there is a refreshment-stall, apparently let into the wall. Here a military person, in uniform, with medals, was regaling himself; but unless positively fatigued by your exertion so far, you had better delay refreshment until your return, when you may need it. The military veteran is, I fancy, retained for past services on the establishment, and may be inclined to afford information of considerable interest to and may be inclined to afford information of considerable interest to a very civil civilian. At the bottom of the steps there are two passages open before you, one to "the right of them" and one to "the left of them." Which to choose? is the question. I suspect that the veteran whom I passed on the landing above ought to be here prepared to receive visitors. In the absence of this distinguished sentinel from his post, take the left and you'll choose right.

Along tortuous melancholy passages, until, if you happen to be alone, you are about to give up finding the Panorama at all, and are beginning to feel like a Babe in the Wood without the other babe, when you come upon a heavy oriental curtain, which you lift ner-

when you come upon a heavy oriental curtain, which you lift nervously under the impression that you have lost your way, and wandered somehow out of the Panorama into a Turkish Bath. You wandered somehow out of the Panorama into a Turkish Bath. You are not quite sure also that you won't turn up in a Linendraper's establishment next door, and suddenly appear from a trap-door under the cashier's desk, or shoot up behind a counter in the back shop. However it is all right. You lift the curtain; you pass beyond the mystic veil; you ascend—thank heaven, at last you ascend!—and far off—up above you a voice is heard, shrilly and clearly, "Book of the Panorama, Six-pence! Panorama and Guide, Six-pence!" Then another voice adds, "This way down; this way down"—and blessing your stars that there is at least one sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the visitor, you other up and reach the top—only to see nothing at all, except a lot

ittle cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the visitor, you cheer up and reach the top—only to see nothing at all, except a lot of people crushing each other against some obstacle, and looking at something which you hope is the Charge of Balaclava.

The first point is where to begin. Go straight before you, elbow every one out. Here you will be wedged in by several other people with elbows as energetic and powerful as your own, and here you will have to remain until you fight your way to another position. Take care your hat is not knocked off into the sham battle-field.

To find out who is who in the picture is difficult. A French

To find out who is who in the picture is difficult. A French General taking off his cocked hat and saluting the audience as though he had just finished a "scene in a Circus on a trained steed," attracts the attention at once as a figure both natural and graceful. Lord Cardican can be recognised without trouble; his Lordship is in Lord Cardian can be recognised without trouble; his Lordship is in a very flourishing condition, and apparently calling out to the Artist, "Here! hi! look at me! I 'm the fellow for you to take!" The Artist took him, which is more than the enemy could do. Sir George Wombwell is down in the plan of the picture, but I couldn't find him anywhere. Happening to inquire of some one where the popular "Sir Jarge" was in the Panorama, I was informed that he had just left. No wonder I couldn't find him. The information given me was, I subsequently ascertained, strictly correct, as at that precise moment the missing warrior was talking to a friend in Repent precise moment the missing warrior was talking to a friend in Regent and I cannot blame him for not being in two places at once.

and I cannot blame him for not being in two places at once.

Unfortunately I dropped my Guide-Book into the field of battle, where it disappeared for a second among the property cannons and waggons, only to reappear in the stuffed hand of a dummy Russian in remarkably thin-soled boots, where, unless it has been since swept up by the charwomen on duty, it may be taken for a military despatch, or a code of secret signals just tumbled out of the soldier's pocket. Owing to this loss I have somehow got into my head that the Artist's name is Spoilfor—or something like it.

The conventions of the supersted by Mosers Spoilfor & Conserts to be

the Artist's name is SPOILPOT—or something like it.

The general idea suggested by Messrs. SPOILPOT & Co. seems to be,
"'O let me like a soldier fall,' only be sure there's an Artist there
to see me.' The military actors in the scene seem to have done
deeds of theatrical daring with one eye on the enemy and the other
on the Artist. But for all this—'tis a clever picture, and—there's
money in it. In consequence of this success there will, of course, be
a surfeit of Panoramas; and already there is one advertised for
Oxford Street, and another for the Crystal Palace. Shall we go
back to Dioramas and Cosmeramas? O the happy days when we
were vound? were young!

THE REAL CITY CENSUS.



"Fussiness, Dis-Census."

THE Corporation seems waking up.
Not content with the great experiment
they are trying with so much success with the Electric Light, they have determined to set an example to the Government, and show them what a Census ought to be.

They seem to say, Who cares where a man sleeps? we want to catch him when he's wide awake, and not only up, but up to everything, from Peruvians to Consols, from Tea to Tallow. So every good Citizen will be asked, on Monday the 25th, a few questions of quite a different character to those just answered

by the rest of Her Majesty's subjects. These said questions have been under the consideration of the City Officials for months past. The Engineer drew them up, the Compornitrolled the operation, the Acting Remembrancer acted his part to perfection, and saw that nothing was forgotten. The Town Clerk made so many Minutes of their proceedings that they occupied several hours. The Chamberlain in full Court Suit introduced them to the City Solicitor, who solicited a copy for his especial perusal, "perusing same, 13s. 4d."

We have been unable to obtain a Proof of the proposed Census

Paper, ours being under proof and under censure, so we sent a messenger to the Foreign Office to ascertain how these things are managed, but his reception was so uncommonly warm that he left hurriedly. However, having a slight acquaintance with a certain Compositor, in a certain office, named ROGERS, we administered such a composing draught to him, that he furnished us in return with a draught of his own composition from ROGERS' Pleasures of Memory.

A few extracts from this may be acceptable:

Questions to be answered in full. Who are you? What are you? Where are you when you are at home?
What is your Wife's name?
What was your Wife's name?
What will your Wife's name probably be some day?

What was her age 10 years ago? What is it now

What is it now?
Have you a Mother-in-Law? If not, why not?
What age is your Elder Brother, and how long has he been your Elder Brother? Is he anybody else's Elder Brother? Does he belong to the Elder Brethren of Trinity House? If so, why?
How many people do you employ, and do you call them all Employés, or only those who can speak French?
What is the average age of the oldest among them?
Do they sleep on the Premises after dinner?
State with great particularity the largest number of Persons that ever passed your door on one day, taking as an average, say I ord

ever passed your door on one day, taking as an average, say, Lord Mayor's Day ?

State their average ages and occupations?
What annual amount of Profit do you make? What amount do you return to the Income Tax? Are you on friendly terms with the Assessor? How many Horses does your Father keep? What colour are they?

Does he bruise his Oats? How many Beans make five? How many Horses pass your door from sun-rise to sunset, distinguishing those in single harness from those in double harness? Explain why those in double harness require more harness than

when you are out, does your Mother-in-I.aw know you're out?
How many Persons have entered your Premises during the last twenty-four hours?

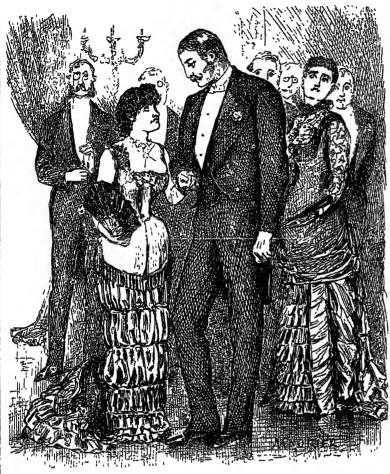
(N.B.—This is the important question.

By counting every visit as a separate Visitor, and carefully manipulating say, the two men and a boy of your establishment by sending them out all day on short errands for very trifling matters, you can swell up the number of Visitors to something almost too awful.

Moderate energy would raise your number to at least 500.

As there are about 10,000 houses in the City, if all the inhabitants follow your example, the people in the City on the eventful 25th will be proved to amount to about Five Millions, which is exactly what the Day Census is intended to prove.)

CHANCE OF NAME.—Since the groundless attacks upon Mr. Brasser and Sir Charles Dilke, in connection with the Freiheit newspaper, they call him Lord RANDON CHERCHHL.



LADY GATHEREMALL AT HOME.

 $\it Miss\ Midus.$ "You're the first Commoner I've ever danced with, Captain Prettyman!"

The Captain. "No, REALLY? WHY, WHAT IS THERE ABOUT YOU FOR COM-MONERS TO AVOID ?"

THE BRIGHTER DAYS OF BANKRUPTCY-A CONTRAST.

YESTERDAY.

WHY do all the assembled Creditors look so miserable? Ha! that must be the Debtor's Solicitor dancing a fandango by himself in his private room!

fandango by himself in his private room!

How quaint that that suspicious-looking man without a shirt-collar should have been appointed Trustee!

Though the debts in this liquidation are proved to the amount of £5374 9s. 6d., as the assets are set down at £122 10s., everybody, one feels, will get a little.

Did I understand you that the Trustee, the Solicitor, and the insolvent Debtor are finishing the evening to-

gether at the Criterion?

getner at the Criterion?

How strange that, though three years have passed, nobody has yet got anything!

It grieves me to hear the Trustee say he "will punch my head well" if I don't mind my own business.

Considering all things, the insolvent Debtor is now really looking remarkably well.

TO-MORROW.

I am not surprised that the beautiful statement of the Bankrupt has moved the Court to tears.

Give the highly-respectable Solicitor, who has managed the whole business, his well-earned Six-and-eightpence, and let him go.

If the Taxing-Master has all this good news broken to him at once, he will certainly go off his head.

Look! Somebody has paid One-and-fourpence into the

Bank of England!

I thought the sudden announcement that there might possibly be a small dividend would send the Creditors into hysterics!

This straightforward, honourable, manly insolvency is positively refreshing.

Ha! there goes the Trustee into the water off Waterloo

Bridge! This dividend of Ninepence in the Pound leaves the proud, upright Bankrupt without a shadow of a stain

upon his character.
Ha! I thought so. The Judge himself has just announced his intention of "going through his own Court like a man."

A NEW ATTACHMENT.

In consequence of the many mistakes discovered in the procedure in the Lord Mayor's Court (to wit "Foreign Attachment," &c.), this wonderful "palace of justice" will be known in future as the Lord Mare's Nest

BILLINGSGATE MARKET AGAIN!



"SOLE OH!"

PROBABLY most of Mr. Punch's many readers thought that the statement quoted by him the other day, from the proceed-ings of the Court of Common Council, with regard to telegrams being sent by Billingsgate Salesmen to their consigners to the following effect, "Send no more fish at any price," "Market glutted," &c., was of a rather staggering description, considering how scarce and dear fish is and has been, but what will be thought of this :-

"A system which allows the vans, whose contents ought to be on sale, to describe continous and interminable circuits in crowded thorough-

and interminable circuits in crowded thoroughfares under a summer sun, is especially unfavourable to the buyer, but not so
unfavourable to the salesman. It avoids, to a certain extent, a glut; and a
glut is the salesman's difficulty, but the buyer's opportunity.

"The vans which arrive first at Billingsgate may contain fish for which
there is no particular demand; instead, therefore, of being unpacked, they
are forced to move on and thread their way through the crowded thoroughfares of London, till they are able to obtain a fresh place in the line. One
van, whose case was exceptionally unfortunate, returned in this way, not
merely time after time, but ay after day for eleven days! The fish which it
contained was, of course, ultimately condemned."

Mr. Punch is quite prepared to believe that these statements will be received by all who read them as something not only incredible, but utterly absurd in their extravagance, and yet they are literally

true, and are quoted in the Citizen, as forming part of an official Report on Billingsgate Market, just sent by Mr. Spencer Walpole, the fish inspector, to the Home Secretary!

No wonder poor Londoners are longing in vain for cheaper and fresher fish, and the almost incredible statement just quoted is another proof of what shameful waste and shameful neglect are allowed to exist where the interests of the many are sacrificed to those of the few.

Of course, it is the poor who suffer, as usual. The poor plaice and the humble herring must make way for the princely salmon and the lordly turbot, and go on their weary round getting staler and staler and flabbier and flabbier, till even the Billingsgate inspector condemns them as too bad even for the poor.

A Rhyme with a Reason.

Your skill as a painter of portraits bids fair
To become the town talk. (Please pronounce it as tale, O Holl!)
Your health! May your pictures be found everywhere— Ubiquitous,-just as Herr MUNTZ declares alcohol,

The Ki-bosh-for-us.

Turkish Official (at Lighthouse, hailing English Vessel). Here! Hi! Bechesm! Kismet! What the deuce are you doing?

British Sailor (on the look-out). What the deuce are we doing? Doing the dues.

(*** But if this is so, this sort o' thing won't due.)





"NOR'-EAST."

"SOU'-WEST."

TO THE NORTHERN TERROR.—AN APPEAL.

When hate is hushed, and hot-tengued clamour dies,
Wisdom speaks forth. Not hers the vengeful shout
Of Mobs or Monarchs, whose conflicting cries
Clash like cold blades in some barbaric rout
With the bloodthirst upon them. Ringed about
By clouds of strife, she fixes steadfast eyes
On Truth's unshifting pole-star. Dread and doubt,
Power's fierce wrath, Revolt's loud revelries,
Shake not calm Thought, which high above the tumult flies.

Only the heart will ache. So long, so sore
The blind contention; hate that still breeds hate;
Bloodshed that never better fruitage bore
Than profitless reprisal. He who late
Shook the serfs' fetters loose, and did the State
A more than princely service, shattered falls,
A prey to sleuth-hound malice—harshest fate
That e'er struck kindly heart—while frenzy calls
In menace to the heir in his Imperial halls.

Dark menace, and with purpose vague of form E'en to its frantic framers; like the rage Of sightless Polyphemus. Hearts will warm To patriots who open warfare wage Boldly against the tyrant of their age; But mole-like Murder mining, blind as sly, Its ruthless way, with indiscriminate gage Hurled against good and evil, low or high, Is treason to the cause of ordered Liberty.

She must disown the lurking fiends who'd blast
A blameless legion in her sacred name,
And from her roll of honour coldly cast
The assassin—branded with the assassin's shame.
When he, the gentlest of his line, whose fame
Was the Enfranchiser's, so foully fell,
All generous hearts flung back the lying claim
To hail his murderers heroes, knowing well
The hate that prompts such deeds is set on fire of hell.

And now the vague vast Terror takes a voice
Of human sort, nor all inhuman tone,
Proffering Power a peremptory choice.
Out from the dark it comes, of source unknown
As that which moaned Pan's requiem through the lone
Arcadian woods; yet better thus than still
Mine on in murderous muteness 'neath the throne,
A creeping death, a cold and cruel will,
Sworn blindly to subvert and bloodily to kill.

Put manhood in your wrath, nor foul the work
Ye call divine with demon ruthlessness.
No longer poison-fanged and snake-like lurk
On the hard path which Power awhile must press,
Although of will the thralls to free and bless
Whose galling chains were forged in earlier time.
Not ermined Power alone should bear the stress
Of the world's strife, nor take the stain and slime
Of all its age-old wrong, and many-centuried crime.

Kings have their heritage of shackling ill
As well as Peoples. He enthroned to-day
Lifts with the crown the chain; patriot good-will
Would grant e'en Kings the vantage of fair-play.
Hate is a hound o'er prompt to track and slay,
But 'tis the work of dogs, not men, to rage
Red-fanged yet still insatiate for prey.
Let human ruth inhuman wrath assuage,
And leave in History's roll one unensanguined page.

"Spoons!"

THE not very numerous, and rather useless class, who are born with silver spoons in their months, are not the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Gladstone's Budget. They object to suck away threepence an ounce every year for six years, until at last their spoons have lost nearly ten per cent. in value. Possessors of the family tea-pot are also dissatisfied, and Maiden Aunts are unable to see why their little property in plate should be slowly and surely depreciated.

MICHAEL STROGOFF;

OR, NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

MICHAEL STROGOFF is the very piece for the Adelphi. The English version of Messrs. D'Enners and Jules Verne's drama has been thoroughly well done by Mr. H. J. Byron,

who has put into his own part plenty of what the old Greek Actors—or the old Greeian actors—were wont to term, professionally, "par."

Prologue.—Mr. FERNANDEZ, disguised as an old something (Plate 1), accompanied—he doesn't sing but still he is accompanied by

Sangarre, Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, who looks decidedly handsome as a sort of niece of Azucena the Gipsy in Il Trovatore, with lots Azucena the Gipsy in 11 Trovatore, with lots of jingling coins and very fashionable high-heeled boots,—obtains a "pass for two" from a very gentlemanly official, of whom they speak between themselves somewhat familiarly as "the Guv'nor."

These two, Ivan Ogreff and Sangarre travel together throughout the piece, and as he is always appearing in some new dress.

the is always appearing in some new dress, and as the is perpetually in this fancy Zingara costume with the high-heeled boots, it seems as if they only wanted some little encouragement and a tambourine to induce them to

give their first-class entertainment consist-ing of national airs and dances. But whether on account of her having left her tambourine at home, or from any lack of specu-

lative energy, lative energy, or from their not hav-ing had "an agent in advance," and having been "well billed," the result is that they never do onything at all of anything at all, at least, not in this line, and so far are perpetually disappointing the public. If we reject this theory of their intending to come out as duettist entertainers, the reason of their travelling together is not at first

Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

Not at all a half-and-

half sort of person. Low soul'd, but high-

sight apparent.
The Guv'nor wants to get a secret des-

"WE ARE A MERRY FAMILY, WE ARE!" CHARLES the "A WARNER!" and Miss GERARD, who is not cheered up by Mrs. Hummix' Wherzin.

patch conveyed to the Grand Duke. Whom can be trust? "Michael Strogoff," suggests Mr. T. A. PALMER, representing the eminent Strogoff," suggests Mr. T. A. PALMER, representing the eminent General Kiezoff, who doesn't reappear after this bit of advice—so



AFTER THE BATTLE. Appearance of the Sole Survivor, the Artist, Mr. BEVERLEY, who was of course, on the spot.

much for Kiezoff and he's off. Enter Michael Strogoff. Here the dialogue is conducted on the Ollendorff plan. We forget the exact words, but this is the idea:—

The Guv'nor. Who will take this letter? Michael. I will take this letter. The Guv'nor. To the Grand Duke? Michael. To the Grand Duke. The Guv'nor. You will see your mother?

Michael. I will see your mother. No—I will see my mother.

The Guv'nor (a little irritated). You will not speak to your mother f

Michael. I will not speak to your—I mean my mother.

The Gur'nor. You swear it?

Michael. I swear it. [Salutes mechanically] and exit abruptly.

FIGURES OF FUN-ANDEZ.

Penny Plain, or Twopence Coloured.



Plate 1. Mr. Fernandez Mr. Fernandez Mr. Fernandez Mr. Fernandez as Oureff. (1st dress.)

1'l ite 2. as Ogreff. (2nd dress.)

Plats 3. as Ogreff. (3rd dress.)

Plate 4. (4th dress.)

Then the guests enter and the Curtain descends. The prologue finishes with a brilliant fête given in the Guv'nor's grounds, which bear a striking resemblance to Cremorne in its best days.

We should have mentioned that everyone in the Prologue seems bound for Yarkootz, or Airkootz, or Earkootzk; but of their precise destination we are still uncertain, as there was a pleasing variety

about the pronunciation. For ourselves, we rather fancy that, on the whole, the weight of authority, without reference to the Russian Bradshaw, was in favour of Airkootzk.

ACT I. — Here stands a Post House. A very droll scene follows between Mr. H. J. BYRON, as Comic Correspondent of, we should say, the Family Herald, and Mr. IRISH, who represents the equalcomic French



H. J. B., the Comic Correspondent of the Family Herald, and the Ameer or Emir. "Woa Emir!"

Correspondent of some Parisian paper, say the Journal pour Rire, and the fact that it is "pour rear" will account for his always allowing his brother journalist to be getting before him with the news. All the scenes between these two are very funny, and prevent the piece, which mainly relies upon spectacle, from ever becoming dull.



After the Burning of the Town in the Last Act they "take it hazy."

Nadia Fedor (Miss GERARD), an interesting young lady travelling alone to visit her father, tells her touching story to Michael, who asks her to travel with him as his sister, to which she cheerfully consents. Why not? A charming companion. Mr. Fernandez (Plate 2) enters with Azucena's niece and has a row with Michael. More Ollendorff dialogue:—

Ivan. You will not fight me?

Michael. I will not fight you.

Ivan (who has evidently seen Box and Cox). Then come on!

["Comes on" by himself, thrashes Michael, and goes off with
AZUCENA'S niece in MICHAEL'S trap. MICHAEL and NADIA follow how they can, and on we go again in the direction of

Airkootzk.

ACT II.—Telegraph Office near some place that is much spoken of as "Coaly Van." Another funny scene between the Comic Correspondents. First appearance of Mrs. Vezin, Mrs. Strogoff (Michael's mother), a very troublesome person, while Mrs. Befaraer Befaraer, still as Azucena's niece in high-heeled boots, whispers to somebody whom she can trust, "Observe everything and say nothing," which seems to be her own rule of conduct, as she stops in corners looking unutterable things and striking attitudes, which, remarkable in themselves as specimens of poses plastiques, lose something of their value by not being connected with any particularly definite meaning. Mrs. Strogoff gets her son into trouble for the first time. The place is blown up, and discovers a battle-field after a successful engagement. This scene alone will show that Mr. Beverley's pencil can draw all London.

ACT III.—Mr. FERNANDEZ in another costume (Plate 3), tries to terrify the Comic Correspondents, who are then brought before the Ameer, with whom Mr. Byron is jocosely familiar—the scene being most intensely absurd from its utter improbability. Roars of laughter. Mrs. Strogoff gets her son into further difficulties. Of this troublesome but well-intentioned old lady Michael Warner—an association of names from Dickens's Battle of Life by the way—might say —

an association of names from DICKENS'S Battle of Life by the waymight say :-

Who was it met me with a shout, Who was it nearly got the knout, And made me get my eyes put out? My Mother!

So his eyes are put out at the cruel Ameer's command, and Mrs. Strogoff swoons. Here the Act should end, but it doesn't, and



A WELL-MOUNTED PIECE.

Michael, apparently blind, leaves his mischievous mother for dead (no such luck), and is led off by Nadia, who now kindly undertakes the part of the blind man's dog.

ACT IV.—None are so blind as those who won't see, so Michael turns out not to be blind at all, and his mother to be as lively as ever and ready to get him into another difficulty, which she does forthwith. They are relieved from a perilous situation by the Comic Correspondents, who shoot all the Tartars and take them away—still towards Airkootzk—on an inconveniently crowded raft. Ivan sets the river on fire, and we are shown another grand scene by Mr. Beverley, representing the town after the confagration.

ACT V.—At the Grand Duke's. Enter Mr. Fernandez (Plate 4), terrific struggle between Michael and himself: triumph of Michael and consequent end of piece. What had become of Azucena's niece

and consequent end of piece. What had become of Azucena's niece and consequent end of piece. What had become of Azucena's neces we did not learn. Perhaps she was somewhere about, still conscientiously posturing in corners on the stage, but hidden from the gaze of the audience by the smoke which lingered fondly on the scene; or perhaps in the interim she had obtained a good engagement at the Opera House at St. Petersburg; but no one particularly cares, and all ends smokily but happily. The acting, where there is any, is good, but decidedly the Comic Correspondents have far and away the best of it. Altogether a decided Attraction Engine.

À Club Dialogue.

Excited Club Member (to a friend). I say, wasn't that Tompkins who just went out of the Club?

Friend. Yes. Tompkins, Q.C., now he's just taken silk.

Excited Club Member. Taken silk! Yes, and left me cotton. He's just taken my umbrella. Here—hi!

[Rushes out after him.] Rushes out after him. nobody knows.

A CONTRACT UNDER SEAL.

First Letter, addressed to a Cabinet Maker.

DEAR W. E. G.,
OF course I was very much obliged to you when you made me a Peer. Still, the position has its disadvantages—it is difficult to find anyone to quarrel with, and I have been obliged to give up my bicycle. Under the circumstances, therefore, I think you owe me reparation. In a word, pay your debt by making me Privy Seal. I am sure I could make more of it than the Budget, and I am satisfied to leave Vernon Harcourt at peace (?) in my old quarters at the Home Office. I will promise not to play the fool this time.

Yours (always the same), Вов.

Second Letter, addressed to a Cabinet Maker.

DEAR AND RIGHT HON. STR. Dear and Right Hon. Sir,

I have not addressed you for some time, because I have felt
that I have not been altogether fairly treated in the matter of
Military Reform. If you will be so kind as to carry your memory
back to a few years ago, you will recollect that it was I who
invented the now celebrated Army Territorial mixture. Mr. Childer at the time, I believe, was all at sea at the Admiralty. But
let that pass. I would merely hint that I believe I can do as much
for the re-organisation of the Privy Seal as of the Soldiers—perhaps
re-organise it away altogether! Need I say more?

I write myself, more in sorrow than in anger,

AN EX-CABINET MINISTER IN THE LORDS. (Signed)

Third Letter, addressed to a Cabinet Maker.

Third Letter, addressed to a Cannet Maker.

Dear William,
Without being guilty of presumption, I think I may fairly suggest that my reign at St. Martin's-le-Grand has not been quite unsuccessful. Now it seems to me that there is a natural transition from handling a letter to using a Seal. I have noticed that the "post" (as we would say at my office) of Keeper is vacant. I think if I am appointed I may very shortly be able to supply the Public with the article at a rate unprecedented for cheapness. I would willingly resign the Telegraph Clerks too to other hands. But do not hesitate to say "no" if you think it advisable. You know from experience that I can wait.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY. (Signed)

Circular Reply to the above.

My Dear —,
Is it necessary to say that you are the very man for the position of Keeper of the Privy Seal? I really think not! But you know how dearly I love a good practical joke! When I am in a rollicking mood, I cannot refrain from doing something to make everybody laugh! So I have offered the Privy Seal to CARLINGFORD! And the best of the fun is—he has actually accepted it!
But here comes the pith of the jest! I have told CARLINGFORD that he must carry the Irish Land Bill through the House of Lords!
Poor Carlingford, it is rather hard upon him! But you must admit it is a splendid pleasantry! MY DEAR

Yours, most cordially and hilariously,

W. E. G. (Signed)

SPARKLERS.

By Our Own Diner Out.

Mr. Toole and Sir Frederick Leicetton, whose well-known leve Mr. Toole and Sir Frederick Leighton, whose well-known leve of net-fishing often leads them into exciting adventure, were, one afternoon last week, intent on their favourite pursuit on the parapet of the Thames Embankment, when Sir Frederick suddenly tumbled head-foremost into the water. There was the usual rush to the side, and the President, striking out lustily, and crying for help, shouted out that he should be drowned. "No, you won't," rejoined his witty colleague, watching his struggles with evident humour. "You won't be drowned. You're bound to be hung, you know." When this was repeated by the crowd to the Thames Police, who came up five-and-twenty minutes later, they laughed so immoderately that they could scarcely pull the distinguished Academician out.

"Bectification of frontier at Tunis, indeed!" said Lord Cairns the other day, meeting Captain Gosser suddenly in the Lowther Arcade. "How are they to do that, Sergeant, eh?"
"Well, my Lord, they have already got the "Bay into Straits!""
was the quiet, but brilliant reply. Lord Cairn's smiled, but has not been the same man since; but who he supposes himself to be



A SECRET.

"MY DEAR! SHE'S FEARFULLY GOT UP! NO WONDER SHE LOOKS YOUNG!"

"My dear! I'm told she always goes to Bed the whole Afternoon, when she's coming out in the Evening. We should look like that, if we took the same care of ourselves!"

THE DIARY OF A HOLIDAY.

Monday.—Came down to Hawarden to spend the Easter Recess quietly. Delighted to get away from the House and all its worries. Think I shall enjoy myself. Given orders that under no consideration whatever shall letters be forwarded on to me from Whitehall and Downing Street. Consequently greatly annoyed at receiving a telegram from HOWARD VINCENT, telling me that "the Fenian Skirmishers had sentenced me to death." Replied that the whole story had been declared a canard. This HOWARD VINCENT admitted, but hinted that "he was still going to take proper precautions to secure my safety." Knowing my man. I wish he wouldn't!

had been declared a canara. Ins howard vincent admitted, but hinted that "he was still going to take proper precautions to secure my safety." Knowing my man, I wish he wouldn't!

Tuesday.—As I expected! When I came down to breakfast this morning found no tea-urn. Detective apologised. He had seized it, thinking that it might be an infernal machine! At lunch when I put my feet under the table they came in contact with a Police Constable! The man confused. Admitted that he was acting under the orders of Howard Vincent! Really this kind of thing is intellerable!

my rect under the table they came in contact with a ronce constable! The man confused. Admitted that he was acting under the orders of Howard Vincent! Really this kind of thing is intolerable!

Wednesday.—Took a walk in the Park. Thought I heard footsteps and turned round. Came face to face with a whole Division (inclusive of the Reserve) of Metropolitan Police! Very angry! Superintendent apologised. They were obeying the instructions of Howard Vincent! They had been told to follow me about everywhere. Asked if I had any objection to their band accompanying them! Lost my temper!

Lost my temper!

Thursday.—As I would not be bothered any more, determined to keep my bed. As the air was chilly, ordered a fire to be lighted. Result—brought down a Detective who had been keeping guard in the chimney!

Friday.—Still in bed. The only place where I can secure peace and quiet. Clumsy footman bringing in the luncheon tray fell down and broke all my best crockery! Very much annoyed! On threatening to dismiss him, the man confessed that he was a disguised policeman! Howard Vincent means well, but I do wish he would mind his own business!

Saturday.—Tired of bed. Such a lovely morning, that I could

not refrain from getting up to have a little wood-cutting. Dressed myself and went into the Park. Had just taken off my coat and waistcoat, when I was suddenly seized, gagged, and handcuffed. Before I could expostulate I was hustled into a special express train with iron blinds all down, thence into a prison van and driven off at a gallop to Scotland Yard. When I got there (late at night) I was taken at once into the Private Room of the Director of Criminal Investigation. Howard Vincent profuse in his apologies. He said that there had been some mistake. The fact was his men, seeing me with an axe, and knowing that there were Fenian Skirmishers about, had taken me for—Exploded!!!

A CHANCE GONE.

IF Patience is a Virtue, and if Virtue is its own reward, how much money are Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan likely to make out of Patience? By the way, what a much better name for it would be The Dado. Wouldn't Lord Colerides have rushed to his Lemprière, and consulted his Labouchere in order to find out who Dano was? Queen Dado!—a lovely title! And what a chorus, "Dado, Dido, Dodo!" Clearly, Messrs. G. and S. have lost a chance. There would have been a Lady Da-do born on a Quarter Da-do, and so forth, who, in the Author's best style to the Composer's best music, would tell us "How I came to be a Dado." There would be a venerable Dado alluded to as "Kind Old Dad-o!" Then a quaint madrigal, "As it fell upon a Da-do," with a plaintive refrain of "Well-aday-do!" In short, the opportunities, or, to quote Professor Joseph Miller, the opera-tunities were enormous; and only such a prolific pair as Messrs. G. and S. could have afforded to neglect them.

COUPLET FROM AN EASTERN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Porte (eyeing Britannia curiously). Say, will you interfere in any way?

Britannia (bashfully). Sultan! I can't—hem!—"not before the Bey!"



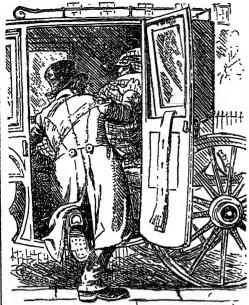
TWO "SUZERAINS."

PORTE. "FRANCE WANTS TO ANNEX TUNIS! BEY APPEALS TO ME! WELL-I'M HIS SUZERAIN, DONT-CHERKNOW?"

BRITANNIA. "OH, I'M THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD FOR ANNEXING ANYTHING. BESIDES, I'M A SUZERAINE MYSELF!!"

FROM THE RANKS.

VI.



SIR,-I'm a night-cabman, and see rum rum starts at times when you're do-ing your bit of shut eye. As I sit on the box, hour after hour, listening to the clocks a striking, and swingingmylegs, with an occasional whistle to keep up my pecker, I thinks to myself of who and what that last fare was that I've just took to bed, and reckon un his little ways and He manners. wasn't a real gentleman, I make up my mind, for he used my own lamp to see whe-ther the coin he held was a florin or half-a-crown.

or half-a-crown.

That was a mean trick, you'll allow; and while I think of it I nip
down and blow out those lamps, which are no better than a noosance,
tho' the light does cheer a man in his solitude. By the cut of his jib
I set him down as a lawyer—an Old Bailey lawyer without a doubt,
for he nodded to Jem Biles, the noted pickpocket, who was mouching
about at the corner of the Haymarket as my swell went in to buy a
a bacca. And then all the waiters at the Criterion grinned at him,
and I know more than one Old Bailey practitioner as has no office
except for show, and a sort of hutch for the grubby clerk, and chooses
to do all his business standing at the bar of the Criterion. Bless and I know more than one out Daney practitioner as has no office except for show, and a sort of hutch for the grubby clerk, and chooses to do all his business standing at the bar of the Criterion. Bless you, yes. There's one I'm thinking of who was generally to be found there when not in Court; turning a compliment for the barmaids just to keep his hand in, and practise the toothy smile which he always used to put on when he'd just tumbled a witness into perjury. I've seen young gents rush in there, all pasty-faced and anxious, of an evening while waiting for a job, and have a word or two with him in whispers, and pluck up courage, and order drinks, and be quite rowdy again and imperent under influence of the rosy, till to-morrow's headache brought a sense of their position. And ladies, too, we watched arriving in broughams, with veils down, who'd creep in trembling and rubbing up agin the doorpost as if they wished they could git between the hinges, and who'd make a signal and crawl out agin, with him follerin' and gettin' into the brougham with 'em to have a long palaver, he looking like a hawk, while they cried like anything.

I carried him reg'lar once, so I'd every advantage for watching the game. There he used to stand over the bar, waving what he called his "forensic finger" (whatever that may mean), and chatting and laughing with hat at back of head, as if there was no sich thing as care, and all the folks crowding round, with great guffaws, to hearken to his spicy jokes. And then rays one of the willed ladies.

and laughing with hat at back of head, as it there was he schi thing as care, and all the folks crowding round, with great guffaws, to hearken to his spicy jokes. And then praps one of the veiled ladies would show in the doorway, or else his grubby clerk would shamble in and mutter somethin' whilst eyeing the drinks sideways out of the corner of a wishful organ, and passing his dry tongue around his leathery lips, and standing on one foot, with the other on the instep, just as I've seen cranes do at the Zoological. And when that grubby clerk came (looking so queerly out of place among the tiptop swells and gaudy decorations and glittering glasses and bottles), the joke—whatever it might be—would be snapped in two like the swinging of a convict's door at Millbank—(don't poke your fun at me, and say as how I 've no business to know about Millbank doors) me, and say as how I 've no business to know about Millbank doors)—and the hat would 'take a turn, and come down all of its own accord over the domineering frown, and he 'd ask that grubby clerk, in a voice as sharp as a City waiter's knife that 's cutting ham, what was up? and his eyes would glitter like hot coals, and he 'd scratch his stubbly grey pate, with the other hand under his coat-tails; and the admiring audience would take a swig at their drinks, and perlitely look the other way while my bloke considered the case over and the clerk was nearly mad with envy of the liquor.

What a rum fish he was, to be sure, and what a life he led! You

What a rum fish he was, to be sure, and what a life he led! You the Metropolitan Distinever could tell where to take him. One minute he'd be like ile, jected to molestation!

the next he'd blow your head off. I fondly believe that nobody knew him so well as I did. Certainly not his wife; as certainly not his clerk. He had no friends—real friends I mean; tho' he was smothered with acquaintances, and tormented out of his life by clients. Maybe he was so deep-versed in other people's crime that he never knew genuine peace—was alway fermenting, as it were, like wine, with bad stuff that wouldn't keep at the bottom. Anyway, he got into a habit of going about hisself as if he'd murdered way, he got into a habit of going about hisself as if he'd murdered some one, whose skillington was a rattling. He was a perambulating riddle. Nobody was to know where he lived, and he was never at his office, and yet he had more shady cases on hand than any lawyer breathing; and he could be so jolly and familiar and light and gay when he wasn't pulling your heartstrings out in court. Many a time he's said to me, "John" (my name's WILLIAM), "I shall want to sleep in your cab to-night, so go home with this note, and fetch me some warm things." The note was open, and it didn't seem to matter who read it—me or the Misses or the meid. me some warm things." The note was open, and it didn't seem to matter who read it—me, or the Missus, or the maid. What a start! And then I'd bring back a rug and a greatcoat and a travelling cap and muffler, and he'd bid me drive him to a secluded spot where no one passes by of a night, and he'd call the night-Bobby, and give him a shilling or two not to disturb his rest, and coil himself up like a dormouse, and there was an end of him: while I trotted up and down the livelong night, and at a given hour I'd wake him, and he'd have a gray of coffee at a stall hard have an areas share and and down the fivelong hight, and at a given hour I 'd wake him, and he'd have a cup of coffee at a stall hard-by, and an easy shave and wash-up for a penny, and then sit reading, reading great long briefs and things, and hail a hansom when the time came, and rattle off to plead, as fresh as paint and as smug as a parson!

Whatever did he do it for? I used to wonder. Was he afraid to go home? Why? If he could show himself in Court, why should he not sleep cosily in bed as free-hearted Christians do? Was it one of the peopler crocked fade which we're all subject to and which

of the peculiar crooked fads which we're all subject to, and which show we've a bee in our bonnet somewhere? or had he a cause for slinking so? I believe Nature meant him for an eel. Be that as it may, I never cleared it up; and now he's dead and gone, and has left it all a queer London mystery.

But I must beg pardon, Sir, and say good-bye for the present.

Your humble Servant,

W. PIDDIFOOT (Known in the trade as BILLY GOOSEBERRY).

MOORE MODERNISED.

THE CHAUNT OF THE COCKNEY SWELL.

AIR-" This Life is all Chequered with Pleasures and Woes."

This suit is all chequered with crosses and stripes,
Which I wear as I walk by the wide winkley deep.
I am one of the tourist world's toppingest types,
And I purchased these togs in Cheapside on the cheap.
So closely they fit to my elegant shape,
That the fall in my back every optic may see;
And, if you should take an Apollo, and drape
Him in chocolate tweed, he would look much like me.
Just tottle me up! I'm all in it, dear boy,
With tile ever shiny and boots ever tight:

With tile ever shiny and boots ever tight; Like all Things of Beauty, for ever a joy, The envy of toffs, and the ladies' delight.

When I stroll on the sands all the girls try to count The number of pockets my garments display:
There are twenty, all told,—'tis a tidy amount,
Though there isn't much in them, I'm sorry to say.
There are many like me who in youth would have tasted The fountain of Pleasure that flows by the brine,
But their precious small "screws" they on tipsters have wasted,
And left all their pockets as empty as mine.
But let's have a liquor! 'Tis jolly good fun
To do the cheap toff in the Hall by the Sea! Though I mayn't sport a mag when my holiday's done, Go it stiff while you can, is the motto for me!

How to Travel by the Daylightful "Daylight Route."

DRESS yourself in a real suit of chain armour. Provide yourself with a revolver, a life-preserver, and a bowieknife.

Carry a fog-horn, a waterman's rattle, and a steam-whistle. Lay on a telephone wire between you and the nearest pelicestation.

Surround yourself by Detectives. And then possibly you may journey in a third-class carriage on the Metropolitan District Railway without much fear of being sub-

BANKRUPTCY FOR THE MILLION.

There was a time when the rich had a monopoly of all the luxuries, and the poor had to be content with the leavings of the rich. Many years of free-trade, liberal government, and penny newspapers have changed the order of things, and now the most venerated delicacies are brought within the reach of the multitude. Early strawberries, plovers' eggs, asparagus, ortolans, and green peasare as plentiful as blackberries—more plentiful, we are glad to say, as we never relished blackberries; and even bankruptcy, which was once the exclusive luxury of the aristocratic trader, is now to be as common as excursion trains or fourteen shilling trousers. Mr. Chamberlain has brought in a Bill which proposes to give a creditor for the paltry sum of £20 the power to issue a fiat, and which also proposes to abolish the special protection accorded to Members of Parliament. A debtor who cannot or will not pay his tailor's bill is now to be treated with as much consideration as a "merchant prince," and unpaid milk-scores are to rub shoulders with the greatest financial swindles. The blue-blood of insolvency ought to rise against such insolent Radicalism, before the Church, the House of Lords, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Meddlevex Magistrates are swallowed up in the general yortex.

UNHEALTHY OCCUPATION.

THE work of a Reviewer. At the best, his condition is always critical.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 28.



LORD CARLINGFORD.

Who takes the Duke of Argyll's Post. Fiat Justitia, ruat Privy Colum !

A BLESSED BARY.

Who wants "an addition to his domestic happiness"? Here is an advertisement which offers him the means on moderate terms:—

"THE YANKEE RUBBER BABY.—A Startling 1s. Novelty.—Goes in the waistcoat pocket. Blows out to life size. Is washable, durable, and unbreakable. Resembles life—for, like the real article, it coos at pleasure, yet screams awfully if smacked. Even experienced fathers are deceived by these laughter-producing infants, and no home can be a really happy one without their cheering presence. In long white dress complete, boys or girls, fourteen stamps; twins, post free, 2s.—Address, &c., &c."

Here is domestic happiness— SMELFUNGUS observes—for childless husbands, and for single men. Here is an addition, or a contribution, to domestic happiness, even better than the real thing. The Rubber Baby makes a horrid squeaky noise, is easily blown out, and then goes pop,—quite a little Poppet. What an advantage to poor mothers to be able to pop a Baby! Tell this to the School-Board. The Rubber Baby is of course able to play whist from its earliest infancy, and has therefore a natural provision against a melancholy old age.

LEICESTER SQUARE DIALOGUE.

Indignant Illiterate Youth (to a Friend). I say, look 'ere! this 'ere's a swindle! They calls it the Penny-rammer, and they arks me a shillin' to go in. 'Ere, I say—where's the Perlice?

Friend (seeing a Member of the Force). 'Ere!

Exeunt both swiftly.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



DURING the Recess we instinctively turn to the advertisements in our daily papers for healthy recreation and amusement. And among the theatrical amusements alone do we find that pure English, that frank candour, that ingenuous modesty which are so dear to us all. But among the advertisements now appearing there is one which we confess puzzles us. Here it is:

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Notice.—In deference to a generally expressed wish that some performances of THE LADY OF LYONS should be given at this theatre, the Management begs to announce that this favourite play will be produced on EASTER MONDAY NEXT, and repeated on each alternate night with Mr. A. W. PINERO'S successful comedy of THE MONEY-SPINNER.

What is "a generally expressed wish?" In the country when we see that "by desire of the garrison The Clergyman's Daughter will be performed," we understand that some mature syren has succeeded in making a gallant officer a greater idiot than even nature intended him to be, When we see "by desire" in London, we know that the Author has got hold of the Manager, and over a cigar has suggested, "Why don't you put up that piece of mine for a bit, old man?" But the above advertisement fairly floors us. How is a wish generally expressed? Does an occupant of the Gallery arise, and having caught the Manager's eye with any missile handy, proceed, "Hi! you there! Just chuck that up! We are sick to death of it. You play the Lady of Lyons, or I'm blowed if I come here again." Or does the proud owner of a box throw a bouquet on to the stage, in which is artfully concealed a note, "No more flowers for you unless you play the Lady of Lyons." Does the Pit rise as one man, and "generally express a wish"? Or do the Stallites wait at the stage-door, and having taken forcible possession of the Manager, threaten there and then to take his life unless he immediately produces the Lady of Lyons? Again we ask, How is it done?

THAT ACROSTIC.

We hate Acrostics, and would send Across Styx the inventor of these fearfully absorbing puzzles, but having undertaken to supply the answer to the Acrostic in last week's number, we hasten to inform the two thousand and one excited Correspondents that they are anything but "all right up to now," and that the real solution is—

BEAVER SPOILT.

BuS. EggfiP. AkimbO. VerdI. EphemeraL. RegreT.

But what is the object of the Acrostic device still remains, and ever will remain, a hopeless puzzle to us.—ED.

ever will remain, a hopeless puzzle to us.—.co. 2nd. Note.—On second thoughts, as we do not understand anything about the matter, and as, in these Nihilist days, we may possibly be the victim of some dreadful plot, we beg to state that the correctness of the solution is not guaranteed; but we only hope and trust it is all right. If it isn't—"Revenge, TIMOTHEUS ories!"—and TIMOTHE means what he says.—ED.

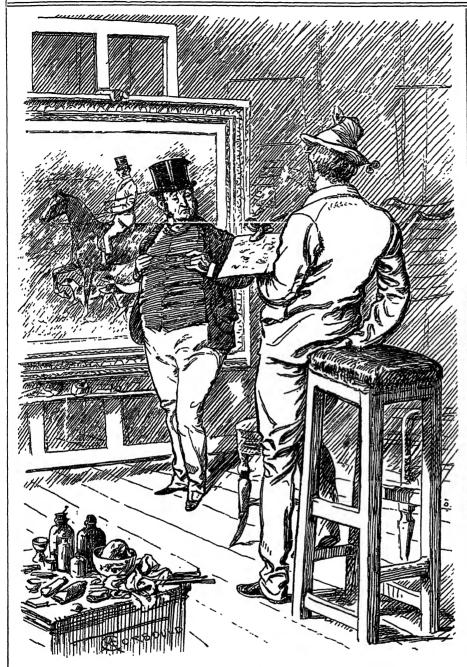
Accounted For.

"THE Bey immediately despatched a Note on the subject to the Austrian and Italian Representatives."—Foreign Correspondence.

"'THE European Concert' vain?
The discord much too soon is.
And what's the cause?" "Well, come, that's plain,—
Why, this Note out of Tunis!"

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

"Back at once from the Cape! When I so longed to fly at it!"
"That's short service, Sir F.—and you've had the first shy at it!"



PRIVATE VIEW.

Stud Groom (who has looked in). "Comes of a Hartis' Fan'ly Myself, Sir.

Married an 'Ouse Painter!" MY MOTHER

HOW WILL THEY DO IT?

"The 'Skirmishers' have, it is added, sentenced the Premier to death, and are now stated to be deliberating as to how the sentence shall be carried out."—New York Telegram.

Will they oblige him to ride a fresh horse on wood pavement and follow in the wake of a

Will they send him to Brighton and back on a Bank Holiday i

Will they get him to Substitute Oleo-margarine for butter at breakfast?
Will they give him a supper of "Sparkling Saumur" and real tinned American oysters?
Will they put him on to a desert island with Sir W. HARCOURT?
Will they take a dress-circle place for him at Drury Lane, for the forthcoming performances of the Meiningen Court Company, and force him to sit out the whole thirty-six of them in a beak new with Ollandows. them, in a back row, with Ollendorff?
Will they make him subscribe to nine society papers at once, and read every one of them?

Will they let him travel on the Metropolitan District Railway without a revolver?

Will they allow him nothing to drink but pure London water tempered with non-alcoholic stimulants?

alcoholic stimulants?

Will they get him on to the free list at Rosherville?

Will they make him attend a representation of Hamlet by amateurs?

And lastly, if everything else fail, will they compel him to take five o'clock teadaily, until he succumb, with Lord R. Churchill?

"NOT BEFORE THE BOY."

"Mr. PARNELL's mother delivered a speech, in the course of which she stated that Mr. GLAD-STONE had made overtures to her son and also to her."-Reuter's Agency.

On, Madam, if to serve your land, You doubt my wish and will, And fail, alas! to understand The purport of my Bill;

If, when I gain a point, you groan,—
And miss one,—jump for joy,
I beg you'll shriek or shout alone,
And "Not before the Boy!"

Ah! with the sweets of place, in truth,-With honey and with milk,

I gladly would have fed the youth:—
I've done as much for DILKE!

And even yet a blow I'll strike,

With "Office" for decoy!— So flay me, Madam, if you like, But "Not before the Boy!"

HAPPY HEREFORDSHIRE!

A CUSTOM more honoured in the observance, perhaps, than the breach, is noted amongst recent news:—

"There is a custom in Herefordshire on Palm Sunday, or, as it is called, 'Fig' Sunday, to eat figs, and not to do so is held to be unlucky. The custom was duly observed yesterday by all

The reason for this is not far to seek, without applying to Notes and Queries. On Palm Sunday they all dressed in their Sunday best, and so, according to the old slang expression, were regularly "Figged out." What swells they must ha' been! To be looked at, but not meddled with. "Please not to touch the Figgers!"



STARTLING DISCLOSURE!

OR, WHAT CAME OUT OF A SPIRIT-CASE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Being at a loss for a precedent the other day, and, therefore, not exactly knowing how to address the brand new "King of ROUMANIA," M. GRÉVY hit on the happy expedient of trying a little chaff, and, with much quiet humour, commenced his letter of congratulation with the words "Great Friend." Of course, as the respected President never met His Majesty in his life, such a style of address must be taken only address must be taken only as personal, and as referring, no doubt, to some physical peculiarity in the direction of obesity. However, the fun was received with such "enthusiasm" at Bucharest, that a new departure in such communications may be confidently looked for. A letter to the confidently ruler of Turkey, for instance, might begin with "Fraudu-lent Foster-Brother," while lent Foster-Brother," while the Italian King could very the Italian King could very appropriately be greeted with "Suspicious Second Cousin." Our Most Gracious QUEEN would figure very fairly as "Sensible Sister," while the German Emperor, from a purely French point of view, would not be fitted badly with "Grabbing Grandpapa." Then the Austrian Kaiser with "Grabbing Grandpapa.
Then the Austrian Kaiser
could be capped with "Unreliable Uncle," and the young
Czar encouraged as "Not half
bad Nephew." On the whole,
President Graevy's new move
deserves decided encouragement. ment.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS. lady not very popular at Bur-lesque Theatres.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 29.



MR. EDMUND YATES.

EDMUNDUS,-ED. MUNDI.

"The World mine oyster."

ABOVE PROOF.

(Mr. Taylor's Standard.)

How am I to know that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR did not come over with Madame

Men talk to me of the Beadle in the Burlington Arcade, but who is to prove to me that he ever existed?

I simply deny that Grif-FITHS is the "Safe Man." I certainly consider Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a very pleasant young man indeed for a small tea-party.

It is an incontestable fact, in my opinion, that a tinned

American oyster is a rich and rare luxury.

Take a cab from the Bank to the further end of the Cromwell Road, and give the man eighteen pence, and see whether he will not thank you with tears in his eyes.

Need I further remark that Vaccination is not the slightest protection against small-DOX.

TURN IT ON!

TRY the Electric Light in the purlieus of Drury Lane, Soho, and the courts and alleys of the Seven Dials. Throw it strongly on to the slums be-tween Trafalgar Square, Lei-cester Square, and Tottenham Court Road. Let the owners of this property of squalid tenements, dirty dens, cellars, and rookeries, visit their ten-ants at night by the aid of this powerful light, and see for themselves what ought to be done to make it clean, wholesome, and less of a disgrace to our civilised City than it is at present.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

(By that dear old Veteran.)

FAITHFUL to your instructions, Sir, and fortified by the handsome cheque accompanying your last esteemed favour (it was a crossed cheque, but my genial host, Fred Rummit, of the "Blacking Brush Fox," Melton Mowbray, changed it in a jiffey, with the light-hearted observation that he should like to have a lot more from the same shop), I came up to town from the Shires, where I have been Boernunting with my good friend, Sir AJAX Highlowgame's pack of bloodhounds—only the Boers didn't see it, and gave us no end of trouble—in order to inspect Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON-BUTLER's picture of "Scotland for Ever!" otherwise the Charge of the Scots Greys at the Battle of Waterloo. Charge! It is something like a Charge that the gifted lady-Artist has so splendidly dashed off in the true helter-skelter, head-over-heels, bang-up, "Go-as-you-Please," flash-of-lightning style. Our gallant troopers are charging so heavily that you might almost mistake them for so many Scotch hotel-keepers attacking a body of tourists from the South. A grand picture, Sir. I regard it as one of the most sumptuous examples picture, Sir. I regard it as one of the most sumptuous examples ever produced of what I may call the 'Ossification of the Art of Battle-painting.

There are some wretched creatures, Sir, who call themselves Art-There are some wretched creatures, Sir, who call themselves Art-Critics, and who have had the presumption to maintain that either the heads of Mrs. Butler's dragoons are too small, or that the heads of their horses are too large for their bodies. I should like to get one of those Art-Critics into the hunting-field. I'd teach him how to 'ware pictures. As I hinted to my distinguished friend, The MAC SWELL, who, with Lord Alexander Mac Eddon, and the great financier and collector, Mr. Julius Macabeus, was contemplating with an expression of rapt ecstasy this truly tip-top, slap-up, boot-

and-saddle work, I have often been told by Sir Edwin (he painted my rat-catching terrier, Bob), by Herring, Senior (you know his picture of my pink roan, Bloater, which should have won the Derby in 1842, but was disqualified, owing to the perjury of a miscreant stable-boy, who declared that Bloater was really an over-aged horse called Old Soldier), and by Harry Hall of Newmarket, that the head of a horse, especially if he be a Scots Grey one, cannot be too large.

Again, these caitiff critics (I should like to have 'em to myself in the Shires and ask them what they think of a hunting-crop) appear to forget (if the Cockneys ever knew) that, in the technique of Art there is, besides the science of foreshortening, another, called "forewidening," or "forebroadening." The heads of Mrs. BUTLER's steeds are all forebroadened. So are their hoofs. Besides, everybody ought to know that the Scots Greys have always been mounted, not on ordinary troop-bases but on cert-bases—recorder broad-wheeled waggon know that the Scots Greys have always been mounted, not on ordinary troop-horses, but on cart-horses—regular broad-wheeled waggon cattle, Sir. That is why one of the words of command peculiar to this gallant regiment is "Woel" and another, "Gee up, Dobbin!" When the corps was first raised the men wore smock-frocks (of shepherd's-plaid) over their uniforms, and haybands instead of high boots; and it may not be generally known that the prodigious steeds which dragged the funeral car of the Great Duke of Wellington were all Scots Grey horses dyed black and led by non-commissioned officers disguised as undertakers' men. Who drove the historic team on that memorable day it does not become the Veteran to say. But the Old Man can say this, Sir, that he is an adept in Veterinary High Art criticism. He studied it, Sir, under such masters as DUCROW, FOALEY, HORSLEY, Baron MARECHETT, SANGER, BATTY, and PONEYATOWSKI. The anatomy of the donkey he learned from Dr. Ahn. Military draughtsmanship he acquired from Park's

Dr. Ahn. Military draughtsmanship he acquired from Park's Characters, "one penny plain, twopence coloured." The Red Rovers, Sir, and the Red Cross Knights, who are shouting "Scotland for



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Tommy. "OH, KISS ME TOO, JANET!" Janet (conscious of Mamma's approaching footsteps). "Don't say 'Kiss me Two,' Tommy. Say, 'Kiss me Twice!'"

MONA-SYLLABLES.

Just a few words about Mona.

Is the Licensing Act in the Isle of Man only a local law? The other day at Douglas, Mr. James Taylor, landlord of the "Clarendon Hotel," was charged by the Police with keeping those premises open during a time when that Act directed them to be closed. Mona's Herald proclaims that-

"P. C. WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN deposed that on Sunday, the 3rd inst., he went into defendant's house, and saw Mr. NICHOLLS (of the Imperial Vaults) and his wife there."

The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls—the former, besides being Mr. Taylon's brother in business is own brother to Mr. Taylon's LOR'S wife constituted the whole head and front of Mr. TAYLOR'S offending.

"His Worship then asked Defendant what he had to say to the charge?
"Defendant said: 'Last Sunday Mr. NICHOLLS and his wife, and me and my wife, went out into the country together. When we came back they called in to my house. They had nothing to drink. They are the only friends we have in Douglas.'
"In reply to his Worship, Witness said he did not see any drink before them."

Presently his Worship observed :-

"You will have your own way next Sunday.

"Inspector Boyd. Only for relations.
"His Worship. Then everybody will be able to go in next Sunday—they will all be relations.

"Inspector Boyd. Oh, no. The relations are defined. By the New Act, Mr. Nionolls can go in, as he is Mrs. Taylor's brother; but Mrs. Nionolls cannot. If she does she will be subject to a penalty.
"A fine of 5s. and costs was imposed."

Queer Manx Law this. Sure, such a pair was never seen so justly formed to meet by nature as this Dogberry and Verges of the Isle of

TO LYDIA'S GLASS EYE.

"From particulars supplied to the reporter of a Chicago paper by a dealer in glass eyes in that city, it appears that there are as many as a thousand wearers of these eyes in Chicago. . . Twenty years ago there were sold many more dark eyes than light . . . about twenty light eyes are now sold to one dark."—*Times*.

Wink at me only with glass eye, And I'll respond with mine, And smile not when the harmless fly Goes crawling over thine.

I care not for the colour there Dark brown, or black, or blue, Or even if you wink, ma chère, With eyes of different hue.

I sent thee late a new glass eye,
_Impervious to the tear, Tinged with some new æsthetic dye, And quite "too utter" dear. You'll wear it, won't you, when you think
How faithful it must be, For it is warranted to wink At nobody but me?

Sisters in Art.

THE Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of LORNE, contributed some admirable sketches to a recent exhibition of the Society of Painters in Watercolours, and now her eldest sister, the Crown Princess of GERMANY, has sent a very clever drawing to the Institute. It is a study of a head, and would do credit to a professional artist. By the way, when are all the watercolour exhibitions going to amalgamate and let us have a Watercolour Academy, at which this essentially national English Art would be worthily represented? It has been talked about often enough, when are we to see the "Meeting of the Waters" realised?

Great Britain?

THE Government has published a Parliamentary return in which it is obliged to admit that 101 persons died of absolute starvation last year in the Metropolitan district. This disgraceful record might be doubled or trebled if Coroners had the courage to call deaths by their right

THE CONFERENCE ON COIN.

THE Monetary Conference is sitting, but as far as one can see, it doesn't seem likely to hatch anything particularly golden in the shape of a financial panacea. The three or four waggon-loads of pamphlets on the Currency take a good deal of time to sleep over, and the specialists with a scheme for extinguishing national debts, have a the specialists with a scheme for extinguishing national debts, have a trick of extinguishing their audience to begin with. But one or two decisions have been definitely arrived at; and the Universe can pay its income-tax in full confidence that it will be muddled away according to the most ingenious systems.

The objection to bi-metalism evinced by countries which only possessed bronze and copper was soon overruled; and the suggestion of the San Fandango Anarchy that promissory notes would form a nice handy medium of circulation, met with a somewhat undiplomatic reception, which led to an interchange of coinage specimens in graids.

reception, which led to an interchange of coinage specimens in oroide, Dutch metal, and zinc, which was not internationally courteous. Post-obits payable on assassination of South American Presidents are not to obtain currency on this side of the Atlantic.

The Turkish motion on the subject of compulsory lending is only expected to be brought forward the next week, and the spirit of the Conference is so commercially coarse that three nations will meet it with a direct and even indignant negative.

Francs and sous seem to be first favourites with the great majority of the Conference; but we have not noticed as yet any insurmountable objection to British sovereigns—even on the part of French Republicans.

"Words! Words! Words!"

WE welcome the re-appearance of an old friend, Household Words, which comes to us wearing a new wrapper, cut somewhat after the respectable pattern of our beloved Family Herald. Omit the "notes" and the fashion-plates and the remainder is excellent. We wish the periodical "Edited by Charles Dickens" every success.



"THE CAMPBELLS ARE GOING, "OH DEAR! OH DEAR!"

A REAL RADICAL CAREER.

Born in a library in the Adelphi—a working literary man's working room, surrounded by working books; transferred to "Merry Islington" for purer air, and lodged in an old-fashioned house in Canonbury; sent to a dame-schoel in Colebrooke Row, Islington, kept by a Miss Samon—a Row in which Collery Cherker died and business adviser; sent to Walthamstow to a Unitarian minister for further education, and coming home for the holidays to find his father dwelling in a fine old house in Bloomsbury Square (No. 6), with a grand square hall supported on stone columns, a broad stone staircase, and a sitting-room with a lofty marble mantel-piece supported by massive caryatides; apprenticed to a lawyer in the Old Jewry, and sitting on a high stool inventing romances while supposed to be mastering the dry details of a dry profession; budding into a popular and making an apparent failure in a "maiden" speech;

uttering something very like a prophecy, and trying again; becoming a great debating if not a constructing power in the House of Commons; finding a stupid and obstructive party without a leader of commanding intellect, seizing that leadership, and maintaining it for nearly a quarter of a century in spite of aristocratic sneers and aristocratic prejudices; rising to be the most trusted advisor of the Crown, and the most notable and important Peer in the House of Lords; and dying at last, peaceably, full of years and honours, admired and regretted by all parties, as the Right Honourable the Earl of Beaconspield. This is a real Radical career—a career that is barely possible in any other country than England, and only partially possible in America; a career that every low-born, clear-headed, determined boy may have in his school-bag.



Bulky Old Gent (making the twelfth inside). "PHEW! DREADFULLY STUFFY THESE 'BUSSES!!" Strong-minded Slim Lady (severely). "WE DID NOT REMARK IT TILL YOU CAME IN, SIR!"

PUNCH'S PROPOSED RAILWAY RATES. Per Mile.



DEAR old Ladies who are amiable			
and chatty	; 0	0	07
Venerable and cross Females with			-
less than six packages	0	2	G
Ditto, ditto, with more than six			
packages	0	5	0
Ditto, ditto, who object to smoking,			
and refresh themselves in tun-			
nels	2	10	0
Agreeable Spinsters of mature age.	0	0	0}
Disagreeable Old Maids	0	12	6
Ditto (with pet animals)	5	0	0
Pretty Girls	0	0	0분
Ditto (who are engaged) Old Bachelors (who smoke)	0	3	6
Old Bachelors (who smoke)	0	0	9

Old Bachelors (who . 10 10 0 Ditto (who object to smoking) . Crusty old Gentlemen, and Babies, 1s. 6d. a pound, per mile, as luggage.

Precautionary Measures-

In the event of a continuance or return of last week's unseasonable weather, for those about to inaugurate the Cricket Season.

For costume, a heavy Ulster, tucked into fishing-boots, with Siberian travelling-cap of lynx fur to match. Hot cricket-balls fresh from the oven; hot-water bottles for pads; and the "field" should be supplied with revolving sentry-boxes. Each eleven should contain not less than five medical advisers, with a sufficient supply of comforters, cough-lozenges, bonfires, and blisters. The match may then be commenced without grave indiscretion.

"SEE what a rent the envious Casca made." "Bedad, then, I envy the envious Casker, whoever he was," observed an Irish Landlord, who was not well up in the Bard.

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

MISTUR PUNCH, SUR, The Canteen. I wright to you as I knows as ow you wont let the British Army go for to be slighted! Not you! Look ere Sur! There wos a chap as called imself a "speshchul" as came over to the Afghan Army go for to be significant. The stress of the Afghan wor. Is name it wos Archibald Forres. And wot did e do? Wy e saved a kupple of chaps lyves by bynding up thare woundes under fyre! Wot o that? E was a Sivilyun? Well now I was never under fyre in my ole life and yet I sports the Afghan Wor Meddle ke vite proper! But I am a Sodger and e arnt! That maykes all the duffrance! And yet this chap—Archibald Forres—wornts the meddle two! I never eard such cheke! And after being mentinned in Dispatches two—as if that wornt enuff to sotusfi the likes of e! But in corse the Sukkatary of Stait for Injy as refused im! Kevite proper! Stoopid cove, if e wornted the meddle wy didnt he ware a red cote? If e ad e'd a ad the Wor Meddle given im like a burd! Wots more for saving the lives of them coves e would ave ad a Wictoria Kross two! But for a Sivilyun to arsk for a meddle! Well I never—its dounryght stoopid!

I remane Mr. Punch Sur,
Yore affeshnuth frende

his (Signed) THOMAS + ATKINS mark.

P.S.—I arnt responcibul for the horthoggruffy of the cove who rut this-cos wy! I karnt wright or spel miself!

You're Another!

MR. J. F. B. FIRTH, M.P., has accused the City Corporation of disgraceful jobbery in their dealings with Epping Forest, and Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P., without disproving Mr. FIRTH's assertion, or answering our queries of a fortnight ago, has delicately called him—a story-teller. Mr. FIRTH's accusation may be foul, but the Alderman's is Fowler.

POSTERS FOR POSTERITY.

A RECENT trade-announcement furnishes us with the welcome information that:

"Mr. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., has executed a large design for a Pictorial Advertisement (size 11 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft.), in reference to which an article will appear in the *Magazine of Art* for May, under the title of 'The Streets as Art Galleries.'"

We have not yet come across the Article in question, but we lose no time in hailing the admirable idea suggested by its title. Once give the Royal Academicians and their Associates the run of all the



THE ART-TREASURE HOARDINGS; OR, HOARDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO BY H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.

advertising hoardings in the Metropolis, and there will be no more need to foster culture by Kyrle and other kindred societies. Indeed, culture will instantly become universal, and a mere ride outside a twopenny omnibus, even without a catalogue, will, in itself, afford an artistic treat of the very highest order.

Meantime, we are most anxious to know in what direction Mr. HERROMER has made his first great advertising move. A sewingmachine, for instance, or a new relish, would seem to require much breadth of treatment, and very vigorous handling, when the space at the command of the Artist has to be taken into consideration. Yet such proportions as "11ft. 6 in. by 9 ft.," necessitating obviously recourse to some strongly tragic or domestic subject, and the spirited introduction of several striking figures, would seem to point at once to pothing less then an ambitious effort on babell of firm of spirited introduction of several striking figures, would seem to point at once to nothing less than an ambitious effort on behalf of a firm of advertising tailors. If this should prove to be the case, thousands will be looking out for the appearance of the new advertisement with the keenest interest, and it could scarcely be otherwise. To be moved possibly to tears opposite one of Mr. Herkomer's monster posters, and at the same time be induced to purchase a "reversible guiaea Ulster as advertised," will be to many, jaded with work and unaccustomed to refining recreation, not only a novel but a pleasing experience, and it is to be hoped that the work will not begin and end with Mr. Herkomer. end with Mr. HERKOMER.

Just think of what Sir Frederick Leighton could do with a frontage of thirty feet, his scene "Olympus," and his subject "Pears's Soap"! Or imagine Mr. Millais let loose, in his happiest vein of contemporary portraiture, on the "Statesman's Seven-and-

Sixpenny Hat"! Nor need the new artistic departure be confined to Burlington House. Mr. Burne-Jones could effectively push a Patent Medicine by throwing all he knows into one of his characto Burnington House. Int. Burning all he knows into one of his characteristic damosels, and writing under her the brief but significant legend, "Before I took it"; while Mr. Whistler would be sure, with equal facility, to make a fortune for any Mustard Company under the sur. Outsiders, too—the rejected of the Galleries—might at last find a market for their best allegorical and historic work. "Cromwell looking at the Furnished and Unfurnished Houses in his own Road" would make a capital subject for an enterprising House-Agent, and something advantageous to a well-known West End firm might be got out of the legend of "Edgar listening to his dying Swan's Song of the last Season's Novelties at Reduced Prices." It is on the whole, therefore, impossible not to look forward with lively excitement to Mr. Herkomer's forthcoming essay.

By the way, as when affixed to his boards these valuable works of Art will become the property of Mr. Willing, will he some day present them to the nation? And if he does so, what, some day, will the nation be likely to do with them? Here is a question for the umbrella-taker at the National Gallery.

SHAKSPEARE AMENDED.

MR. FURNIVALL is of opinion that the text of Hamlet known to commentators as "The First Quarto," furnishes a far better and more compact acting play than the modern stage-version. He, and "a strong body of amateurs," essayed, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 16th April, at St. George's Hall, to convert the public and the critics to their view of the case,—apparently with indifferent success. Mr. Furnivall has sent to the Daily News what he calls "a hasty try to set right" the celebrated soliloquy, "To be or not to be," in the Quarto No. 1. Mr. Furnivall's version is, of course, a thing of beauty; yet is it hardly so jerky, creaky, spasmodic, incoherent, scansion-proof,—in short, so Utter, as in the interests of the Bard might be desired. Here, therefore, is "a hasty try to set right," Mr. Furnivall himself.

To be, or not to be? There you are, don'tcherknow! To die, to sleep! is that all? Forty winks? To sleep, to dream! Ah, that's about the size of it! For from that forty winks when we awake In the undiscovered cotton-nightcap country From which no passenger ever took a return-ticket. Why—ah, yes—humph!—exactly—very much so! Who, but for what the vulgar call "blue funk," Would bear the rough and tumble of the world, Be down'd on by the rich, plagued by the poor, Married by widows, and by orphans worried? Who'd bear Who'd bear April's east wind or June's perpetual rain, The Income-tax, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's questions, Middlesex Magistrates, Mud-Salad Market, Crass commentaries on Shakspearian quartos, And all earth's ills, from FURNIVALL to toothache, And all earth's lis, from FURNIVALL to toothache, When that himself he might his gruel give In half a jiffy? Who'd put up with it, But for the thought of worse things turning up In the Micawber Limbo—By-and-by? Quite so! 'Tis bother, doubt, hope, fear, cant, gush, The fads of noodles and of nincompoops, Fogging the brain and flooring common sense, Which selects are risered beauty to the property of the property Which make us grin and bear the ills we have Rather than, a la FURNIVALL, to make "A hasty try to set 'em right." Ah, yes, 'Tis noodledom makes cowards of us all!!!

SOLDIERS AND SHOTS.

So now, in consideration of experience in South Africa, dearly bought at the hands of those pestilent sharp-shooters, the Boers, British troops "are in future to be exercised in firing at moving objects at an unknown distance." Hooray! Military authorities have at length discovered that in serious warfare as well as in sport, it is requisite to be able to shoot flying, in order not to waste powder and shot. They might have suspected that practice at butts forms and shot. Iney might have suspected that practice at butts forms no preparation for making a bag at a battue, and that nobody learns to be a dead shot at game on the wing, or on the run, or on the hop, by firing at a stationary target. That is, if the idea had occurred to their thinking minds. But that, in fact, the conditions of successful shooting are actually the same on the field of battle as on the moors, or at the cover, or in the stubble, or the turnips, or at Hurlingham or Wormwood Saruhs, hesides being of critic as much consequence. Wormwood Scrubs, besides being of quite as much consequence—before the unfortunate but instructive affair at Majuba Hill, who would have thought it! However, a lesson has been learned in the musketry-school of misfortune, and experience has made the heads at Head-quarters wiser than they were.

"ANOTHER FINE OLD COMEDY."

HERE'S your fine Old High Comedy, not farcical—oh dear, no! nor pantomimical like our modern nonsense. Oh dear no, of course not. The "business" in it is nearly as elegant as in SHAKSPEARE'S not. The "business" in it is nearly as elegant as in plants and Taming the Shrew, which, because it is the Bard's, must be an excellent comedy. But—no matter. Any notice of Mr. Irvine's performance intended to convey an idea of this Actor's peculiar characteristics should be lengthy. We regret our inability to give him



Act II .- Mr. IRVING, "L.L.D.," in The Beaux Stretchergym-nastics,

sufficient space this week, it being as much as we can do to get his legs in comfortably—"Those too utterly precious legs!" as the Asthetic Misses Postlethwartes gushingly exclaim. All we are able to do pro tem. is to record his successful reappearance as Doricourt in The Belle's Stratagem.

By the way, it is reported that the University of Dublin is about to confer the degree of "L.L.D." on our distinguished comedian. Why "L.L.D."?

"L.L.L." is nearer the Dublin mark. But per-

Dublin mark. But perhaps it has something to do with the present part, as "D." stands for Doricourt, and "L.L." the Long Lanky supports which step out so effectively in the minuet.

Suffice it to say of Miss TERRY as Lactitia Hardy, that The Belle, to use an old slang phrase, looked "quite up to the knocker." We could hardly refrain rom repeating to ourselves the dying hero's memorable words, "Kiss me, HARDY!" Of course we added "Latitia" softly. She is quite Too Too! In fact, the Tooest Too Too we ever did see. "Why, sutt'nly!" says Colonel Coghlan, U.S. Cavalry. from repeating to ourselves



Mr. Invine in his mad scene gives an imita-tion of himself as *Mathias*,—quite "The Bells'" Stratagen.

A New Word for the New Dictionary.

THEY call it a "Scare," and apply it freely to all forms of whole some competition. The Gas Companies have used it glibly at their recent meetings in connection with the electric light. When gas superseded bad oil, the prophets of 1807 had a similar word of contempt; and, when steam-locomotives were introduced in 1830, the prophets of the period were not deficient in language. Where are they now?

"More Kicks than Halfpence."

This ought to be the Motto for Lancashire. The other day Wigan followed the example of Oldham, and kicked a man to death; and to-day Preston has followed the example of Oldham, and kicked a man to death likewise. Do the local newspapers try to check this disgusting brutality, and do the local Clergy, of all denominations, ever preach against it from their pulpits?

THE CITY COMPANIES' COMMISSION.

SATURDAY, the 30th, being the day named by the Commission for the returns of the several Companies to be sent in, a meeting of the Officials of several of the more influential of them was held at Bellows'-Menders' Hall on Friday, the 1st inst.

Before proceeding to business, the company partook of a most elegant luncheon, served in their best style by Messrs. SING AND RHYMER, Mr. M. MILNES providing the dessert.

The Worshipful Master presided.

He commenced by assuring his hearers that the selection of the special day on which they were meeting was a mere fortuitous circumstance, and not, as the ribald jester might think, the result of careful thought and consideration; and as they were about to discuss matters of rather a solemn and disagreeable character, he thought perhaps before commencing that they had better have just one glass round of the fine old Madeira, named from that monarch after their own hearts, the lamented George The Fourth. own hearts, the lamented George THE FOURTH.

This having been supplied, the Master continued.

He had no doubt the difficulty experienced by his Company in answering some of the impertinent questions of the Commissioners had been shared in by all. ("Hear! hear!") They had got on very well with the "Foundation and Objects of the Company." Of course the Foundation was laid a precious long time ago by some course the Foundation was laid a precious long time ago by some king or other, and the objects were to get jolly good feeds and jolly good fees. (A laugh.) Then as to their "Constitution and Privileges," the first was of course very good and healthy, and the last very comfortable; but when they were asked how much they got for their services, they considered the question ungentlemanly and inquisitorial—(loud cheers)—and their first answer had been, "As much again as half." But thinking perhaps that might be thought somewhat equivocal, their clever Clerk had suggested they should say "that it varied." (Cheers.) And the same answer would of course apply to their overworked and underpaid officials. ("Hear!") Then came a question that they had found it very inexpedient to

course apply to their overworked and underpaid officials. ("Hear!")
Then came a question that they had found it very inexpedient to
answer, namely, "What's your Income?"
The first manly answer that would suggest itself to every trueborn and true-blue Englishman was "What's that to you?"
(Cheers.) Buthere again Prudence, in the shape of their clever Clerk,
stepped in and suggested that, as there were about 130 questions
with regard to their property, he thought he could answer at least
100 of them without conveying any information of the slightest
importance, and these he should propose to answer very fully indeed,
so fully indeed that he should be very much surprised, as they would so fully indeed that he should be very much surprised, as they would have to be read by Government officials, if they would hear anything more about them for years to come, and anything might happen in

that time. (Laughter.) that time. (Laughter.)

Their one really great difficulty was this. They had, as he might mention in the strictest confidence, an income of about £40,000 a-year; £25,000 of that they could easily account for, but they were fairly puzzled how to explain satisfactorily, to prejudiced minds, what they did with the rest. (Sensation.) They, no doubt, all of them sympathised with him in that statement, but he trusted, with the help of their elever officers they might resonably hope the them sympathised with him in that statement, but he trusted, with the help of their clever officers, they might reasonably hope thoroughly to mystify—he would not say "bamboozle"—the most vexatious, inquisitorial, and unconstitutional Commission that had ever met outside a Star Chamber! (Loud cheers.)

The meeting, after partaking of another glass of the old Madeira, then separated.

A REAL APRIL PASTORAL.

Not by Mr. Austin Dobson.

He. Whither away, fair JESSAMY, She. I go by a big fire to sit. (Shivers.) He. Stay, let us stroll and spoon a bit.

She. I 've such a cowd I scarce cad see.

He. The cowslips dapple all the lea.

She. I wudder the poor thigs dote freeze.

She. I widder the poor thigs dote freeze.

He. Come, sing an eclogue, sweet, with me.

She. I cad do nothig else bud sdeeze.

He. Dost thou not know it is the Spring?

Is that the blackbird loud whistling?

She. Do,—the East wid. It caddot be.

He. Farewell then, Sweetheart! Farewell now!

She. Farewedd! Where—aitchoo!—goest thou?

He. (Shuddering.) To—crouch by a big fire, like thee!

"The Rear Column marched from Candahar this morning"—
(Times Telegram, April 23)—the troops, for a little change of air, accompanied by their band sang the Gaiety Ali Baba chorus as they marched away, over the left,—

"We'll nebber come back no more, boys, We'll nebber come back no more!"



FAINT PRAISE.

Asthetic Lady. "Is not that Mrs. Brabazon, whose Photograph is in all the Shop Windows?" The Professor. "It is. She is Handsome, is she not?"

Asthetic Lady. "Well, yaas—but—a—essentially a Woman of the Nineteenth Century!"

IN MEMORIAM.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

BORN, DECEMBER 21, 1804. DIED, APRIL 19, 1881.

DISRAELI dead! The trappings of late days, The Coronet, the Garter, slip aside, The Peer's emblazonment, the Victor's bays, The pageantry of pride,

Triumph's mere symbols, badges of success,
Who weighs, who marks them now when all is said
In simple words, low-breathed in heaviness?—
DISEAELI's dead!

So all have known him from that earlier time Of meteoric and all-daring youth, And through the season of his dazzling prime; And so to-day, in sooth,

'Tis Benjamin Disraeli all will mourn, Nor he the less unfeignedly whose lance Against that shield and crest full oft had borne In combat à outrance.

The fearless fighter and the flashing wit Swordless and silent! 'Tis a thought to dim The young Spring sunshine, glancing, as was fit, Bright at the last on him,

Who knew no touch of winter in his soul, Holding the Greek gift yet in mind and tongue, And who, though faring past life's common goal, Loved of the gods died young.

Like the Enchantress of the Nile, unstaled By custom as unchilled by creeping years, A world-compeller, who not often failed In fight with his few peers.

Success incarnate, self-inspired, self-raised
To that proud height whereat youth's fancy aimed
Whom even those who doubted whilst they praised,
Admired, e'en whilst they blamed.

No more that fine invective's flow to hear, That buoyant wisdom or that biting wit! To see him and his one sole battle-peer Sharp counter hit for hit.

No more to picture that impassive face, That unbetraying eye, that fadeless curl! No more in plot or policy to trace The hand of the great Earl!

How strange it seems, and how unwelcome! Rest, Not least amidst our greatest! Who would dare Deny thee place and splendour with the best Who breathed our English air?

Peace, lasting Peace that strife no more shall break, With Honour none may challenge, crown thee now Wherever laid, not Faction's self would shake The laurel from thy brow.

And England, who for thy quenched brightness grieves, Garlands the sword no more to leave its sheath, And, turning from thy simple gravestone, leaves A tear upon the wreath.



"PEACE WITH HONOUR."



THE FIRST OF MAY.

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN FESTIVITIES CELEBRATED BY THE ÆSTHETIC RAMONEUR SOCIETY,

[N.B.—Suggestion here for an Æsthetic Pantomime next Christmas.

SILK-WORMS IN SPRING.

"NEW QUEEN'S COUNSEL. - Mr. HUGH SHIELD, M.P. of the North-Eastern Circuit; and Mr. WHITEHORNE, Mr. W. W. KARSLAKE, Mr. J. RIGBY, and Mr. R. ROMER, of the Chancery Bar."

Ir begins with the "Shield amang ye taking notes"—nothing under eleven fivers at a time—and finishing with what the perfumers call "a powerful but pleasant R-Romer."

An Æsthetic Rondeau.

I AM Utter! Men may say That I'm void of brains and beauty; That my feet are huge and splay,
That I'm limp from crown to

shoetie; That my taste's mad fad full-blown, That my talk is maudlin splutter; But the Philistines must own I am Utter!

SUBSTITUTION.

INSTEAD of Mr. Toole's "It does make me so wild!" an annoyed Æsthete now exclaims, "Oh, it does make me so Oscar!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 1.

Scene-Police Court, Queer Street. Time-2 P.M. April 1, 1881. Present—The Magistrate, Clerk, Usher, School-Board Officer, &c., British Public in the back-ground.

The Usher. School-Board summonses! Call JEREMIAH TOMKINS.

[A Poor Woman comes forward from the crowd. The Clerk. What is your name? Woman. Martha Tomkins, Sir.

Clerk. Are you the wife of JEREMIAH, and did

Clerk. Are you the wife of JEREMIAH, and did he ask you to attend?

Martha. In course he did. My old man is at his work, and couldn't afford to lose a day's wage; and as for the matter of that, I lose a couple of shillings myself by coming here to-day.

School-Board Officer (to Magistrate). Your Worship, this person has a boy named Tommy, eleven years old.

Martha. In course I have.

School-Board Officer. Your Worship, this boy has not attended.

School-Board Officer. Your Worship, this boy has not attended school for this last six weeks.

Martha. And you know very well why. He had no boots to his feet, and we've no money to buy 'em, and six feet of slosh in the

Magistrate (aside to the Clerk). School without boots, and in foul weather! (Aloud.) My good woman, I am afraid that is no excuse.

Martha. Well then, it ought. Look you here, your Woship, there was my old man out o' work for two months at Christmas—laid up in hospital with sepelis in the head, and me at home with four childer, of wich Tommy is oldest, and Jemimar Ann down in the measles. And we owes three weeks' rent, and landlord says as how if we don't pay on Saturday he'll sell us up and put us in the street. And the School-Board men comes a bullying and a talking about "stanard this" and "stanard that" when there isn't a bit of bread in the longer

there one law for the likes of us as hasn't a shoe to our feet, and another law for gentlefolks and cheesemongers?

School-Board Officer. We must draw a line somewhere.

Magistrate (aside to Clerk). That is what the Barber in Nicholas Nickleby said when he refused to shave the coal-heaver. He said he did not go below bakers. I suppose the School-Board draws the line at cheesemongers. (Aloud to School-Board Officer.) Has this boy passed any standard?

School-Board Officer. Not yet passed the third. He reads and writes fairly, but is behind in arithmetic. He has not done the rule of three.

Magistrate. Tommy Tomkins is not singular in that respect, for I am credibly informed that GEORGE CANNING, though he came to be

am credibly informed that George Canning, though he came to be Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, could never do the rule of three; so that distinguished man could never have passed the third standard. I think you have now increased the number of standards to six?

School-Board Officer (cheerfully satisfied). That is so.

Magistrate. Well, Martha Tomkins, I am sorry for you. I have no doubt you are very poor, and may not have the means of buying boots for your boy. But I am bound to tell you that that is no legal excuse for his non-attendance. I am bound to see that the law is obeyed, and your husband must pay a fine of five shillings, and as you are poor people, there will be no costs. you are poor people, there will be no costs.

Martha. Five shillings! You might just as lief ask him to pay

Martha. Five shillings! You might just as her ask him to pay fifty pounds.

School-Board Officer. I must ask for a distress-warrant in this case.

Martha. Aye, Aye, distress enough, I warrant you. But it doesn't much matter whether you or the landlord sells us up. Howsomdever, we does owe him the rent. But what we owes to you or the likes of you I'm blest if I know.

Usher. Call on next case!

"Yorkshire Relish."

"stanard this" and "stanard that" when there isn't a bit of bread in the 'ouse.

School-Board Officer (sternly). Your Worship, I see this boy constantly playing about the streets.

Martha. Playing about the streets! Then why don't ye summon MEALFACE the cheesemonger as lives round the corner. His brats are never off the streets, and plays pitch and toss on Sundays, and—

Magistrate (to School-Board Officer). What do you say to that?

School-Board Officer (superciliously). The person she refers to is not music with beer, at least in Leeds. In the city of musical festivals a publican has been fined for allowing a man to play a piano in a tap-room. Malt, but not melody; hops, but not dancing. In this country we strain at gnats and swallow Jackasses. A disgraceful pose plastique exhibition was unmolested in London for several years, because it was beyond the reach of licences, and therefore the grip of law. One day a harmless boy was heard playing a more harmless accordion within the walls of this Walhalla. Then outraged authority asserted itself, and strove to punish—not indecency—but people buying and selling music without a licence. A mad world, my masters!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Being at a loss for a precedent the other day, and, therefore, not exactly knowing how to address the brand new "King of ROUMANIA," M. GREVY hit on the happy expedient of trying a little chaff, and, with much quiet humour, commenced his letter of congratulation with the words "Great Friend." Of course, as the respected President never met His Majesty in his life, such a style of address must be taken only as personal, and as referring, no doubt, to some physical peculiarity in the direction of obesity. However, the fun was received with such "enthusiasm" at Bucheret that a new de-Bucharest, that a new departure in such communicaparture in such communica-tions may be confidently looked for. A letter to the ruler of Turkey, for instance, might begin with "Fraudu-lent Foster-Brother," while the Italian King could very appropriately be greeted with "Suspicious Second Cousin." Our Most Gracious Outers Our Most Gracious QUEEN would figure very fairly as "Sensible Sister," while the German Emperor, from a German Emperor, from a purely French point of view, would not be fitted badly with "Grabbing Grandpapa." Then the Austrian Kaiser could be capped with "Unresliable Uncle," and the young Czar encouraged as "Not half bad Nephew." On the whole, President Gravy's new move deserves decided encouragement. ment.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS. lady not very popular at Bur-lesque Theatres.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 29.



MR. EDMUND YATES.

EDMUNDUS,-ED. MUNDI.

"The World mine oyster."

ABOVE PROOF.

(Mr. Taylor's Standard,)

How am I to know that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR did not come over with Madame TUSSAUD?

Men talk to me of the Beadle in the Burlington Arcade, but who is to prove to me that he ever existed?

I simply deny that Grir-FITHS is the "Safe Man."

I certainly consider Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a very pleasant young man indeed for a small tea-party.

It is an incontestable fact,

in my opinion, that a tinned American oyster is a rich and

Take a cab from the Bank to the further end of the Cromwell Road, and give the man eighteen pence, and see whether he will not thank you

with tears in his eyes.

Need I further remark that Vaccination is not the slightest protection against smallpox.

TURN IT ON!

TRY the Electric Light in the purlieus of Drury Lane, Soho, and the courts and alleys of the Seven Dials. Throw it strongly on to the slums be-tween Trafalgar Square, Lei-cester Square, and Tottenham Court Road. Let the owners Court Road. Let the owners of this property of squalid tenements, dirty dens, cellars, and rookeries, visit their tenants at night by the aid of this powerful light, and see for themselves what ought to be done to make it clean, wholesome, and less of a disgrace to our civilised City than it is at present.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

(By that dear old Veteran.)

FATTHFUL to your instructions, Sir, and fortified by the handsome cheque accompanying your last esteemed favour (it was a crossed cheque, but my genial host, Fred Rummit, of the "Blacking Brush Fox," Melton Mowbray, changed it in a jiffey, with the light-hearted observation that he should like to have a lot more from the same shop), I came up to town from the Shires, where I have been Boerhunting with my good friend, Sir AJAX Highlowgame's pack of bloodhounds—only the Boers didn't see it, and gave us no end of trouble—in order to inspect Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSOF-BUTLER'S picture of "Scotland for Ever!" otherwise the Charge of the Scots Greys at the Battle of Waterloo. Charge! It is something like a Charge that the gifted lady-Artist has so splendidly dashed off in the true helter-skelter, head-over-heels, bang-up, "Go-as-you-Please," flash-of-lightning style. Our gallant troopers are charging so heavily that you might almost mistake them for so many Scotch hotel-keepers attacking a body of tourists from the South. A grand picture, Sir. I regard it as one of the most sumptuous examples ever produced of what I may call the 'Ossification of the Art of Battle-painting. FAITHFUL to your instructions, Sir, and fortified by the handsome Battle-painting.

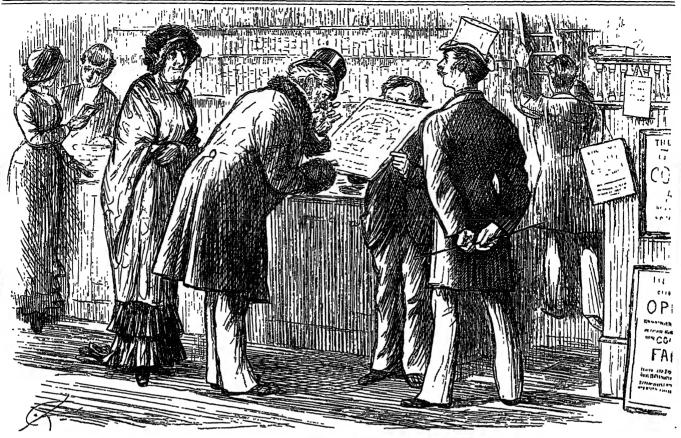
Battle-painting.

There are some wretched creatures, Sir, who call themselves Art-Critics, and who have had the presumption to maintain that either the heads of Mrs. Butler's dragoons are too small, or that the heads of their horses are too large for their bodies. I should like to get one of those Art-Critics into the hunting-field. I'd teach him how to 'ware pictures. As I hinted to my distinguished friend, The Mac Swell, who, with Lord Alexander Mac Eddon, and the great financier and collector, Mr. Julius Macabeus, was contemplating with an expression of rapt ecstasy this truly tip-top, slap-up, boot-

and-saddle work, I have often been told by Sir EDWIN (he painted my rat-catching terrier, Bob), by Herring, Senior (you know his picture of my pink roan, Bloater, which should have won the Derby in 1842, but was disqualified, owing to the perjury of a miscreant stable-boy, who declared that Bloater was really an over-aged horse called Old Soldier), and by Harry Hall of Newmarket, that the head of a horse, especially if he be a Scots Grey one, cannot be too

Again, these caitiff critics (I should like to have 'em to myself in the Shires and ask them what they think of a hunting-crop) appear to forget (if the Cockneys ever knew) that, in the technique of Art there is, besides the science of foreshortening, another, called "forewidening," or "forebroadening." The heads of Mrs. BUTLER's steeds are all forebroadened. So are their hoofs. Besides, everybody ought to know that the Scots Greys have always been mounted, not on ordinary troop-horses but on cert horses—resuler broad-wheeled waggon know that the Scots Greys have always been mounted, not on ordinary troop-horses, but on cart-horses—regular broad-wheeled waggon cattle, Sir. That is why one of the words of command peculiar to this gallant regiment is "Woa!" and another, "Gee up, Dobbin!" When the corps was first raised the men wore smock-frocks (of shepherd's-plaid) over their uniforms, and haybands instead of high boots; and it may not be generally known that the prodigious steeds which dragged the funeral car of the Great Duke of Wellington were all Scots Grey horses dyed black and led by non-commissioned officers disguised as undertakers' men. Who drove the historic team on that memorable day it does not become the Veteran to say.

But the Old Man can say this, Sir, that he is an adept in Veterinary High Art criticism. He studied it, Sir, under such masters as Dugrow, Foaley, Horsley, Baron Marechetti, Sanger, Batty, and Poneyatowski. The anatomy of the donkey he learned from Dr. Ahn. Military draughtsmanship he acquired from Park's Characters, "one penny plain, twopence coloured." The Red Rovers, Sir, and the Red Cross Knights, who are shouting "Scotland for



HARD TIMES.

Tom Tufto (to Duke of Smallborough). "Do you have the same Box you had last Year, Duke ?" Duke. "Well, you see they've raised the Prices; and what with remitting Twenty-Five per Cent. of my Rents in England, and getting nothing in Ireland, the Duchess says we must Economise, so——" T. T. "Oh—Stalls?" Duke. "AHEM!—No! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THIS PLAN, AND I'VE A STRONG IDEA MYSELF OF THE GALLERY! AIRY, YOU KNOW, AND COMPARATIVELY CHEAP!"

Ever!" and wildly charging (one shilling admission each person) at the terrified civilians in an upper room of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, are, emphatically speaking, All There. They are all over the shop, Sir; and the Veteran pronounces that horses and men are all right—as right as the nimble ninepence.

Of course unmingled praise is as fulsome a thing as would be a meet of the Slow Coaching Club without a spill or two, or forty-seven foxes trotting out of one cover (a cover bound in pink and buckskin, ha! ha!) when a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning." Tally ho! That there are faults in this inimitably bang-up picture at the Soho Bazaar—I mean at the Egyptian Hall, I will not for one moment deny. It would be better, perhaps, for a little more morbidezza and desinvoltura and corpodibacco, and that kind of thing. Her chiaroskewero is scarcely equal perhaps, for a little more moroidezza and desinvolvara and corposi-bacco, and that kind of thing. Her chiaroskewero is scarcely equal to her pothooksandhangerso. Brieo, Mrs. Butler always excels in; but I should like to see her go in more pluckily for Gruyero and Camemberto in her middle distances. Nor does she put sufficient putty in her glazings, which, nevertheless, are very plummy. She should read Payne Knicht on the art of pictorial glazing.

These, however, are only spots on the sum—or rather spots on the nose of the Apollo Belvedere. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON-BUTLER is an Artist of true genius; and the Veteran raises his hat to her in sincere and unstinted admiration. And, finally, Sir, it does me proud to be able to work provently for the universe of the description. to be able to vouch, personally, for the unimpeachable historic accuracy of every detail in "Scotland for Ever!" from a cairngorm to a bootjack, from a pibroch to a sporran, from the "burn" in which the Scots Greys are "paidling," to the "gowans fine" which they are pulling.

For a' that, and a' that, And considerably more than a' that, | The Veteran's the chiel that knows: Hech! Sirs, ye mauna' fa' that.

So poor dear Bobby Burns used to sing. But how do I know, you may ask, that the whole of Mrs. Butler's mise en scêne—("Bury me," said the Great Emperor in his will, "on the banks of the Mise en Seine, among that French people whom I humbugged so well")—is historically accurate; accurate to a toothpick, accurate

to a Scotch fiddle, accurate to the steeple of Alloway Kirk—I mean the Château of Hongoumont? Sir, on the Eighteenth of June, 1815, there was somebody else present on the battlefield besides Wellington and Napoleon, Blucher and George the Fourth (under the nom de plume—three ostrich plumes—of Colonel Pumpernickel, of the King's German Legion). Are you quite sure that Shaw the Lifeguardsman, after he had killed nine Frenchmen "to his own cheek," was really run through the heart by a Polish Lancer? Are you perfectly certain that the name of the intrepid agent of the Rothschilds, who sped on the bare backs of five horses from the field of victory to New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, London, buying millions of Four per Cent. Consols as he sped, was really Tompkins? If the Veteran was not at Waterloo, I should very much like to know who was present at that Battle of Giants. What did Napoleon say to me just before his contemptuous order to the Old Guard, "Saure qui pooh pooh"? "Vétéran," he remarked, closing his Negretti and Zambra's telescope, "le gibier est en haut! Ces terribles Chevaux Gris ont frappé mon armée dans un chapeau à trois cornes. Il est temps de couper notre bâton. Boltons!" And we—no, I mean he, Nap—bolted. What did Cambronne say to me? "The Guard dies!" exclaimed the fiery old warrior, "but its heart has still the Largest Circulation in the World." And to whom, if you please, did Wellington utter the immortal words, "Oh for Night, that I might take off my Bluchers!"? Who held Hougoumont against the Young Guard? Who filled up the Hollow Road of Ohain? Who cut down (with his good sword) all the hay in the Haye Sainte? Who rang the tocsin at the Belle Alliance? Who debouched into the Forest of Soignies? Who would have cried, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" but that his friend and comrade, the Duke, had just said so before? Who, in fine, mounted on his fine old charger, Baron Munchausen (by Mendez Pinto out of Sapphira), was the first to cry, "Scotland for Ever!—Admission One Shilling Pinter and Pinter Pinter C

I need say no more. I hear applauding millions cry: "Go where Glory waits thee!" I go. I hear the joy-bells—the area-bell. The (under) BUTLER invites me.



SPRING-TIME.-UP AGAIN!

AN EASTER-LY BLAST FOR MEDDLEVEX MAGISTRATES.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the year your actions come more or less under the unfavourable notice of the public, but it is at holiday times that your extraordinary muddle-headedness and your incomparable incapacity attract most attention. What evil you wrought this year on Good Friday I will not allude to, but without your permission I will call your attention to the ways in which last Sunday was spent, firstly, in the capital of the world; secondly, in a provincial town in a third-rate country of Europe.

Easter Sunday Afternoon in London.—All those who can possibly afford it have left the City. The remaining Upper Five are in the park, the Zoo, their own houses, their churches, and their Clubs. The Lower Twenty are having it pretty much to themselves. With much bad language, and not without physical disturbances, are the public-houses cleared at three o'clock. The majority, whose potations have been hot and fiery, reel home, to sleep until wise laws re-open the gin-palaces. GENTLEMEN.

re-open the gin-palaces.

re-open the gin-palaces.

Easter Sunday Afternoon in Antwerp.—Upper Ten and Lower Twenty all about. Being a holiday, the museums and galleries which contain the Art-treasures of this town, which the people—the lower orders if you will—by being allowed to see them once a week, can appreciate as highly as you yourselves, Gentlemen, are kept open later than on week-days. The church doors stand, of course, wide open. Painting, and sculpture, and carving, can be beheld by the poorest. There are few working-men, I trow, in the old churches of the City of London this day. Antwerp, as London, has its park, but at Antwerp'a band can be heard for nothing. The Zoologiay Gardens here are not jealously closed on this or any other Sunday. Gardens here are not jealously closed on this or any other Sunday. On payment of a franc all can enter. On a large open space stand hundreds of small tables. Round them are seated whole families of the smaller tradesmen of the town. They also are listening to a band. They are committing the heinous crime of hearing the works of Mendelssohn, Gounon, Mendelse, and, as an Englishman, I am proud to add, Balfe. It is additionally saddening to have to relate that without the formal falsehood of declaring themselves travellers, these people are enabled to drink beer and coffee. Spirits also they can have, but I note this carefully, they do not have them. Sunday Night in London.—The gin-palaces doing a roaring trade from six till eleven. Men spending their week's wages on heavy drinks. Women lowering themselves more rapidly than the men. Shopkeepers of the smaller class sitting at home, yawning, and longing for Sunday to be at an end.

Sunday Night at Antwerp.—The cafés crowded. The classes Gardens here are not jealously closed on this or any other Sunday.

longing for Sunday to be at an end.

Sunday Night at Antwerp.—The cafés crowded. The classes corresponding to the two just mentioned—tradesmen and artisans—being the principal supporters. Whole families sitting together, from the grandmother to the babe. Large consumption of tobacco, coffee, syrups, and of light beer. Music-halls alike full, and of like classes. Whatever may be the restraints attached to the music-hall proprietors, a decent man is not ashamed to bring his wife and young children to them. At the theatre a popular play by a Flemish author, attracting a large audience. All is over before twelve, and the streets between eleven and midnight are as orderly as at any other time of the day.

other time of the day.

I make no comment. I leave that to you. But I would advise you to take note of what I have written, lest certain facts be brought to your attention before long in a way more forcible than pleasant. Yours truthfully,

THE HUSBAND OF GEORGIANA (née PODSNAP).

THE THREE R.'s IN EAST SUFFOLK.

THE Ipswich Journal gives some specimens of the questions put by one of Her Majesty's School Inspectors in East Suffolk. Like the Great Panjandrum at the Barber's Wedding, Mr. A. J. SWINBURNE, H.M.I., seems to have amused himself by playing at the game of "Catch-as-catch-can" with the East-Anglian adolescents, who, if they tripped not over his educational traps and pitfalls, must have been as wary as well informed.

"Ships are said to be lost on the Downs, and sheep are fattened on the owns,—where and what are the Downs?"

Here the Great Panjandrum was decidedly "down on" the Suffolk Students, and it is to be hoped they were downy enough to dodge his elever conundrum. Perhaps H.M.I. thinks the Three R.'s ought to be supplemented by a fourth-Riddles. Here are a few more of his artful posers :-

"What right has India to be called the Pearl of the British Crown?" "What right has india to be called the Feari of the Braish Crown?"
"If you wished to buy a great lot of crockery-ware wholesale for a large firm, where would you go to?"

"If a gentleman goes to Holyhead, Harwich, or Folkestone, what place would he most likely be going to sail to?"

"Why is it light sooner in Suffolk than in Cornwall?"

The latter question is for "Age 8, Standard II." We hope the youthful encyclopedist to whom it was put, being, happily, "more than seven," hit upon what is obviously the right answer; viz., "Owing to the shining in the former happy county of a special local luminary in the person of the Great Panjandrum of School Inspectors.'

DANGERS OF THE METROPOLIS.



TRAVELLING BY OMNIBUS-THE CADS.



TRAVILLING BY UNDERGROUND RAIL-THE ROUGHS.

CERÂ PERENNIUS?

CERÂ PERENNIUS?

MADAME TUSSAUD—we still speak of the present proprietary of this world-famed exhibition as Madame TUSSAUD—has struck out a new and peculiar line. She has advertised as one of the latest attractions of her collection, not only the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, but also that distinguished Lady's husband. Is not this a little over-shooting the mark, or rather, the "men of mark," to which, excellent Gentleman in his way, Mr. Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett cannot be said, and, no doubt, does not aspire to belong? If the near relatives of notabilities are henceforth to figure in a group, a large, if not highly interesting field is at once open to the cereous artist. Such items in a Catalogue as—"Lord Randolem Churchill, with his Sisters, his Cousins and his Aunts;" "the Bey of Tunis, surrounded by his seventy Mothers-in-law;" and "Sir Robert Carden, M.P., in conversation with his Second Cousin twice removed," would naturally excite the curiosity of a few intimate friends of the respective families, but hardly arouse the enthusiastic attention of the general public. "Mr. Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett" should be melted down without any delay. without any delay.

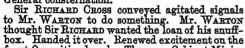
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY NIGHT.—House met again to-day after the Easter holidays. Great excitement outside, funereal dulness within. The gloom of the darkened rooms at Hughenden pervades this gaslit chamber. House of Commons cannot readily forget the man who has been an

House of Commons cannot readily forget the man who has been an intimate part of its daily life as far back as memory goes. The old business goes on in the old way. There are the old faces about, and the old forms in operation. But the gloom and the sadness are evident. They will pass away to-morrow, and by Thursday the dead hand will no longer rest upon the House, numbing the pulsation of its life. To-night the feeling is unmistakable, and must find record here. Pretty bit of comedy by-and-by designed to divert the mind from mournful thoughts. Gibson opened Debate on Second Reading of Irish Land Bill in a speech that would have been twice as good if half as polished. House likes good things, but prefers to have them at least look as if manufactured on the premises. Gibson declaims many impromptus, but should bring them down written out on something less palpable than brief paper. Mr. RICHARDSON followed, but nobody ready to succeed. Everybody waiting for somebody else. Speaker rose to put the Motion. The Attorney-General for Irishland still regarded passing events with



for IRELAND still regarded passing events with that total absence of facial movement which Mr. Gorst subsequently described as "listening with a wooden face." Debate about to collapse. General consternation.

front Opposition bench. Three ex-Cabinet Ministers violently nodding their heads at the same time at the Member for Bridport. At last picked up right clue, and proposed the adjournment Bridport. At last picked up right clue, and proposed the adjournment of the debate. Someone must speak to carry on debate till ten; but who? Somebody said "VILLIERS STUART." Everybody said VILLIERS STUART. Sir STAFFORD NORTHOOTE protested that the one unfulfilled aspiration of his life was to hear VILLIERS STUART. Mr. FORSTER trembled all over his shoulders and down his legs with the energy of his protestation that VILLIERS STUART was the only man to throw light on the subject. V. S., blushing under this unwonted interest in his opinion, at length induced to commence speech. Whereupon everybody rushed off to dinner, leaving him literally an audience of a single Member. But the debate was saved.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Land Bill moved.

sical strength carry him

"Listening with a wooden face."

through.

It was an elaboratelyconstructed performance, though simple in general effect. First, Mr. BRAD-LAUGH enters, and executes a pas seul before the Mace. Immediately he is joined by the Sergeantat-Arms, and the two polka down the centre till they reach the Bar. Then Bradlaugh, breaking away from his part-

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Land Bill moved.

Tuesday Night.—Some talk in town, I hear, of a minuet through which the legs of Mr. Henry Irving gracefully flash, but will undertake to say our minuet to-night beats anything on any other Stage. Mr. Branlaugh runs a little more to flesh than the great tragedian. But his vigour and superior physical strength carry him

"Old Daddy Longlegs wouldn't say his prayers, Take him, Black Beadle, and chuck him down-stairs."

ing away from his partner, stairs."
ner, rushes down the stage
and strikes an attitude before the foot-lights. His partner, Captain
Gosser, trips gracefully after him; the two embrace, then retire a
few paces, joined by five other members of the ballet, when the
minuet commences. First, with slow swinging motion, the newcomers hang on to Mr. Bradlaugh, disclosing glimpses of white
under-clothing as they playfully threaten to tear his coat off his
back. Then Mr. Bradlaugh strikes an attitude after the manner
of an ancient Roman. Mr. Bradlaugh advances a few paces with

one of the other members of the ballet clinging to either hand, one of the other members of the ballet clinging to either hand, whilst three others securely hold him by the coat-collar. Then he, affecting to struggle desperately, retires two paces, draws right foot up so that the heel rests on the instep of the left, and throwing his head back towards his left shoulder. mutely but eloquently demands of 'igh 'eaven what would they? What they would is evidently a further dance, and the whole corps, still entwined as described above, advance a few paces, retire again, revolve rapidly, and finally Mr. Bradlaugh and the Sergeant-at-Arms are left standing at the Bar panting for breath, but bowing gracefully in response to the thunderous applause which greets the performance.

Business done.—First night of the Bradlaugh Minuet.

Business done.—First night of the Bradlaugh Minuet.

Wednesday.—Here is Mr. Bradlaugh standing at the Table again, and subsequently pirouetting back to the Bar in company with the Sergeant-at-Arms. Reminds me of a distant relative of mine, one Snarleyow, whose history Captain Marryatt put into a novel. S. was killed on various occasions, shot, hanged, drowned, and buried under three feet of earth. Always turned up a day or two after, wagging his tail as if nothing particular had happened.

Thought we had finished with Mr. Bradlaugh last night. But here he is again, and, I suppose, presently we shall have the corps de ballet and the minuet once more.

In the meantime, Petter Rylands is on his feet, alternately stretching out his hand to indicate Mr. Bradlaugh standing at the Bar, and shaking heavy forefingers in minatory manner towards the placid Leader of the Opposition. If Mr. Bradlaugh were a wax figure, or a three-headed man just imported, and if Petter were his proprietor, the attitude of the two could scarcely be varied

were his proprietor, the attitude of the two could scarcely be varied—Mr. Bradlaugh standing passive in full view at the Bar, and Peter at the corner seat below the gangway, with hand outstretched, indica-

ting him.
An Eminent Person on the Treasury Bench will have it that PETER is most of all like Mr. Pumblechook. "I expected every moment," the E.P. says, "to hear him come out with the very words Pum-blechook used when



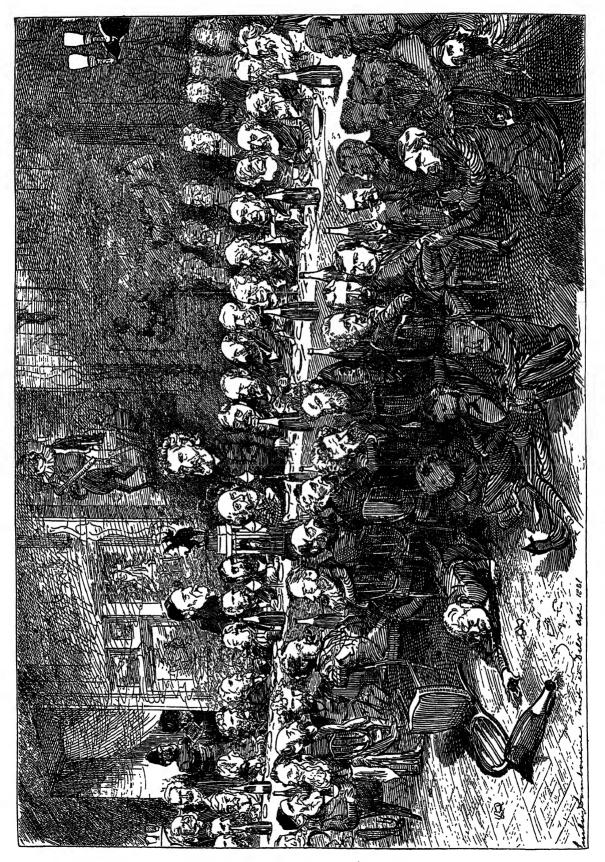
Thursday.—Mr. GLADSTONE begins to wish he had not so greatly stirred Colonel TOTTENHAM to come back for the Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill. The Colonel has brought a speech with him, which he began early in the evening, and is now (11'15 p.m.) probably half-way through. In point of length, Tottenham Court Road is nothing to it, even with Hampstead Road added on. The Colonel is also making jokes. No one suspected him of this, and it was quite some time before anybody laughed. Mr. Warton discovered the intention first, then Sir John Hay, then the deep thunder of Alderman Fowler's laugh caused disturbing vibration among the ventilating apparatus beneath the Chamber. Next Mr. Gorst's countenance was observed to be curiously distorted, and in the end Thursday. - Mr. GLADSTONE begins to wish he had not so greatly countenance was observed to be curiously distorted, and in the end the jokes proved quite a success—at least, I suppose there will be an end. Will look in to-morrow and see.

Business done.—Colonel Tottenham debated the Second Reading of the Light Lord Bill.

of the Irish Land Bill.

Friday Night.—Colonel TOTTENHAM finished, and PEASE and peace descended on the House. Curious to note how far-reaching is the effect of opium. None on the premises that anyone knows of. LYON PLATFAIR, when he lectures on oleo-margarine and other pleasing compounds, may have little pots of samples all over the table for illustration of his lecture. No such privilege accorded to Mr. PEASE when he brings on his Resolution denouncing the Opium Traffic. Nevertheless, when he begins to talk, Members placidly fold their hands, stretch out their legs, close their eyes, their heads fall upon their breasts, and before Mr. PEASE has been speaking for three-quarters-of-an-hour, there is not a man awake except Lord HARTINGTON, sole occupant of the Treasury Bench. who has to reply with Friday Night.—Colonel TOTTENHAM finished, and PEASE and peace INGTON, sole occupant of the Treasury Bench, who has to reply with Ministerial responsibility.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a Second Time.



ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

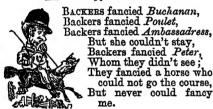
(After a well-known picture.)

SPEECHES AT THE R.A. BANQUET.

THE Prince of WALES knowing that "Man (after dinner) wants but little . . . nor that little long," was a model of effective brevity. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE boomed, then fizzled away to nothing. Lord NORTHBROOK, suffering from blight, faded prematurely. The PREMIER preached. Sir FREDERICK LEIGH-TON, P.R.A., supplied head, highly-finished tail, and polished links, with blase eloquence. The other Sir FREDERICK, i.e. ROBERTS, was smooth and bright as steel, with a sharp-pointed home-thrust at W. E. G. Lord Sel-BORNE good. Lord Mayor McGRIFFIN, more fortunate than Dogberry, had reporters there to "write him down, &c." SIE W. GROVE was greatly applauded—when he had quite done; and Mr. MATT ARNOLD was all Mouth and Moaning on this Jaw-full occasion.

The Old, Old Song.

(As sung by Bend Or, April 27, 1881.) AIR-" Nancy fancied a Sailor."



HIS OWN OPINION.

OF all the pulpit orations on the Earl of BEACONSFIELD delivered by "celebrities," the most Christianly reticent was Canon LIDDON'S; the most contemptibly commonplace was Canon FARRAR'S. None of the preachers called to mind Lord BEACONSTRUCTS or increase in Fademics of the preachers. FIELD's epigram in Endymion :-

"Sensible men," said WALDERSHARE, "are

all of the same religion."

"And pray what is that?" inquired the Prince.

"Sensible men never tell."



HOW TO SEE AND BE SEEN AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

TAKE YOUR STAND EXACTLY OPPOSITE ONE OF THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR, WITH YOUR BACK TO THE PICTURE.

MORE REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Froude, while admitting that Mr. Carlyle warned him that the *Reminiscences* would require "anxious revision," says, further, that he has printed them with "only a few occasional reservations." He tells us, too, that he accepts the entire responsibility, and therefore, as what has been published has given great pain to many worthy people, has hurt the living and maligned the dead, and caused a creat warmer to a print the dead, and caused a once venerated philosopher to appear as a spiteful and discontented a once venerated philosopher to appear as a spitchil and discontented old personage, a reviler of every man and woman in a better position than himself, Mr. Froude must be congratulated on the delicacy and good taste with which he has edited the *Reminiscences*. He has, indeed, left so much in which ought to have been omitted, that it is a pity he troubled himself to edit at all, and people are asking what was taken out. Is it possible that the "occasional reservations" only referred to Mr. Froude himself? Were the "requisite omissions" anything like this in sions" anything like this :-

"In London among the blockheadisms again. Saw GLADSTONE, one of the foolishest, most conceited, ever-babbling blockheads I can remember to have met. And Scotch too, for is it not Gledstanes, and yet there was a poor idiot who hung about "Rob Scorr's Smithy" at Ecclefechan, who was more unspeakably beautiful to me. With him was Lord SHAFTESBURY. Insuperable proclivity to rum shrub in poor old SHAPTESBURY, and a ghastly wit, which She answered by a cheerful native ditto: and chaved up (American fashion) the pseudo-philanthropist."

"After an interval of deep gloom and bottomless dubitation, we walked in Hyde Park, and there, amid the poor gaping sea of Prurient Blockheadism, two-legged creatures with but a thimbleful of brains, I was but a cipher. Walked home thinking how much the P.O. W.'s T.—"Going to Epsom this year usual way by Sutton, eh?"—"Why, Suttonly!" answered Colonel Coghlan.

greater was the son of my brave old father (ein tapferer) than all that crowd, and yet not one of them knew it. Our evening sitter that night was Froude, dull, babbling 'foot-licker,' as I did intrinsically regard him, his talk contemptibly small, emblem ef imbecility, much better had been non-extant. This man Frouder, full of historical inanities, had indeed produced volumes to line trunks, but was totally inadequate to grapple with such questions, with no utterance worth noting. One of the rotten multitudinous canaille, full of human baseness. Dim suspicions in our minds that fatuous Froude came on brain-sucking errand, that was Her fatuous Froude came on brain-sucking errand, that was Her criticism on him after inconclusive and long-winded talk. A night of boring, marked to this hour with coal."

"Met 'George Eliot' writing woman so-called, dull utterly and dry, nose decisively Roman, whose books, much be praised by critical blockheads, seemed to have nothing in them for us. Alfred TENNYSON, too, stringer together of jingles and rhymes, no authentic man, but an utterer of pun and persiflage. Brain-sucker FROUDE there also, breaking out into oblique little spurts of spite, welcome to me at that moment, for the accursed hag Dyspepsia had got me bitted and bridled, and was riding me nowhither. Looked down on the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures, thinking, "Which of you could do as I have done"? with an inner smile that the mudgods of London were as nothing to my brave father and the authentic idiot of Ecclefechan. Poor economy practised towards hackney-coachman in shape of questionable shilling, which was, in plain English, a hum."

OUR GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY:

Or (in some instances), the Academy Guy'd.

"OPEN, Sesame!" Sesame opens accordingly. "Now," says Sesame, "let's hear what they says-o'-me." By all means. Walk up! Where shall we begin? At the beginning. Again, by all means. Place aux dames!—make way for the "Gals!"—so let us commence with

GAL. No. I.

No. 1. London in Cotton Wool. Probably during the Mayoralty of Alderman Cotton, M.P. Vincent P. Yglesias.

** Prize given by President of the Academy to anyone pronouncing this name right first time.

No. 2. Envy, Hatred, and Malice, or Gone to the Dogs. Briton

No. 4. Wood-rovers. Real rovers, not wood at all, but wood-



s, not wood at all, but wood-pigeons, naturally and appro-priately by JAY. Is it evening, afternoon, or "JAY's morn-ing"? No. 18. Gorse Cutting. J. W. OAKES, A. Where's GORSE cutting? There are men cutting, o' gorse we see that. If some sell is intended men cutting, o' gorse we see that. If some sell is intended,

men cutting, o' gorse we see that. If some sell is intended, everyone will say of the picture, "It's a regular Oakes."

No. 14.—SLIPPER-Y!

Well, we've seen far better and far worse than this. Stay, Traveller, stay, and regard this picture thoroughly. See how it tells its own story. Look at that spire, that little window? And who is the chucker-out hidden from observation? Why, the lovesick, bashful Curate, the unfortunate rival who has stolen his ritualistic rector's ecclesiastical slipper—used in some solemn and picturesque rite—has ascended to that lofty window in the spire, and thence by a sudden in-spire-ation has taken one shot for luck at the figure of the bride now lost to him, alas, for ever, or a lass now lost to him for ever, and has then fallen back senseless, and got stuck somehow in the belfry, where he will remain until they shall have harnessed a horse to the bride's brougham, a most complete turn-out, all but that item of the horse, which, in the hurry of the moment, has been somehow forgotten and left behind in the livery stable.

The Artist's deep symbolism of "A-spire in the Distance" and "A Spyer up a loft" is suggestive of a new ballad, "Maria and the Spire!"

And what will be the end of that love-stricken, slipper-throwing, invisible Curate? He has been a Spyer, he will enter a severe Order and become a Pry-er.

Mr. FRITH, we thank thee. We wipe away a tear and pass on.

No. 43. "The Road to Mecca"-nism.

menter a severe Order and become a Pry-er.

Mr. Frith, we thank thee. We wipe away a tear and pass on.

No. 43. "The Road to Mecca"-nism.

Frederick Goodall, R.A. Here's your fine Mecha-nical Camel! As the Dolls' Dressmaker says, "We know your tricks and your manners." It's a scene in a Circus, this. Ben Sli Bodd and his performing Camel. Carpet down, Ben giving the Camel a back,—music, overture from "The Bronze Horse,"—now, then,

"Over!" Over! Yes, and over and over again as long as there's a single Camel's hair left to paint with, Mr. Goodall—aren't we just a trifle tired of Camel? Toujours Camel!

No. 86.



Camel!
No. 50. "Bock Agen!" Same Artist. Same Camel. Same road, same mile,—a dose of Camelmile. Twopence more, and up goes the baby!

GAL. No. II.

No. 86. "Simple Simon met a Pieman." JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. The Pieman is not in the Picture. First-rate portrait: evidently full of character.

PLAIN and No. 97. Before we have time to refer to the Catalogue, somebody who knows all about it informs us that "This is Long's." Impossible. If so, at what period? Not since we've known it? Where's the Head Waiter?

Where is the Coffee-room? Is it "Long's" soon after the landing of the Romans, when Bond Street was first built? No. Our informant being gone, we consult the Catalogue. Oh! picture "by Mr. Long, A." The martyr who won't incense the statue. Quite right. But that person who said simply it was "Long's" has incensed us very much, so we will return to this when (though not a picture ourselves) we are in a better frame—of mind.

No. 113. The Bishop brought up before the Beaks. H. Stacy

No. 113. The Bishop brought up before the Beaks. H. Stacy Marks, R.A.

No. 119. This is a portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, President, by himself—all by himself. It seems to be a design for a MASKELINE AND COOK advertisement, representing the talking head appearing out of a wall, and separated from the body below. In this Exhibition there are several portraits of the President, representing, as it were, the "Worship of Laton-a;" but it is for us to point out that each picture conveys a double-barrelled compliment, as it is impossible to represent the present President on canvas without nainting the portrait of a Lata'un. So on we go to without painting the portrait of a Late 'un. So on we go to

GAL. No. III.

No. 191. The Lady Fanny Marjoribanks.
The Artist has evidently taken Lady JAMES SANT, R.A.

FANNY by surprise, and caught her expression as she was saying, "Ha! Somebody coming! I must put these pictures back again as quickly as possible. I know I oughtn't to have been looking at them." But it was only the Artist who had come to take her, so after all she was on the wrong Sant.



No. 514. "Hoarder! Hoarder! Turn 'im hout!"

wrong Sant.

No. 197. Idyl. Sir F. Leighton,
P.R.A. Twothinly-clad, lounging maidens
and a young man with "nothing to his
back" out for a blow on his own pipe.
Idyl!! very idle.

No. 270. Cinderella. John Everett
Millais, R.A. Lovely little gir!
Charming! Perfect! An heiress worth £3000, but—why Cinderella was this age, long before she was forced to work at kitchengrate cleaning, her mother was alive, and she was a well-dressed, well-cared-for child, as happy as the day was long. But when her father married again, she was nearly of a coming-out age, and quite old enough, at all events, when the right time came, to marry the Prince. Consequently, why Cinderella! It might as well be Umber-rella, or any other "rella;" and the accessories generally, like the name, are irrelevant—say Cinderella-vant. In fact, it might as well be really, like the hame, are freevant—say clintered are vant. In fact, it might as well be "Polly put the kettle on," for there are the logs smouldering, and the absence of the kettle could have been explained in the Kettle-log.

GAL. No. VII.

No. 514. The Hoarder. SOLOMON HART, R.A. One of the gems of the Exhibition. Pityi wasn't

Turn 'im hout!" a hidden gem. Hoarders come in gratis, but there a hidden gem. Hoarders come in gratis, but there is generally this restriction on all theatrical free-tickets, viz., "Hoarders not admitted after seven." Now this is long after seven—and why admitted at all? By the way, the title is hardly fair to Mr. HERKOMER'S scheme for "Hoarders" in our Art-Gallery strates. Gallery streets. This is not a specimen of "Hoarders neatly executed." We like to think of the Academy as a noble, generous body; Academy as a none, generous pody; but can we continue to hold this opinion when it hasn't got a good HART? Happy Thought!—here's a subject for HART, poor deer!—STAGG AND MANTIE! There is something of the Hoarder in that, eh, Mr. HARE COMBER? And a good surgestion for suggestion for-

The Hart that once in R.A.'s halls.

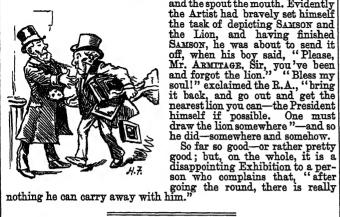
No, that was "the Harp"—Moore. We won't continue to harp, so no more. And hoping that "no one will take this to Harr," we pass on



No. 554. Design for a pump and handle.

No. 554. Samson and the Lion. E. Armitage, R.A. The advantage of this work seems to be that if hung upside down it would

be The Lion and Samson. Placed as it is, it seems to suggest an idea for a model for an ornamental pump, the tail being the handle and the spout the mouth. Evidently



the Artist had bravely set himself the task of depicting Samson and the task of depicting Samson and the Lion, and having finished Samson, he was about to send it off, when his boy said, "Please, Mr. Armitage, Sir, you've been and forgot the lion." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the R.A., "bring it back, and go out and get the nearest lion you can—the President himself if possible. One must draw the lion somewhere"—and so be did—somewhere and somehow

A THEORY ILLUSTRATED.

"A new and beautiful shade of blue is called Marguerite; a vivid red is named Faust. Among the fanciful names are 'Bottled Cloves,' 'Softened Sighs,' 'Queen's Hair,' 'Indiscreet Murmurs,' 'Heavy Eyes,' and 'Needless Regrets.' High Art colours predominate."—Weekly Paper.

My dress is new; its pretty hue Is christened "Heavy Eyes;" My dainty gloves are "Bottled Cloves;" My shoes are "Softened Sighs."

These bows I wear are "Ladies' Hair;"
Here "Murmurs Indiscreet"
With "Vain Regret" are meetly met,
And Faust with Marguerite:

Such titles strange for Fashion's range Of tints we're forced to find, Since but of late, as sages state, The world was colour-blind.

So when at last, with pigments fast
And palette on her thumb, High Art arrives to charm our lives, She finds us—colour-dumb!

TAKING HIM EASY.

How to do it discreetly; from Gosset's Own Guide.

If the offending Member refuses to stir on receiving a tap on the shoulder, say to him, in an earnest whisper, unofficially, "Now, do come along with me, there's a good fellow, without a row, and we'll have a nice little dinner together somewhere afterwards." If he talks of "privilege," and gets behind the Speaker's Chair, follow him sharp up with a good-humoured "Thought you had done me that time, didn't you!" and then try to hand-cuff him play-

me that time, didn't you.

fully.

If he gets on to the table, seizes the Mace, and flourishes it, defying the authority of the House, still keep up the sportive vein, with some such remark as "Well, now, you do fill me with a-mace-ment," and, at the same time, catch hold of his legs.

If, to avoid you, he makes a sudden dash and gets under the table, stoop down comically as if you were looking at a naughty boy hiding and say pleasantly, "Ha! ha! He! he! Come, come, now! Gos-

and say pleasantly, "Ha! ha! He! he! Come, come, now! Gosser sees you!"

If, after this, he makes a chace of it, and, climbing up into the Strangers' Gallery, looks down, and calls out, "Yah! Catch me if you can!" don't take the slightest notice of him for the rest of the

And, finally, if he stands half-way between the table and the bar, and refuses to yield except to force, prepare for your best pantomime scene by summoning five ushers to arrange a humorous scuffle with you on the floor of the House, and so maintain both the authority and the dignity of Parliament.

Music Hall Motto (for a Chib Card-Room).—"You're always sure to catch 'em with a whist, whist, whist!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 2.

Scene—Police Court, Queer Street.



Magistrate (to Usher). How many School-Board ummonses are there to-day?

Usher. Only thirty, Sir.

Magistrate. Very moderate indeed; are they ready?

Usher. Yes, Sir. Call BRIDGET O'BRIEN.

(A Woman comes forward, leading a Young Child by the hand.)

Clerk (to Bridget). You are summoned for not obeying an order of this Court requiring you to send your daughter, NELLY O'BRIEN, to the Omnium Gatherum Board School in this district.

School-Board Officer. This a bad case, Sir, the girl has not attended once since the order was made.

Magistrate. How old is the girl? School-Board Officer. Eleven years old.

Bridget. Don't belave him, yeer Honor, she'll be thirteen in

School-Board Officer. Eleven is the age in the books.

Bridget. Your books indeed! D'ye purtend to know the child's age better than her oune mother?

Magistrate. Can you tell in what year the girl was born ? Bridget. I'm no scholar, yeer Honor. But she was born in Dublin thirteen yeare come Michelmas Day.

School-Board Officer. She can prove this by a copy of the

Bridget. Register indeed! Am I to trudge off to auld Ireland,

Bridget. Register indeed! Am I to trudge off to auld Ireland, and cross the stormy ocean, maybe to be shipwrecked, and—
Magistrate. No, no. You needn't yet run any such risk. Your girl, you say, is only twelve, and the law says she must go to school. Why don't you send her?
Bridget. I'll just tell ye, yeer Honor. I'm a poor lone wid My ouldest boy, as purty a boy as ever wore hat, cap, or bonnet, killed fightin thim black divils of Zulus in the East Ingies, a have four young childer at home of which the ouldest is NELLY, intere's PAT, and MIKE, and little BIDDY, as is here before see Honor (pointing to the Child by her side); and who's to look at the darlint if I'm out the whole blessed day wid my barrow NELLY at the school? That is just the reason, yeer Honor, the don't sind her. She has to tend the childer at home when I am at work. Send her to school indeed! And some fine day find at work. Send her to school indeed! And some fine day find Bidder in the water-butt or Mike burnt to a cinder.

Magistrate. Has this girl passed any standard? Magistrate. Has this girl passed any standard?

School-Board Officer. Yes. She is a very fair scholar.

Bridget. A fair scholar! I believe ye! She's as good at book as the parish priest. Ye should hear her, yeer Honor.

Sunday mornin read all about Michael Davitr, and Home I and Ould Ireland. And how we're all to get a bit o' land at and to pay no rint to the landlord, but the landlord to pay rices. Och, it's just beautiful to hear her!

Magistrate. Is there any reason to doubt the truth of this won story, that she is out all day with her barrow, and that the girl NELLY O'BRIEN is kept at home to look after the younger children?

School-Board Officer. I believe her story is substantially true, but your Worship is aware that there is no provision in any of the Acts

your Worship is aware that there is no provision in any of the Acts as to cases of this description.

Magistrate. I am aware of it, and very sorry for it. I don't see how a girl of this class could be better occupied than in attending to her domestic duties. You say she is a fair scholar.

School-Board Officer. Yes. And that is the reason, no doubt, that the Board wish her to continue at school up to the prescribed

Magistrate. What more would they teach her? School-Board Officer. I cannot say. Perhaps some foreign lan-

guage, or geography, or geology.

Bridget. If ye plaise, yeer Honor, will ye ax the gintleman to spake Inglish.

spake Inglish.

Magistrate. Patience, my good woman. (To School-Board Officer.)
I see how it is, this girl is clever, and you wish to push her on, to send her to Girton College, perhaps to become a female wrangler.

Meanwhile, I am asked to punish this poor woman, not because she has neglected her daughter's education, but because she is compelled from necessity to keep her at home to look after the younger children.

I think, although, as you say, the case is not provided for by Act of Parliament, that her excuse is a reasonable one, and I shall take upon Parliament, that her excuse is a reasonable one, and I shall take upon myself to dismiss the summons.

Bridget. Long life to yeer Honor! Budy, darlint, kiss yeer hand Exeunt. to the gintleman. School-Board Officer. Your Worship will grant a case for the

opinion of a superior Court.

Magistrate. Oh, certainly. Call on next case!



SIRENS, AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

LAURA HAS ONCE BEEN TOLD THAT IT SUITS HER STYLE OF BEAUTY TO BE EXTREMELY ANIMATED—SO SHE IS ALWAYS ON THE SPARKLE— EVEN THOUGH BROWN IS TELLING HER, IN BROKEN ACCENTS, THAT "WHEN HE SAW THE JUDGE PUT ON THE BLACK CAP, HE NEARLY FAINTED AWAY," &C., &C.

WHEREAS MAUD KNOWS THAT HER GREAT CHARM LIES IN A CER-TAIN HUNGRY LOOK OF INEFFABLE YEARNING TOWARDS THE INFINITE, AND PLIES IT ON SIR CHARLES, WHO IS ASSURING HER THAT "ALL HE GOT TO EAT IN SPAIN WAS FAT PORK STEWED WITH GARLIC AND BROAD BEANS, AND JOLLY SCRUMPTIOUS TOO!"

YE INFANTRY OF ENGLAND.

A MILITARY ODE. IMITATED FROM CAMPBELL. "Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

YE Infantry of England, Supposed to guard our shores. Who made a precious mess of it In trying to pot the Boers, Your ready rifles take again,

And try another style;
Nor fool by old rule
While the foreign critics smile,
Whilst the Dutchman chuckles loud and long, And our foreign critics smile.

BRITANNIA needs instructors To teach her boys to shoot, Fixed targets and mere red-tape drill Have borne but bitter fruit Our blunders are a standing joke, The scandal of our Isle. And the Boer loud doth roar. Whilst our foreign critics smile, Whilst the Teuton guffaws loud and long, And our foreign critics smile.

The cartridges of England In waste terrific burn; In sighting and in snap-shots, we From foes have much to learn. Then come, ye pipeclayed Infantry, And go to school awhile, Till the fame of your aim Shall no more make foemen smile Till the Dutchman's chuckle's heard no more, And your focs have ceased to smile.

ENGLISH PROPERTY EXAMINATION PAPER OF THE FUTURE.

(To be set to Students of the Inns of Court.)

1. When and under what circumstances has a tenant the right of expelling his landlord?

2. Give the rules regulating abatement of rent. Can the land-lord appeal when the abatement reaches more than seventy-five per

cent.?

3. When was distress for rent abolished? Give the date when the

3. When was distress for rent abolished results when and landlord practically lost the right of re-entry.

4. Explain the provisions of the Tenant Land Annexation Act. Trace the differences between this Act and the Act for the Total Abolition of Title Deeds. Explain how the sanction of the House of Lords to these measures became unnecessary by the exercise of the Royal Prerogative.

5. Give a short biography of GRIFFITHS, and describe how the valuation associated with his name was applied to England in the same manner as it had been applied to Ireland.

6. Give the name of the measure by which Boycotting was formally legalised. Give examples of other acts of intimidation and pressure

also sanctioned by special statute.
7. A. obtains Blackacre by purchase, and lets it for a term of years to B. At the expiration of B.'s lease B. contends that A. has no right of re-entry, because B. has refused from the first to pay any rent. A. has been accustomed from time to time to send in furniture to

Blackacre, which B. has used. B. claims the furniture. Has A. any remedy against B.? Give your reasons for your answer.

8. Define Real Property. How long has real property ceased to exist in England?

To Lord Shaftesbury on the Celebration of His Eightleth Birthday Last Week.—The Factory Act should be remembered as one of the most satis-factory Acts of his Lordship's life.



THE SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY.

Boer (to F.-M. H. R. H. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF). "I SAY, DOOK! YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO WANT A PRACTICAL 'MUSKETRY INSTRUCTOR,' DO YOU?"

THE NO-THOROUGHFARE PARTY.

The death of Lord Beaconsfield having deprived the great
Deadlook Party of the charmer
who made them caper to Liberal
tunes, it may be well for them to
consider the advisability of preserving the spirit he infused into
their policy. These are not the
days to go backwards, or to present an obstinate front to changes
merely because they are changes.
If the Tories or Conservatives
had not opposed every social
reform which has been carried
during the present century, they
would not have languished so
long in the cold shade of Opposition. If they had welcomed
gas, railways, cheap bread, cheap
newspapers, and other material
improvements, instead of doing
all they could to strangle them,
they would have beaten the Liberals easily on their own ground.
It is always more respectable to
be a Conservative than a Radical,
and this is a country in which
respectability is a great motive
power.

Asylum.

Holders of brief authority in various parts of Europe are displeased that England exists as a safe harbour for political refugees, forgetting that the day may not be far distant when they may be glad to claim for themselves what they now wish to withhold from others. It is not many years since that a great King fled to this country under the name of "SMITH," and ten years ago a greater Emperor might have been seen hobbling across an English common.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 30.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

Observe his Grace in an Idyllic Covent Garden, so it is the Fanciest of Fancy Portraits. His Grace has had his yacht, *The Claymore*, refitted; why not have this Mud-moor made sweet and clean, and kept so?

NO, MRS. JARLEY!

AT a celebrated Wax-work Show there is a Chamber of Horrors and a Valhalla of European Celebrities. It is in the interest of the exhibition to keep pace with the times, but is it in the interest of good taste or good feeling that Mrs. Jarley, in a quiet country town, on the occasion of the private funeral of a great Statesman, should display handbills and placards—drawing attention to the fact that "a Portrait-Model" of the distinguished dead has been added to the collection? It is not quite the thing to put a funeral and an execution on the same footing.

His Successor.

THERE is no royal road to the leadership of a great Party; no power of purchase, no hereditary claim, and while those who probably think otherwise are struggling for the honour of succession, the real Leader is silent and undiscovered. When his time comes, he will make himself known—perhaps a man without title or position or family pretensions; and the crowd of Dukes, Earls, and lordlings, who are now trying on the clothes of the dead giant, will at once recognise their master.

"PADDY GREEN'S DAUGHTER."

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of generous subscriptions from India. The senders will be glad to hear that the result of our appeal has been most satisfactory. Present distress has been alleviated, and some provision made for the future.

HASH-WEDNESDAY AT CLERKENWELL.



MEDDLEVEX Magistrates have got over their prejudice against HANDEL, HAYDN, MENDELSOHN, and others, and have withdrawn their illegal mandates against the performance of Sacred Music in the unfortunate places at present under their control on Ash-Wednesdays, Good Fridays, Christmas Days, and Sundays. This was not done, of course, without a large amount of public and private pressure—indignation meetings in Hyde Park, and movements on the part of a few of the younger Magistrates. The Seldom-at-Home Secretary also contributed to the result, his sluggish attention having been drawn to the scandal so prominently

having been drawn to the scandal so prominently that he actually caused a letter to be written by one of his private Secretaries! Who can grumble at paying One Hundred and Twenty Millions a year for so much watchful and energetic government? The Chairman of the Bench explained that his suspicions had been

The Chairman of the Bench explained that his suspicions had been aroused as to the infamous character of the entertainments provided at Music—Town—and Concert Halls on the prohibited days, by seeing a handbill announcing a Lecture on Ancient Rome, with pictorial illustrations, and the lime light. Knowing the extremely suspicious character of the lime-light, to say nothing of Rome, he placed the matter in the hands of the police, and the police having failed to discover the last twelve or fourteen murders, immediately brought all their powers to bear on this degrading exhibition. It is needless to say that after this, the whole Bench united in a vote of unlimited confidence in their Chairman.

Sabbatarian Cantabs, i.e. "Sims," object to the University Botanical Garden being open on Sunday. A Sim can be sad, can he not be Sym-pathetic? No,—at least so it Sims.

A PADDED SELL.

At Colney Hatch last Wednesday there was given a Fancy Dress Ball. We are requested to state that none of the following people were present disguised as the undermentioned characters:—

were present disguised as t	пe	under	mentioned characters:—
Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHII	T.	as	The Leader of the Opposition.
Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A.		,,	Murillo.
Mr. E. LAWSON	•	"	M. Paul de Cassagnac.
Mr. Augustus Harris		**	David Garrick.
Mr. Bradlaugh .		"	An Early Christian Martyr.
Mr. OSCAR WILDE .		"	Mr. Martin Tupper.
Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P.		"	Edmund Ironside.
Mr. EDMUND YATES .	٠		Henry the Truth.
Mr. Alma Tadema .	•	"	The Flying Dutchman.
Mr. HEALY	•	"	Robert Emmett.
	•	"	Sir Walter Scott.
Baron Grant	٠	"	
Mr. John Hollingshead	•	55	William Shakspeare.
Sir WILLIAM GULL .	•	,,	Dr. Hahnemann.
Sergeant BALLANTINE .		",	Don Juan.
Mr. Alfred Thompson		,,	The Great God Pan-orama.
Captain Morley, M. M.		12	Dogberry.
Major Lyon, M. M		11	Verges.

The Genii of the Ring.

THE sporting fraternity have made a discovery which promises to add a new delight to the excitement of horse-racing. They have found out that during a race on Epsom Downs the police are too few and too powerless to keep the peace, and, acting on this knowledge, they have organised a series of prize-fights. The camp-followers of the Turf have always included all the representative rowdyism of great cities, and now the thimble-riggers, cockshy men, and comic singers are reinforced by what remains of professional pugilism.



CULTURE!

Our (Reg'lar) Dustman (on first Monday in May). "Now, Betsy, vich is it to be, my dear?
— The Hahr-Hay, or the Gruv'nor?!!"

MEMS. FOR THE MILITIA.

Meddle and Muddle Department, H.G., W.O. Gen. Order, 29,432,721.

Now that the Training of the Militia has commenced, it has been considered advisable by the Secretary of State (after consultation with the Obstructor-in-Chief) to explain some of

the changes that are about to be made in that body.

It must be clearly understood that although the Service will shortly lose the time-honoured designation of "Old Constitutional Force," they will under no consideration whatever be permitted to share the rights and privileges of their Comrades in the Line. To effectually emphasise this regulation, they will wear a large "M" on their shoulder-straps, which may be taken to mean "Mutineer," "Muff," or any other title of a similar character that a prolific imagination may suggest. It must further be comprehended that the Militia will not be allowed to make a selection between "M or N, as the case may be," as such an indulgence

would be contrary to the spirit of these provisions.

By a recent general order it will have been observed that certain Regiments of Militia have been ordered to reinforce the Line without the smallest regard to sur-rounding circumstances. Thus the Reserve Men of some Regiments will be sent to Win-heater to get as rifles while their corredchester to act as rifles, while their comrades at Head-Quarters are in London attached to the Guards. This little arrangement is expected to break the monotony of military duty by causing some very amusing con-fusion. Again, in some of these cases the uniform will be scarlet, in some green. In the first instance the Reserve Men will introduce a not unpleasing variety in the appearance of the Corps to which they are affiliated; while in the second, the officers will quickly assume a remarkable resemblance to Bioyclists, Park Keepers, and Commissionnaires.

As it has been represented that the Royal Londoners are believed to enjoy special privileges as successors to the Train Bands, it is not impossible that the Musicians of this regiment will be permitted to travel by Underground when not in uniform at the customary fares. It must be understood, however, that if this concession is made to the battalion in question, the act of grace must not be regarded as a precedent by other and less favoured regiments.

It is not unlikely that the Mess Property of the Militia will ultimately become the Mess Property of the Line. In return for this, no doubt the Militia will be permitted

this, no doubt the Militia will be permitted to share the victories obtained by the Line. These victories will be inscribed on the colours of the Militia—when new colours are issued to the Militia!

Finally, it is quite admitted that by the New Regulations the Militia will lose much of its prestige and most of its traditions, that its Commanders will be put to great expense, and its rank and file to considerable inconvenience. However, the Anthorities feel assured that ample compensation has been afforded to all concerned by allowing the officers to near gold lace! ing the officers to wear gold lace!

By Order, Toby, (Signed) TOBY,
Adjutant General of the Service
Going to the Dogs.

SONG OF THE SENSITIVE ONE.

"Sir Stafford Northcote wrote a polite private letter to Mr. Bradlaugh to explain his public protest."—Parliamentary News.

NAY, think me not morose, unkind,
Revengeful, rabid, rude.
A smart good story I don't mind—
Believe me, I'm no prude.
And though to deal in big big D's
Myself I may be loath,
Pray use them freely, if you please—
But, oh, don't take your Oath! But, oh, don't take your Oath!

Yes, though your language may be strong, Though Gosser you may curse,
May greet him with a comic song,
I'll smile at every verse:
Sit mute while you affirm—declare, Do either, or try both. But like a trooper I shall swear, If you're to take your Oath!

"ACROSS PATAGONIA."

PATAGONIA henceforth to be known as "Dixie's Land," by the kind permission of Lady FLORENCE.

LET US LIVE UP TO IT!"



E.L.S. 'dayited it.

DESIGN FOR AN ÆSTHETIC THEATRICAL POSTER.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

(By the Man who knows how to read there.)

Take my word for it, the dramatic ring in that speech of Lord Elcho's the other night shows what he has been doing. I'll bet ten to one he has got a five-act piece coming out at the Surrey.

Apropos of theatrical matters, if the interchange of characters proves a hit at the Lyceum, the spirited Manager will put up Macbeth, and take a turn with everybody all round. His first venture will be the Armed Head, in which he will be supported by Mr. Booth's Apparition Kings, which I have heard are a creation.

All doubts about the destination of the vacant Garter are dispelled. It goes to the Bey of Tunis, and the insignia will be sent him in paste. He will have permission to wear the ribbon "anyhow he likes." I happen to know that little Lord R. Churchill is "badly disappointed."

Gosser managed to get Bradlaugh to the bar, the other day.

Gosset managed to get Bradlaugh to the bar, the other day, with five ushers. "I'll have fifteen, next time," said the lively Sergeant to Sir R. Carden, who has been giving him lessons in wrestling, "and then we'll see who's afraid." Since Bradlaugh heard this, he has sat under the gallery with a life-preserver.

Mr. Gors's witty onslaught on the "wooden faces" of the Treasury Bench has not been unproductive. He has been entrusted with a commission to furnish designs for all the big heads in the next year's Drury Lane pantomime.

year's Drury Lane pantomime.

The high prices at the Opera have improved the character of the ten-and-sixpenny gallery. The other night I counted no less than five-and-twenty Duchesses in a row in the slips.

REPLIES TO THE BEY.

Russia. If you must get into hot water, come and stay at the Winter Palace. That will wake you up, I promise you.

France. 'Pon honour, the expedition means absolutely nothing. Why not abdicate, and live in the Champs Elysées? Ever heard of Chaumont?

or Chaumont?

Italy. Go it, my pippin! Italy gives you—moral support.

England. Take it quietly. If worst comes to the worst, you may safely count on an engagement at the Aquarium.

Austria. You're a troublesome old savage. Bother you!

Germany. Don't you listen to anybody but me. When the war is over you shall have as much of Africa as you like, Boers and all.

Turkey. Kismet! Send me elevenpence in stamps. Don't cross 'em. That 's the sort of Suzerain I am!

A Free Luncheon-Table.

EDWARD TWENTYMAN, Excise-Officer, is a gentleman who combines the spirit of FOUCHÉ with the tastes of EPICURUS. In order to effect the conviction of T. PHILPOT, of Henry Street, St. John's Wood, for trading without a refreshment-licence, TWENTYMAN consumed one dozen oysters, with bread, beer, &c. For supplying this repast PHILPOT was fined £1 and costs. In future we may expect to hear of champagne-luncheons, turtle-soup, and paté de foies gras. Why stop at oysters? Hundreds of men should follow the example of this TWENTYMAN. of this TWENTYMAN.

SPURIUS SHAKSPEARIUS AT DRURY-O'LANUS.

WHEN, in Great Expectations, Pip and his friend went to see Mr. Wopsle, they expressed their opinion of that great man's Hamlet as being "massive and concrete." So, when in great expectations we went to see Mr. M'CULLOUGH as Virginius, the best description of his performance we can give is, that it is "massive and concrete"—only that for "concrete" we should substitute something more appropriate, and say, "massive with Roman cement." Thank goodness, the Actors, merciful to the public, have shaped this pinchbeck Shaksmeerian drams



to the public, have shaped this pinchbeck Shakspearian drama into a good acting play; have cut it to something like reasonable limits, and, there being weight eaough during the Acts, they give us no "waits" between them. Still, it is faulty. There is exuberance of language where certain is mainly required. where action is mainly required. and not a line to inspire the Actor where action is neither wanted nor suggested. With much against him—the play itself to begin with—Mr. M'CULLOUGH'S performance is dignified and impressive, with-out any old-fashioned gasp-

out any old-fashioned gasping, eye-rolling, grunting and twitching; without the slightest Yankee twang, but occasionally with just the least taste in lightest according to the plays (should they ever be revived) of that eminent classic Irish author, Terence.

He is the best Tragedian we've had over from America as yet.

Mr. Augustus Harris would be the very picture.

nad over from America as yet.
Mr. Augustus Harris would be
the very picture of the gallant
young Roman gentleman, *Icilius*,
were it not that his light Cambridge blue toga, his lavish display of limb, his painfully fascinating smile, his evident anxiety
never to be caught by anybody never to be caught by anybody out of profile, and his perpetual struggle into some graceful posi-tion from which he may start into tion from which he may start into a dance on his own account at the shortest possible notice, are, on the whole, rather suggestive of an overgrown Cupid who has given up his wings as childish, and who has been taking lessons from a Parisian ballet-master.

Mr. HARRIS seems so nervously

Captain Appius Crosstreius. I must possess her!

Comic Client Claudius. All right,
noble Captain, you shall!

consequently spasmo-dic. He will, no doubt, play it admirably when the fact that the Ro-mans did not wear

trousers has ceased to startle him; and his passion will rouse the

sympathies of the au-dience when he has

quite forgotten to copy that Parisian ballet-master so closely as he

does now; when he is able to denote the irrepressible character

conscious of his bare arms, and so surprised at perpetually coming suddenly, as it were, across his own legs with no trousers on, that his attentions to Virginia have the air of being generally apologetic for his appearing in this costume at all, and his assump-tion of earnestness is



"The Virginians." of his energy without stamping his foot petulantly as if he were starting the galop at the end of the Lancers, or urging some tired coryphées to come up in time for a last Terpsichorean effect. Without these slight drawbacks, Mr. Harris's Monsieur Icilius would probably be a fine performance.

we never remember having seen so many sticks on the stage together



we never remember having seen so many sticks on the stage together at any one time, not even at a Drury Lane benefit; and there seemed to be a depth of meaning in that experienced old stager, Mr. Ryder, as Ten-Taters, addressing this crowd of sticks, and telling them how to act. Well, Pater Ten-Taters is the noblest Roman of 'em all. Mr. Barnes is the classic Captain Crosstree to the life, and the villainy of Mr. de Lange, the Comic Client—evidently out of a burlesque with the song and dance omitted—would thrill the audience with horror if it had not just the contrary effect of tickling them amazingly. Miss Cowell, as Virginia, is a quiet, nice little unassuming person, decidedly popular. Mrs. Arthur Stirling, as Servia, has doubtless some high classical authority for her costume, but it seemed to us rather like what one might suppose would be worn by a poor relation of Hambet's mother, when not in mourning, than by a Roman Matron. Her view of the costume for this character Mr. C. Kelly,
Posed Dramatic-Kelly.

rim of a grey trouser (one of a pair probably) was from time to time distinctly visible to the stalls. view of the costume for this character

A Fight for Life—drama in three Acts, by Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terraux, founded on a novel of the same name by Mr. Moy Thomas, has been given at two Gaiety matinées, and achieved a decided success. Mr. C. Kelly capital. See Kelly.

HOW TO GET UP AN EXHIBITION.

Railway Director. Business is very bad indeed. Where the people go to I don't know. Here we have the best train-service in the world, the finest steamboats on the Channel, and yet nobody will come by our line to the Continent. What's to be done I don't

Enterprising Journalist. But I do. Pictures!

R. D. There are more pictures than enough in the place already.

E. J. But not new ones. Think of the hundreds of pictures that must be hung perdus in old farmhouses! Let us get up a Loan Col-

lection, and advertise it as the biggest thing of the century.

R. D. Bless you, my dear boy!

[Suggests luncheon.

ACT II.

Enterprising Journalist. Hi, you there! Double Dutch Farmer. Hi!

Double Dutch Farmer. Hi!

E. J. Vous avez—I mean du hast, you know, some fine pictures.

D. D. F. Rosbif, portare-beer, Transvaal run away.

E. J. But you have the tableaux.

D. D. F. Oh yes, I have plenty tableaux.

E. J. Ah, I see, that is a grand Gerard Dow; that is an unmistakable Rembrand; there is a genuine Jan Steen, and what a superb Holbein! Will you lend them for a collection?

D. D. F. I lend you? I only too glad to get rid of zem altogezer.

[Suagests schnams.]

Suggests schnapps.

ACT TIT.

The Magnificent Loan Collection of Old Masters Now on View. See what the *Traveller* says! See what the *Thunderer* says! See what the Great Art Critic says in these Journals.

Return Tickets at Reduced Rates. ACT IV.

Mr. Punch. Although the "Great Loan Collection of Old Masters" contains the sorriest lot of daubs it has ever been anyone's misfortune to see, there is no reason, now that the Spring is upon us, for anyone declining to visit that cheery, pretty old town, the Hague.

SOLECISMS AND SNOBBERY!

Mr. Tennyson, or any adequate writer of a poem under the super-scription of his famous elegy, deserves a legal remedy against offenders who profane solemn verses by vulgarising monumental words.

N MEMORIAM.—Mrs. SNOBBIER, under Royal Patronage, professed Memoriam Writer for tombs, cards, births, weddings, or complimentary."

icks, Mr. Harris's Monsieur Icilius would probably be a fine per-irmance.

"Memoriam Writer" Faugh!
In the same spirit an Advertising Undertaker prefaces his frequent.
The Roman Mob comes out strong; every man with a stick; indeed puff with "Earth to Earth." Pah! But Pecunia non olet.

OUR GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY:

Or, sometimes, Our Academy Guy'd.



Don'r speak to the man at the wheel—the turn--but walk right in, stileand this being your second

visit, go at once to—
No. 9. "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush. W. F. YEAMES, R.A. Children dancing round a cannon, not a mulberry bush. It evidently ought No. 9.—INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY. to have been entitled "Infantry and Artillery."

For re-christening the picture, note this in Yeames's Diary.



No. 16 .- STOP THIEF! Or the Cheeter Hunt.

ZIMMERMAN.
No. 21. "Of course I can
Dunce a Hornpipe! Ready?
Off!!" Sydney Hodges. Hodges' best. Real spirit.
No. 29. The Genius of the Family. J. B. Burgess, A. First



No. 29.—THE CHRISTY MINSTREL BOY-BURGESS.

melody on the banjo. The infant Moore preparing to be a Christy
Minstrel: painted, of course, by Burgess for
presentation to St. James's Hall.
No. 38. Still Life. A sweetly lemon-colic
picture by M. CALTHROP. We give another

effect, as seen from some distance.
No. 41. Sir Bartlemy Fair. George Reid.

Not Rem's Entire, only three-quarters.

No. 63. A Skullery in the House of the Original Bones. H. SCHMALZ.
No. 70. Rock Ahead. George Smith.

No. 38. Subject, a baby in a cradle.

Civil Oranges. No. 71. Fowl Play. Gaetano Chierici.

One of the best things in the Academy.

No. 97. "Why Give More?" EDWIN LONG, A. Without the formation in the

information in Catalogue, we may take this to represent a dispute about a cabfare, or a car-fare Roman Dapper before a Magistrate. young driver is holding out his hand and saying "Vide hic! Quid sit hoc?" to a youthful Mrs. GIACO-METTI PRODGERS, who positively refuses to give more. The crowd

No. 38. CIVIL ORANGES.



No. 97 .- "WHAT'S THIS ?" Or the Classic Cabman and the Unhappy Fair.

anxiously await the Magistrate's decision.

No. 99. A Boat for Sale; or, Doing him out of His Pocket-Money. M. K. Peto.
No. 100. Two Poor Creatures; Or, Mis-fortunes Never Come Singly. George Clausen. A "knee plus ultra" example of Art. Melancholy scene. The Artist calls it Haverstock Hill. Very sad. A healthy Navvy stands by regarding these two wretched specimens

of humanity. Mr. CLAUSEN should engage them and start a caravan.



He has already got the picture for the outside show.

No. 108. How to Spend a Happy Day; or, Combining Instruction with Amusement. J. C. Horsley, R.A. A happy couple having discovered the subtle point of Mr. E. L. Sambourne's allegorical design about Sir Vernon Hare-caucht's "Ground Game Bill"

HARE-CAUGHT'S "Ground Game Bill" in Punch, are thinking out another humorous idea to send to that journal anonymously. Excellent likenesses—the portrait of Punch being photographically exact. They are evidently very superior people, the Artist's rich colouring denotes their wealth; but is it the custom in that part of the country to wear satin gaiters? Of course, Mr. Horsley will reply that he "sat in gaiters" for his portrait. But this is not a satisfactory argument.

No. 121. Model Cottagers. Joseph Clark. So clean and neat!!
No. 124. "Over the Garden Wall." T. Clark.
No. 182. Swift and Sure to Make a Hit. W. P. Frith, R.A.
This, of Swift and Vanessa, will have a lasting place in the records of English Art. It is more than

e-Vanessa-ent. No. 202. Listeners Never, &c. G. A. STOREY, A. Showing OCTAVIA—LADY BEAUMONT ing or a wakward position in front of a screen, evidently bothered by what the people on the other side of it are saying

about OCTAVIA.
No. 296. "What a Lyre it is!" L. AIMA TADEMA, R.A.
It is Sappho listening to Phaon.



The expression about the Lyre refers, of course, to the instrument. The picture is a little puzzling at a distance, as it seems to represent a first attempt at Photography—Phaon sighting Sappho with the instrument, and perhaps calling the operation Sapphotography. Look closely at the Marble! Marbellous!

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE WHITECHAPEL GOLD MINING COMPANY (LIMITED).-[ADVI.]

THIS is a Company formed to utilise the valuable gold-fields which have existed unworked for centuries in the Great Essex Marshes. It is difficult to account for the want of intelligence and enterprise shown by the population of London, except upon the theory that people generally neglect the opportunities for acquiring wealth which may be found almost under their noses. The development of these fields will employ the surplus labour of the East-End, and thus commend the scheme to the practical philanthropist; while the minute subdivision of the shares enables the smallest capitalist to avail himself of a class of investment only brought, as a rule, within the reach of bankers and millionnaires. The following certificate from M. T. Quarrs, Esq., F.I.G.S., is the best guarantee of the value of this investment: of this investment:

"I have examined the Essex Marshes, and I have no hesitation in saying that large masses of gold are quite as likely to be found in that district as in many others."—M. T. QUARTS, F.I.G.S.

A DISCLAIMER.—[ADVI.]

THE Wormwood Scrubs Gold Mining Company (Limited) beg to give notice that they have no connection with the Essex Marshes Gold Mining Company (Limited).

ANOTHER DISCLAIMER. - [ADVT.]

THE Essex Marshes Gold Mining Company (Limited) beg to give notice that they have no connection with the Salisbury Plain Gold Mining Company (Limited).

ONE MORE DISCLAIMER.-[ADVI.]

THE Salisbury Plain Gold Mining Company (Limited) beg to give notice that they have no longer any connection with gold, but have gone into the Out of Date Tea Business.

CONSCIENCE MONEY .- [ADVI.]

THE Secretary of the Asylum for Idiots begs to acknowledge the receipt of four nuggets—probably containing Australian gold—from the Never-too-late-to-Mend Gold Mining Company, Pumicestone Chambers, E.C.



FAME!

Evans Evans, R.A., the famous Artist, Knight of the Order of Merit in Germany, Officer of the Legion of Honour in France, &c., &c., visits his native place in Wales, and meets his first and only love, who married (alas!) the Village Doctor.

She. "Dear me! To think of our meeting again after so many years! How well I remember you! You used to go in for Painting AND SKETCHING, AND ALL THAT-AND DO YOU GO IN FOR IT STILL?

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

ROBERT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

For the first time in my long perfeshnal experience I found myself on Saturday at the Royal Acaddemy Dinner.

I don't think upon the whole it's a very satisfactry place to dine in, the picturs interferes with the Dinner and the Dinner with the Picturs, so you can't give your whole mind to either. I don't know who was the Arkitec of the buildin, but he must ha' knowed preshus little above the preshus and a state of the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the arkitectory of the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the picture in the satisfactory place to dine in, the picture is the picture in the pictu



the Arktee of the buildin, but he must ha' knowed preshus little about serving of dinners or he wood have made better erangements than he has done for this, of corse, the most important day of the year. By merely giving up one or two of the Galery's as they calls 'em, tho' I'm sure I don't know why, he could have made it a splendid dining place, almost equal to Goldsmiths' All.

It wasn't a bad dinner, nor a bad company, but the guests was mixed.

was mixed.

The one perfeshonal thought that forced itself upon me while performing my umble duties was, how huniwersal is the love of Sparrow Grass! Whether it be among Royal Princes or Royal Academy missions, among Home Ministers or Forren Ministers, among the Dramandattic Professhun or the numerous but not humourous Parsons at the Manshun House, from the Royal Hair Apparent to the Poor Painter, they all loves it. I don't enjoy it so much myself now they're growed such a size and such a colour. I likes my grass green as seems more natural.

As for the spectchis I quite agrees with Mr. Gradstun as there was too many on 'em, but I wunder if he'd a liked to have left out his as a xample? Not he, thinks I. Which his were more like a sirmun than a spectch.

The Chairman seemed a nice sort of Gent, and ain't at all a bad speaker, and with a little more practice might do for the Washupfool Master of the Painters' Company some day, but nine speetchis is what I calls overdoing of it.

of it.

Of course the LORD MARE made the best speech of the evening, but they didn't seem quite to understand it, and kept laughing in the wrong places, but of course they're not quite used to that sort of thing, so their

they're not quite used to that sort of thing, so their ignorense was quite excusable.

And so ended the Royal Academy Banquet, and I'm akshally told it will be quite 12 months afore the poor Painters get such another. For my part give me the Painter as surplies the Tuttle-soup.

Poor fellows! how I pities 'em, it wouldn't at all sute

my City patrons.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

A LAY OF THE PRIVATE VIEW.

THE Grosvenor! the view that's called private,
Yet all the world seems to be there; Each carriage that comes to arrive at The door, makes the populace stare. There's GLADSTONE, severe of demeanour, It's plain that the pictures don't please;
And there, with an aspect serener,
Her Highness the Princess Louise.

The haunt of the very æsthetic, Here come the supremely intense, The long-haired and hyper-poetic Whose sound is mistaken for sense. And many a maiden will mutter, When OSCAR looms large on her sight, "He's quite too consummately utter, As well as too utterly quite.

The dresses! What thinks Mr. GILBERT. Who 's given us some dainty designs, Of folds like the dead leaf or filbert, That fall in such Florentine lines. I trow on the whole that there 's not a Costume that looks better to-day. Than wraps of a warm terra-cotta Two elegant ladies display.

A frock that's the tone of a tartlet, A hat mediævally wide, Must startle our BURDETT-COUTTS-BARTLET, Who's here with his Baroness bride.
But come, we've the pictures to stare on,
And scarcely can see for the throng,
COUTTS-LINDSAY'S remarkable "Charon"— Another good Doné gone wrong!

Here's Whistler paints Miss Alexander, A portrait washed out as by rain; 'Twill raise Ruskin's critical dander, To find James is at it again. The flesh-tints of Watts are quite comic; There's Herkomer's chaos of stones; But where is the great anatomic Improver on Nature, BURNE-JONES?

A Grosvenor without him so strange is, We miss the long chins and knock-knees,
The angel of bronze, who for change is
Tied up to the stiffest of trees:
Limp lads with their belli capelli, Mad maidens with love smitten sore, Oh, shade of defunct Boticelli, BURNE-Jones comes to startle no more!

Bad Eggs.

THE Nihilists at Moscow have been trying to propagate Nihilism by means of manifestoes enclosed in Easter eggs, which, charged with those incendiary contents, they scatter, broadcast, about the streets. Better shells of this kind than bombs charged with physical explosives such as dynamite. Is it by means of these eggs the Nihilists hope to get rid of the yoke?

THE First of May: a Fairy Masque. By WALTER CRANE. A book of rare designs and quaint fancies, all out of his own cranium. A crane was made to give anything a lift, and this particular Crane uses his power to element Art. elevate Art.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



WHEN TRUNK MEETS TRUNK; OR, THE TREE AND THE ELEPHANT.

MONDAY NIGHT, May 2.—The great Crusader RANDOLPH once more mounted his battle-horse, and put lance in rest against those Paynims Bradiaugh and Gladstone. House of Commons great place for developing character. No one would have suspected this deep and humble piety which inspires Randolph. Only shows again how necessary it is to be cautious, and never too hastily to judge a man. The former squires of the modern Crusader hang back a little. Portsmouth and Chatham don't seem so decided on the subject of Oath as Woodstock. But Derry is true to the core, and would have the House close its gates against the Paynim as Derry closed its gates on a historic occasion still annually celebrated by the smashing of many heads. Mr. Charles Lewis speaks for Derry amid enthusiastic applause from Mr. Warton.

Mr. Warton, by the bye, is forming a Party. It is called the Snuff-Box Party, and at present consists solely of Mr. WHITLEY. It is one of the most united and faithful sections in the House. It is one of the most united and faithful sections in the House. Thinks its leader the greatest political luminary of this or any other age. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL all very well in his way. But Mr. WHITLEY does not hold with your noisy chattering men. Give him a man of action who says little besides "Hear! hear!" or "Oh! oh!" but blocks many Bills. A man, moreover, who tempers political life with most excellent snuff. In short, give Mr. WHITLEY Mr. WARTON.

Buisness done.—Debate on Irish Land Bill continued. Parliamentary Oaths Bill brought in.

Tuesday Night.—Mr. WHITLEY'S leader impeached. Desperate

attack on the back bench. The snuff-box stormed. Mr. Monk led the attack, delivering a speech that sounded so like a Bishop's charge that the two Reverend Gentlemen who have seats in the House for the first time in their lives began to feel at home. The attack was made under cover of a Motion to amend the rule which prohibits opposed business being taken after half-past twelve. Mr. Monk highly sarcastic. Avoided direct reference to Mr. Warton, alluding to him as "a gentleman of high position and long experience in the Senate." Mr. Whitley begins to think that, after all, Mr. Monk is not without discernment.

not without discernment.

Mr. Warton acted with the dignity of a great chieftain. He discaled to take part in a debate personal to himself, though when it was mentioned that he had blocked every Bill on the Orders that Mr. BIGGAR had not previously marked for his own, and that on that very day he had thus dealt with thirteen Orders of the Day and four Notices of Motion, the crimson flush of pride suffused his ingenuous countenance, and, burying his head in his snuff-box, he did not emerge for fully a moment.

Mr. WHILLEY says if this sort of thing goes on, the Snuff-Box Party will have to appoint a Whip, like the other parties in the House. He really cannot take on himself the full burden of work which the prodigious activity of his Chief devolves upon him.

which the prodigious activity of his Chief devolves upon him.

Business done.—Mr. Warton charged with misdemeanor.

off by flaw in the indictment.

off by flaw in the indictment.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Mr. BIGGAR has been thinking over the case of the Chief Secretary. Took an opportunity this afternoon of communicating result to deeply interested House. With left thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, right hand extended the better to point the moral, Mr. BIGGAR "suggests" to Mr. FORSTER "the propriety of withdrawing from a position for which he is notor'usly unfit." Just the least tone of regret in Mr. BIGGAR's melodious voice as he mentions this little circumstance. It has plainly wounded him in some past time when it first dawned upon him. But, in the meantime, it has become such a familiar fact, and is, as he says, "so notor'us," that time has partly healed the wound, and Mr. BIGGAR feels that other people, including Mr. FORSTER, will be as callous as himself. By way of hastening Mr. FORSTER, will be as callous as himself. By way of hastening Mr. FORSTER, will be as callous as himself to mind an ourang-outang wigged and gowned, and seated on the bench of the Lord Chief Justice, "that me and my friends will be under the necessity of speaking very plainly about the Right Hon. Gentleman when the resolution of my Hon. friend the Member for Longford comes on."

The House tittered, but Mr. FORSTER did not seem to see any joke. Sitting with his legs stretched out at a perilous angle, his arms tightly folded, and his chin sunk on his chest, he did not seem to know that Mr. BIGGAR was speaking.

Business done.—Welsh Sunday Closing Bill read a Second Time.

Thursday Night.—Sir FREERRICK ROBERTS, seated under the Gal-

Thursday Night.—Sir Frederick Roberts, seated under the Gallery of the House of Commons to-night, caught only a back view of



TWO-AND-HEALY.

Mr. Healt. This was a pity. Few pleasanter sights than to behold the Hon. Member for Wexford with both hands disposed with loose elegance in his trousers' pockets, and his pleasing countenance turned towards the Speaker, the while he snaps forth a few flashes of amiability. It is the proud and honourable boast of the Irish Members that at some period or other they have all been in prison. Mr. HEALY, by severe treatment of his hair, succeeds in conveying the impression that he has only just come out. Also he wears a truculent eyeglass, a matter not worthy of remark, except for the significant fact that people insist upon speculating why he should

do so. In ordinary cases the explanation would be that he can see better with it. In the case of Mr. Healy opinion is divided as to whether he wears it to spite Mr. O'Donnell or to vex Mr.

To-night he flew at higher game. Lord Hartington proposes a vote of thanks to the gallant army of Afghanistan, which Sir Stafford Northcote seconds, and, as it seems, all the House cheers. Grand opportunity this for Mr. Healy to flout the Saxon. Nobody minds him, and Sir Frederick under the Gallery smiles genially

minds him, and Sir Frederick under the Gallery smiles genially upon the back view presented to him.

"What can you expect from a pig but a grunt," Sir Par O'Brien says as he passes out, quoting, I believe, from the pages of Ossian.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson strings a few good jokes on the theme, and Mr. Ashton Dilke, bursting with gratitude for a helping hand given him at election time by his colleague in the representation of Newcastle, has a fling at Mr. Cowen. After this virtuously indignant speech, every one expected to find Mr. Dilke in the Division Lobby with Mr. Healy. But having fired his shot, he ran away.

Business done. - Vote of thanks to Afghanistan Army passed by 304 votes against 20.

Friday Night.—Called in to-night to see how the Lords are getting on. Found them taking their pleasure sadly. At the moment day not done, and gas not lit. A solemn gloom pervaded the Chamber, not to be dissipated by the cheery speech of Lord Dalhousie. Always fancy the young Earl could, an he would, dance a hornpipe with great grace. Whether addressing Commons or Peers, as Member for Liverpool or Earl of Dalhousie, always rests left hand on hip with right foot thrown a little forward, ready to start at the first note of the fiddle.

note of the fiddle.

Lord Granville moving uneasily from end to end of front Opposition Bench. Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON sitting where a greater than he has sat. Lord Salisbury enters and flings himself down at the remote end of the Bench as if Leaderships were naught to him. Lord CRANBROOK flanking the Duke of RICHMOND, with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH between them. The three talk earnestly, doubtless about RANDOLPH, for a proud expression lights up the face of his Grace the father. The only DISRAELI Parliament now possesses, sits at the table in wig and gown, docketing Bills and making entries. Lord SHERBROOK comes in and feels his way through the gloom, his white hair gleaming as he moves along like the oriflamme of HENRY of Navarre.

But the oddest thing is the naughty boy in the corner. Rather a nice plump boy, though his face bears evident traces of weeping, and of the rubbing of knuckles in the corners of eyes. What he has been doing I don't know. But there he sits, on a sort of ottoman, all by himself, outside the range of Benches. He sits on the edge of the ottoman, but only his toes reach the ground, displaying a glimpse of nice white stocking over neatly tied shoe. I suppose he has been playing marbles at work time, or making faces at the Marquis of Salisbury, or chalking things on Lord Granville's back. But whatever be his offence, there he sits, trying to look as if he didn't mind it much.

Lord ROSEBERY tells me it is Lord REDESDALE, Chairman of Committees seated on the Woolsack, and temporarily presiding in the absence of the Lord Chancellor. But Lord Rosebery always was a wag.

FASHIONABLE NURSERY RHYME.

OLD Mother Hubbard Hangs in my cupboard, Very Æsthetic in Tone; What shall I wear When it's threadbare, And the new fashion is gone?

PROFESSIONAL DUELLING.

THE two most renowned fencers of the age have been "having it out" at Vesinet, with the meagre result of "having it in only twice, and superficially. The San-Malato-Pons event has been Homeric in the judgment of Paris. Never was cold steel discussed with greater warmth; when the flat blade of the Italian was rejected, Rentes fell flat; and when the Gaul's triangular pinking-iron seemed first favourite, an international conflagration (what with Tunis, and the rest) appeared imminent. Special reporters followed the fighters to Vesinet, and special editions chronicled the "Result," like a race. The Sicilian took water once, and the Parisian drew blood twice, and then they embraced, and even De Cassagnac breathed peace. Viewed by these lights, the noble art of fence seems vastly superior to the noble art of de-fence, inasmuch as its essential effect is to hurt nobody, not even the people who practise it. hurt nobody, not even the people who practise it.



HER horse, who never in that sort Had handled been before, What thing upon his back had got Did wonder more and more.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed, Some got a nasty fall, And every soul cried out "Police!"— Who did not come at call.

Hear Atlas sing, "To stop this thing, The world asks Mr. P." So when she next did ride abroad, Why, we were there to see.

PHILISTIA DEFIANT.

(A Fragment of the Fiction of the Future.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

In which Æstheticism, assisted by a Teapot, is the cause of a division between friends.

Mrs. Vamp's High-Art boudoir in South Kensington was arranged and arrayed for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was Betsinda Grig-Mrs. Grig, of Clapham Park—"a dear creature," as Mrs. Vamp would often remark, "though a quite too awfully utter Philistine." Philistine.

Philistine."

Mrs. Vamp's bouloir was not a spacious one, but to the æsthetic soul the Intense is the Unconditioned. What Mrs. Vamp's bouloir wanted in compass she made up in crockery, of which she had a large collection, disposed in every unlikely and inappropriate position about the walls thereof. For the Incongruous and the Utter are One! The pick and pride of this collection was for the moment a Teapot, an entirely too precious monstrosity in Blue, a Thing—say rather an Entity or Presence—to doat on by day and dream of by night.

Mrs. Vamp, who had long yearned to divert her friend Betsinda's errant feet from the pathways of Philistia into the pleasaunces of Art's Eleot, had to-day urgently summoned her to inspect this fictile Portent, together with a pair of Japanese idols, a couple of blue-mouldied bronzes, an etching by Brister, a drowsy crayon sketch by Simple Simeon, and a new ballade by Bowdewow. Mrs. Vamp adjusted her rust-tinted tresses against the verdigris-hued wall-paper, twined her scant skirts into right classic contortions, crocked her elbows, cranked her knees, threw the needful expression of hollow aghastness into her eyes, and had then finished her preparations for the reception and conversion of the pretty Philistine her friend even unto the setting forth of two spiritually edible lily-branches, Intensely pallid. Intensely pallid.

Mrs. VAMP reached the Teapot from its dusk retirement, and placed it between the two lily-branches.
"Well, Sara," said Mrs. Grig, with some stoniness, "what is that?"

"Well, Sara," said Mrs. Grie, with some stoniness, "what is that?"
Mrs. Vamp's countenance expressing nothing more definite than a hungry agony of eestatic absorption, Betsind added—

"Is it one of the things they give away at cheap advertising tea warehouses to every purchaser of their superior Souchong at two and eight?"

"No, Betsinda, it is not!" was Mrs. Vamp's murmurously reproachful response.

"Well," said Mrs. Gric, with a short laugh, "it looks remarkably like it, only more cracked."

"Betsinda," Mrs. Vamp returned, with a glare of hollow yearning, "this is the finished fictile incarnation of the Utter. It is the Symbol and quintessence, quite too consummately Too, of what that dear Matthew Arnold sweetly calls 'the eternal and unseizable the mines of Siberia.

Shadow, Beauty.' A Thing to love, to languish over, to clasp and covertly caress, to yearn intimately into, to classically attitudinise around, to gasp and rapturously groan at, to pat, to pet, to paint, to perorate about, to prostrate one's soul before, to hug in silence, to worship in company. In short, as the Supreme Symbol of the Supernal, the uttermost utterance of the unutterable Utter, it is a Thing to Live up to. Oh, my BETSINDA, will you not essay to live up to it?"

During this touching address Mrs. GRIG regarded the Teapot with coldly critical disfavour.

"Well," said she, with drawlingly deliberate accribity, "it's dreadfully cracked, and horribly ugly; if that's what you mean by Unutterably Utter and all the rest of it. And, upon my word, SARA, I think you must indeed be living up—or down—to it, for you seem to get more decidedly cracked and more attendance. seem to get more decidedly cracked and more utterly ugly every

Mrs. Vamp went more deeply, darkly, unbeautifully sea-green, which is the Æsthete's substitute for a flush. For a brief space she seemed to be agonisedly wandering in the spiritual Inane.

Then Mrs. Vamp resumed:

"The Æsthetes, Betsinda—"

"Bother the Æsthetes!" said Betsinda Grig.

Mrs. Vamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation when Mrs. Grig. folding her arms in a manner more surgestive.

tion; when Mrs. Grio, folding her arms in a manner more suggestive of Madame Angot than of High Art, uttered these memorable and tremendous words,—"I don't believe there are any such people!"

Mem. by Scholiast of the period.—But there were! Unlike her celebrated antitype in circumstances somewhat similar, Mrs. Betsind Grig had not hit upon the truth, the Æsthetes not, unhappily, being, like the apocryphal Mrs. Harris, mere creatures of the imagination. It is to be supposed either that Mrs. Grig was driven into desperate denial by the iterated urgencies of Mrs. Vamp, or that she had been reading the Daily Gasometer, a sceptical and superfine journal of the time.

Cross Purposes.

PRINCE LEOPOLD made a most able oration, The subject was Charity Organisation;
The public, one thinks, would have suffered no loss,
Had one had no remarks from the ponderous Cross;
He proposed to enliven their desolate hours To give folks who starve a supply of fresh flow'rs;
'Tis the craze of the day, but our blushes are red,
At this offer of Art and exotics for bread!

A CHOICE OF EVILS.—Between the mines at St. Petersburg and



PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Mrs. Smith. "What have you Gentlemen been plotting down-stairs, that you look so guilty?"

Mr. Smith. "PLOTTING, MY LOVE! POOH! THE FACT IS, WE'VE BEEN HAVING A SERIOUS CHAT ABOUT THE DISGRACEFUL-YES DISGRACEPUL WAY FOREIGN HOTELS ARE-ER-DRAINED, AND ALL THAT; AND (IN THE INTEREST OF OUR FAMILIES AND OTHER ENGLISH FAMILIES WHO GO ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN) JONES, BROWN, ROBINSON, AND—ER—I, HAVE ELECTED OURSELVES INTO A KIND OF SANITARY INSPECTION COMMITTEE, AND HAVE SETTLED TO POP OVER, JUST FOR A WEEK OR TWO, YOU KNOW, AND REPORT UPON SOME OF THE HOTELS AT THE BEST-KNOWN FRENCH WATERING-PLACES, INCLUDING—ER—PARIS. RATHER A RISKY THING TO DO, OF COURSE; BUT WE-ER-LOOK UPON IT IN THE LIGHT OF A DUTY!"

READJUSTMENT OF TAXATION.

A short paragraph in *Punch* a few weeks ago on this subject brought into the office a stream of correspondence. A Liberal Government has a great opportunity of making itself permanently popular by the application of common-sense to taxation, *e.g.*—

graduated scale of taxation on the very speculative incomes of the real "working men;" i.e., Authors, Artists, Composers, and occasionally Barristers. Why should the pay of the Army and Navy be taxed?

Now here is Mr. Herkomer proposing to turn our streets into High Art Galleries. Already we have proposed on extract tax on Pictorial heavily re-

have proposed an extra tax on Pictorial hoardings.
"Willing" to pay it, eh?
Tax Menu-cards and photographs. This last we should call the "Beauty-tax."
Tax all Amateur Theatrical Performances in Public

Tax all Amateur Theatrical Performances in Public or Private. And very heavily all Amateurs, Theatrical or Musical, over the age of twenty-three, by which time they ought either to have become professionals, or have given it up altogether.

Tax all portraits of rich Nobodies-in-particular by eminent Artists; the tax to be paid, of course, by the sitters.

Individual income-taxation should be proportioned according to scale:—A Bachelor "of no profession" should be taxed on the whole amount. A Family Man "of no profession" should be taxed minus a reduction according to the number of his family. A Bachelor "working-man's" income to be taxed according to some fair scale. A Family working-man's income to be taxed according to same scale after allowing a reduction for family.

Finally (best regulation of all), make payment of taxes optional!

THE IRISH QUESTION

In a Nutshell.

Long centuries of idle ways: An ever-growing population, That clings as fast as in old days To acres lacking augmentation Much careless waste on ev'ry hand,
Alike in good and evil season;
Some small neglect by sister-land;
Much passion void of sober reason;
Much want that honest Labour shuns; No manufactures in the city; A plethora of lazy sons; So runs the Irish ditty.

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

Mrs. Jarley has had all the celebrities in the Baker Street Exhibition re-waxinated. In consequence, requests are up everywhere, "Please not to touch the Figures." Corner objected; but he is always having his toes trodden on; and, like the bruised worm, is perpetually turning.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

Mr. Froude's "discretion" has already produced its fruit. His old friend is now known as "The Sage and Onions of Chelsea."

LATEST ELECTION.-Messrs. BRITON RIVIÈRE and W. W. OULESS are Arcades ambo-i.e., Academicians both.

PUNCII, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-MAY 14, 1881.



PARIS AND THE PIPPIN.

(.4N ENTIRELY ORIGINAL L'ERSION OF AN OLD STORY, H'ITH AN UNEXPECTED DÉNOÛMENT.)

TWO STARS; OR, BOOTH TOGETHER.

MONDAY, May 2, was the first night of the Great Theatrical Event; Mr. BOOTH as Othello, with Mr. Inving as Iago. Mr. Booth began fairly—that is, if a gentleman of Othello's complexion can be



Mr. BOOTH and the Fair; or, a Harmony in Black and White.

said to do anything fairly --but after the first scene he was as stagey as ever, in the old-fashioned Macready-Phelps style, power-less, and occasionally ridiculous. His Richelieu was "penny plain," and his Othello is "twopence coloured."

On the other hand, Mr. IRVING has never been seen to greater advantage than Iago. Granting his mannerisms, which are, at all events, his own, and not those of a bygone school, his Iago is a masterpiece. His rearrange-ment of Act IV. Scene 2, however, brings the cha-

racter into prominence rather as a mischievous sprite than as a remorseless Mephistopheles, who, be it remembered, performs much the same office towards Valentine as Iago does to Cassio.

The above-mentioned scene, a Street in Cyprus, was the great



Bustling Comic Scene in Othello-Lyceum Acting Version.

success of the evening, and went with roars. Here Mr. IRVING showed himself not only a great Comedian, but also in his stage management a master of pantomimic business, though we are still doubtful whether the butter-slide, the red-hot poker, and the traditional business of the clown



Raisin de plus; or, the Fox and the Grapes.

and shopkeeper, i.e., when the clown lies down at the threshold of the shop so that the unwary tradesman should first tumble over him and then be whacked when prostrate, might not have been judiciously introduced. But where all was so admirable, such a suggestion may sayour of

hypercriticism.
The fight between Roderigo and Cassio was capital; and when Roderigo was wounded, and Iago, darting out from his private door unperceived, dealt Cassio a nasty one in that part of his person which at the moment was turned towards him, and then craftily disappeared, while Cassio was trying to find out where on earth the attack came from—

that nothing more intensely humorous had ever been seen on any boards. Then, when *Iago* came out using very strong but Shakspearian language about the thieves, and kept up the Corsican Brother idea by running *Roderigo* through the body and drawing out his sword slowly, and with great gusto, as if he were *Fabian* finishing

sword slowly, and with great gusto, as if he were Fabian finishing Château Renaud, the audience roared again, and was fairly thankful when the Curtain descended on this exhaustingly comic scene.

Mr. IRVING, as Iago, is as full of "business" as his actingmanager and box-office keeper together, and the reckless way in which he eats pounds of rare hot-house grapes, and chucks the precious pips at the Prompter, gives the audience some idea of the financial success of the Lyceum under his management.

As to the cast of the piece, *Emilia* ought to be younger than *Iago*, and of a certain showy style of beauty. For, after all, is she not the one motive of the entire play? Is not *Iago's* hatred of the Moor on her account? Is it

not on her account too that he not on her account too that he hates Cassio? And has not SHAK-SPEARE himself—who, at all events, knew something of character—given us *Æmilia's* character in that explanatory scene so carefully omitted in the "acting versions"? and has he not clearly shown that Iago was not so very far out in his suspicions of his wife's fidelity?

The Bianca Scene—revived by FEGHTER at the Princess's—is omitted, and consequently the motive for killing Desdemona seems

inadequate.

Mr. MEAD's Brabantio was excellent. Mr. TERRISS gay and gallant as Cassio, but disappointing in the drunken scene. Mr. PINERO as the "foolish gentleman" Roderigo, must have suffered much, and have been bruised all over, as Mr. IRVING seemed to be unable

Desdemona irritating her husband by posing as a model for "The Infant Samuel."

to resist an unaccountable temptation to give him strong back-handers on the chest, and startlers on the back, whenever he was addressing him.

Miss Ellen Terry's Desdemona was graceful, but the "acting version" does not permit sufficient of her to be seen for an audience to grow so fond of her as to shed tears over her sad end behind those private-theatrical bed-curtains.

The House was enthusiastic for Mr. Booth-specially at first-and for Mr. Invine throughout. Mr. Invine's Iago was a real triumph, and on the whole it was a memorable evening in our theatrical annals. But the more we see of SHAKSPEARE'S works the more firmly we are convinced that while as a dramatic poet he was immeasurably superior to any one living or dead-Alfred of The Cup and Falcon included—there was just one thing he could not do, and that was—write a tolerable play for a nineteenth century audience.

REASONS AGAINST THE PROPOSED MONUMENT.

(By an Out-and-Out Radical M.P.)

Because, of course, I feel bound to object to anybody who raises himself by brains and ability alone.
 Because I belong to the "High Moral Standpoint" Party.

3. Because personally I have never been able to get through one of his Lordship's novels.

4. Because, while THACKERAY, THIRLWAIL, and GROTE have their Monuments in the Abbey, a man who has been twice Prime Minister of England is too obscure to share the same honour.

5. Because Convictions are quite irreconcileable with Courtesy, and neither Generosity nor Chivalry come "within the sphere of Practical Politics."

6. Because Pitt's monument was objected to by Fox.

7. Because, except when I choose to act independently, I am a devoted follower of Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. GLADSTONE—well, lost

-A Principality of Consonants where the natives entertain a strong objection to having vowels in their mouths at any time, and the delight of the audience now evince a stronger objection to liquids—on Sunday. Nothing but knew no bounds; and finally, when on Iago being summoned by the watch, the upper part of Mr. Invince unexpectedly appeared at a side window in the costume of a Corsican Brother's Chost, it was unanimously declared that the climax of real fun had been attained, and up as a Motto "Lek dien"—Sundays excepted."

RACEY.

1. Why are backers so invariably courageous during the Craven Week?

2. Who was Rowley, and why did he have a mile? What English king was known as Old Rowley?

3. Who planted the Bushes, and how many "plants" have the Bushes seen?

4. Give your reasons for always calling trainers and jockeys whom you have never seen by their Christian names, and boasting of your intimacy with them.

5. From what song are the following lines taken :-

" A long long pull,
And a strong strong pull!"? State to which owners they are most applicable.

6. (a) Give a short biography of Thebais. (b) In what part of the world is the Golden Plover found? (c) Write a resume on the Tunis question. (d) Is Iroquois the name of a tell to the place, a river, or a man?
(e) Hum as many tunes as you can from Robert the Devil.
7. Which, in your opinion, it has river the place of t

is the safer course of action, to take a return ticket to Newmarket or not?

"WHERE was Moses when the light went out"? Why, if on Ludgate Hill when the Electric Light extinguished itself more like a rushlight than a Brush-Light, poor little Moses was nowhere.

A REAL " EDITION DE LUXE." —A perfectly clear and readily intelligible edition of Bradshare.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 31.



MR. SIMS REEVES.

"Then farewell my trim-built tenor. Oratorio SIMS, farewell!" The Waterman.

A NEW GAME.

A GAME so simple that it may be played by children or idiots has just been invented. It is called "Badgering BRIGHT." You get a sheet of note-paper, a pen, some ink, an envelope, and a penny stamp. On the sheet of paper you write a question connected with Free Trade, taking care that the question is one that has an obvious answer. For example, you ask if it is better to maintain a protective tariff for the benefit of three thousand people who produce an article of food, than to abolish that tariff for the benefit of forty millions of people who buy and consume that article of food. Having written this question in plain handwriting, you send it to the Right Hon. John Briehr, M.P., and ask for an answer. You know beforehand what the answer will be, but the the answer will be, but the sport arises in betting on the length and politeness of the reply. Now that bull-baiting and badger-drawing are made illegal, this is an amusement that may be safely recommended as a substitute, especially for wet days in country-houses where there is no billiard-table.

BURLINGTON HOUSE ETI-QUETTE. — On entering the Academy, after ascending the stairs, you are not compelled to make a bow to the gatekeepers, but you must give a bob. This is the least civility that anyone can pay to the two wicket-keepers, who are not permitted to stir their stumps the entire day.

AN ACADEMICAL DIALOGUE

Overheard near Mr. Alma-Tadema's Picture of "Sappho."

Critical Lady (after examining it closely, to eminently critical and wise-looking youngish Gentleman). Charming, isn't it? (Wise youth purses up his lips, and nods solemnly, as if not wishing to commit himself by entire and unreserved assent.) Let me see—um—which is Sappho?

which is SAPPHO?

Wise Young Judge (looking wiser than ever, and conscious of an audience). SAPPHO? Oh—the—the—(hesitates)—why—(vaguely, and without pointing)—that one.

Critical Lady. Which? The man?

Wise Young Judge (very cleverly pretending to be suddenly short-sighted). Oh, is that a man? I didn't see exactly—

Critical Lady a triffe shaken in her helief in the Wise Youth and

Critical Lady a trifle shaken in her belief in the Wise Youth, and also in Alma-Tadema as an Artist). Ah—yes—it is a man, I think. But—(suddenly struck by an original idea)—was Sappeo a man or a

woman?
Wise Young Judge (cornered). Well—(painfully conscious of utter ignorance on the point, and aware at the same time of an audience hanging on his lips for instruction, tries to turn it off playfully, and says, smiling)—Ah—was Sappho a he or a she?
Critical Lady (not to be put off). Which is it? He or she?
Wise Young Judge (driven to bay, gives one despairing glance at the Catalogue, but obtaining no inspiration from that, says, with a cheerful assumption of honesty, as if unable to account for an odd ship of the memory). Well—really—I forget what Sapphon was.
(Audience, disappointed, breaks up and leaves, when he is suddenly struck by a happy thought.) Oh, of course—she was one of the Three Muses.
Critical Lady (quite happy now).

Yes—don't you recollect?—the Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece—where Burning Sappho—(hesitates)—where Burning Sappho—(forgets the rest, and finishes airily)—did something or other—wept and

gets the rest, and finishes array, sung, or something of that sort.

Critical Lady (with suddenly revived belief in the Wise Young Judge). Oh, yes, I remember perfectly. How stupid to forget!

[They pass on to other pictures.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE "FREE LIST."

In one of the earlier folios (we forget which, but probably Mr. FUENIVALL knows) the following passage occurs, showing that the great Dramatist, who was Actor, Author, and Manager, was occasionally pestered for free admissions, and that the "free list" in those days was just as melancholy, dissatisfied, and ill-dressed as it is at present.

"'Tis not alone our scarlet cloak, good Mother, "Its not alone our scarlet cloak, good Mother,
Nor rusty evening suits of dingy black,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That may denote us truly. These indeed seem
The husks and actions of the fools who pay;
But we have that within* which passeth show, †
Spite of our trappings and our suits of woe."

* Query—"Within our hands."
† Query—"Shows"—meaning that their Orders passed two to the Boxes.

ree Muses.

Free Sale and Purchase.—The Irish Land Bill comprises a critical Lady (quite happy now). Oh, of course!

Scheme for enabling Tenant Farmers to buy their holdings. This Wise Young Judge (raising his voice, as if to recall the audience).



GROUND FOR OBJECTION.

"ME BUY THE PROPERTY, SORR? ME BE A LANDLORD AND BE SHOT IN THE BACK! SHURE THERE 'S TO BE NO MORE LANDLORDS! -WE 'RE ALL GOIN' TO BE TINNANTS!

LONDON VERSUS MONACO.

(A Legend of the City-purely imaginary.)

"THERE is but one thing to be done," said the Stockbroker decisively. "Your Lordship must leave London for Nice—the Justice—

Room of the Mansion House for the Casino of Monte Carlo.

The LORD MAYOR shuddered, and

turned pale.

"But how will the City get on without my hospitality?" he murmured.

"Scores of Common-Councilmen will languish, deprived of the Lord Mayor's

tea. They love to revel upon muffins and buttered toast."

"True," said a short, dapper-looking man in a red opera-hat. "Still, you

man in a red opera-hat. Still, you have a duty to perform, and you must not shirk it. I tell you, my Lord MAYOR, that unless you go yourself to Monaco, the curse of gambling will attach for ever to that lovely spot. Presiding

for ever to that lovely spot. Presiding at public meetings and receiving petitions is not enough. As a book-maker attending every race-meeting in England and elsewhere, I assure you there is but one course to pursue. Go; and three to one you put down the tables in less than two-twos!"

"Done with you—in ponies!" cried the Stockbroker.

"Well, Gentlemen," replied the Lonn Mayor, "be it as you will. This evening I leave for the Continent."

"You take with you the best wishes of two earnest men," said the Stockbroker and Betting-man, dropping on their knees. "The scandal is unbearable! Fortunately, England is free from all sorts of gambling."

of gambling."

They left, and in the evening the night-mail steamer from Dover to Calais carried across a gentleman bearing a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Toole. It was the LORD MAYOR!

A week had passed, and yet nothing had been heard of the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. It was known that he had reached Monaco safely, and it was whispered that he attended the

gambling-saloons regularly.

"With all the arguments at his fingers' ends, he must convert them," said the Stockbroker. "All honour to the Lord Mayor for undertaking such a mission!"

The Betting-man agreed with him, and then the two friends talked of the chances of the favourite winning the Derby, and that possibility of a further rise in Mexicans New. As they conversed to-gether a letter was brought them bearing the Nice postmark. In a moment they had mastered its contents. The LORD MAYOR was making his way—he had already seen the tables at all times, and was well known to many of the *croupiers*. He hoped soon to abolish gambling in all its branches.

"This is as it should be!" cried the Stockbroker, enthusias-

The words were scarcely uttered ere a footman hurriedly entered the room, bearing a Telegraphic Despatch upon a massive gold

"What is this!" cried the Stockbroker, as he read the pink paper. "All is lost! Our last hope is gone!"
"Hum!" said the Bookmaker, looking at the telegram. "Let us

Lord Mayor, Monaco, to Secretary, Anti-Gambling Association, London.

"Have found out infallible system. Lost all I had with me putting on the pot. together!" Must win next time. Send all the money you can scrape

"Horror!" exclaimed the Stockbroker, "he has fallen a victim to the plague he went to cure."
"This comes of leaving the pure moral atmosphere of the immaculate City of London, because there is nothing to reform over here! We might have expected it!"
And shaking their heads sorrowfully, the two men of business departed—one to Capel Court and the other to Epsom—to carry on their usual very innocent avocations!



SIR G. M. GOES IN FOR CULTURE.

"LOOK 'ERE, CLARKE. 'APPY THOUGHT! I'LL MAKE THIS LITTLE ROOM THE LIBERY, YOU KNOW; 'AVE A LOT O' BOOKS. MIND YOU ORDER ME SOME."

"YES, SIR GORGIUS. WHAT SORT OF BOOKS SHALL I ORDER?" "OH, THE BEST, OF COURSE, WITH BINDING AND ALL THAT TO MATCH!"

"YES, SIR GORGIUS. HOW MANY SHALL I ORDER ?"

"Well-let me see-suppose we say a couple o' 'undred YARDS OF 'EM. HAY ? THAT 'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT, I THINK!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 3.

In the City-before Alderman Goodfellow.

Present—The Alderman, Clerk, Usher, School-Board Officer, Police Officers, &c.

Usher. Call MARY SMITH. She comes forward. The Clerk. You are summoned, Mrs. Smith, for not sending your son Thomas to school. What have you to say?

Mary Smith. I've just to say, Sir, that the boy is over thirteen year old, and has had book larnin enough, and is now at his work

year out, and has had book a week.

Alderman. Is the defendant a widow?

School-Board Officer. Yes, Sir; she has three children besides this boy Thomas, who, as she says, is regularly at work?

Alderman. And that is his offence? And is he earning nine

shillings a week?

School-Board Officer. Yes, so his master tells me.

Alderman. And you prosecute the mother of this boy because he is earning his own bread?

School-Board Officer. Your Worship is aware that the Act of Parliament makes no exceptions. The boy must attend school until he is fourteen.

Alderman. MARY SMITH, you have three other children, and this

Mary Smith. Yes, Sir; and a better boy there isn't in the parish; brings his nine shillin to me every Saturday reglar. Your Worship, nine bob a week mayn't be much to the like o'you; but take it from us, and you may just send us to the workus at once.

Alderman. You say if we send your boy to school, we must send

Alderman. You say if we send your boy to school, we must send you to the workhouse?

Mary Smith. That's just it, your Honor. It's hard livin as it is wi' the nine shillin that Tom brings in, but without it we'd starve.

Alderman (to School-Board Officer). It seems a hard case.

School-Board Officer. The Board, your Worship, has no option in the matter. The boy has not passed the standard prescribed by the Act of Parliament.

Act of Parliament.

Alderman. Is the boy's employer here?

[The Master of the Boy comes forward.

Master. Your Honor, he has been with me for over three months.

A steady boy, writes a good hand and very good at accounts.

School-Board Officer. Not passed the fourth standard.

Alderman. That may be law, but it ain't common sense. I was earning money myself before I was fourteen, and I ain't ashamed to

own it. I have no doubt that what the woman says is true, that her own it. I have no doubt that what the woman says is true, that her boy's earnings are the chief part of her income, and you ask me to take it from her, not because he is not up in the three R.'s, but, I suppose, because he can't tell the meaning of the three J.'s, or some equally good reason. In any case, I don't feel justified in depriving this poor family of their daily bread; and whatever be the consequence, I shall dismiss the summons.

School-Board Officer. Your Worship will grant a case for the opinion of a Superior Court?

Alderman (aside to Clerk). Superior Court! What does the fellow mean?

mean P

Mean?

Clerk. He has a right to appeal.

Alderman. So be it. More law, more expense; and all for the sake of sending this poor woman to the workhouse, and thus imposing a double tax on the rate-payers. First the cost of the appeal, and then the cost of maintaining her if it succeeds. What is the next

THE WAY WE TALK NOW.

(From the Coming Conversation Book.)

"With the introduction of the Electrophone, distance will disappear, the intermediary will vanish, and, at one stroke, every method of communication be revolutionised."—Scientific Gossip.

REALLY, the first act of this new piece at the Français has gone capitally; and, here in Pimlico, in my shirt sleeves, sipping milk and soda, with my feet on the mantelpiece, I am enjoying it immensely.

The arrangement by which the whole 652 Members of the House of Commons can now sit in the midst of their respective constituents, and all talk at once, seems to me quite admirable.

My Serious Aunt is certainly right. It is foolish of me to have touched the wrong stop, and have turned on a *matinée* at the King's Cross Theatre instead of the Cathedral Service!

As the sermon has now commenced, will you oblige me with a cork?

It is most delightful to hear Mr. IRVING'S speeches as Synorix issuing from the teapot when I choose to open the lid. Yet I miss his wig.

Will you just give a hint to the PREMIER that it is not the sound of feeding-time at the "Zoo" that he is listening to with such a pleasing smile, but a personal communication from the Emperor of CHINA on the subject of international pomade.

The page's waggish "I see you!" shouted into the Solicitor's receiver, has, I find, been charged to me on seventeen separate occasions at six-and-eightpence.

I wish I had not made that proposal to elope with EURYANTHE, to her fire-eating uncle in the Dragoons.

Good gracious! That must be the voice of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL! Turn off the current, and say I'm at Kamschatka.

Uncharitable Opposition.

The motion for a public statue to the late Lord Beaconsfield is being opposed in the House of Commons. This, to say the least of it, shows a want of charity. There are dead Ministers whose work spread over a period of forty years has left so many substantial monuments in the shape of beneficial legislation, that they require no stone effigy to keep their memory green. With every respect for the unexceptionally brilliant career of the late statesman, we can hardly think that he stands in this position. Let him have a statue



FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION.

Collapse of Postlethwaite, Maudle, and Mrs. Cimabue Brown, on reading in a widely-circulated Contemporary Journal that they only exist in Mr. Punch'sTHEY HAD FONDLY FLATTERED THEMSELVES THAT UNIVERSAL FAME VIVID IMAGINATION. WAS THEIRS AT LAST.

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 4.

In the City-before Alderman Buncombe.

Present-Clerk, Usher, Police School-Board Officer, Solicitors, &c. A Woman is Standing at the Bar.

Alderman Buncombe. Who is this Woman? School-Board Officer. Her name, your Worship, is JANE JONES, and she has been summoned for not sending her son JOHN JONES, aged ten years, to school in terms of the Act of Parliament.

Alderman. And if not, why not? The Hact is a hexcellent one, and 'eaps of money have been spent on it. I've always gone in for eddication, and so long as I 'old this hoffice I'll see that the Hact is obeyed.

A Solicitor rises in Court and addresses the Magistrate.

Solicitor. Please your Worship, I have been requested by a lady client of mine to appear on behalf of this poor woman. But permit me, with all respect, to say that I agree entirely with the opinion your Worship has so eloquently expressed as to the advantages of education, and of which your Worship is so excellent an example (here the worthy Alderman draws himself up with much dignity); and I may say at once, without circumlocution—

Alderman. Ain't that rather a long word?

Solicitor. I admit it, and apologise accordingly, as I well know the value of your Worship's time. I may further say at once that Jane Jones admits her boy has of late been'somewhat irregular in his attendance at school.

Alderman. She pleads guilty don't she?

Alderman. She pleads guilty, don't she?

Solicitor. Far from it, your Worship, she has, I submit, a good answer to the summons.

The fact is, her boy, being enticed by other boys—and boys, your Worship, will be boys—occasionally plays truant.

Alderman (chuckling). Lor! I've done so many a time myself!

Solicitor. And so have I, and so have all of us in our time. And would it not have been intolerable, your Worship, if your respected mother, or my mother, or anybody else's slender compliment was denied to him.

mother, had been dragged into a policecourt, because you, or I, or anyone else had preferred a game of cricket to school? That, your Worship will admit, would have been a hard case, but the case of this poor woman is infinitely harder. She is a laundress, and out at her work all day long. She sends the boy to school every morning, and pays his school fees. I con-fidently submit, therefore, that she has done her duty and obeyed the law.

School-Board Officer. The boy attends very irregularly, your Honour—stays away sometimes whole days. I believe what the gentleman says, that it is not his mother's fault.

Solicitor. Then I ask your Worship upon what principle of law or reason you can punish one person for the offence of another? If A. commits a murder, can you charge B. with the crime?

Alderman. Well, it ain't a question of A. or B., but of A B.C. (Loud laughter in A. or B., but of A B C. (Loud laughter in Court, in which the worthy Alderman joins.) What does the lor say on this 'ere point? (Addressing the Clerk.)

Clerk. The Act, your Worship, clearly makes the parent responsible for the child's attendance in all cases.

Solicitor. But the law could never mean that this poor woman should remain all day at school watching her boy while he is being taught.

Alderman. You mean for to say that she would starve while he 's being a-crammed! (Loud laughter in Court, in which the

worthy Alderman again joins.)
Solicitor. Ha! ha! Your Worship has stated my argument much better than I could myself. But to be serious—if this poor woman is kept dancing attendance on her boy all day, she must neglect her work

Alderman. That is all very well, but you see we don't make the lor, do we? (Addressing the Clerk, the latter shakes his head.) If we did make the lor, I think we could turn out better work than some folks I know. (Some one in the crowd laughs aloud.) Usher, turn that man out, and I've a great mind to fine him for contempt of Court! Imperence! (Addressing the Defendant, he continues.) Now we've 'eard all that can be said for you, but I'm bound to tell you that it amounts to nothink. The lor must be obeyed. We 'ave no hoption in this 'ere matter. You must pay a fine of ten shillings.

Clerk. Five shillings, your Worship, is the maximum fine under the Act.

Alderman. JANE JONES, you must pay a fine of five shillings.

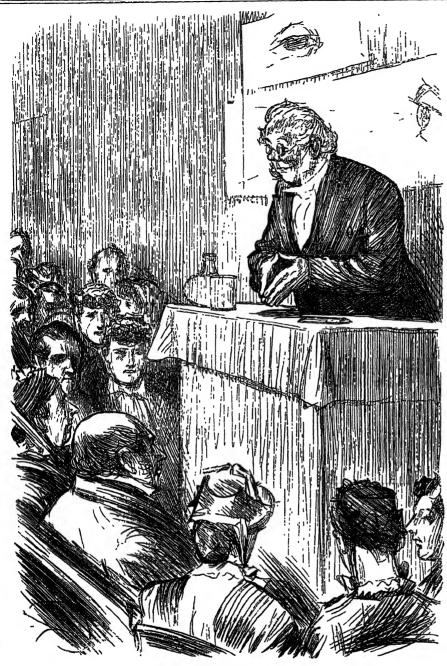
Jane Jones. Your Worship, I haven't five shillings in the world.

School-Board Officer. I must apply for distress-warrant in this case.

Alderman. Very good. Now then, look sharp! Call on the next case.

A Forcible Reply.

THE Great Conservative Deadlock Party say the country is being ruined by what they are pleased to call the "Revolu-tionary Party." The country replies in the most unmistakeable manner by sending up Consols to 102½—the highest figure reached during the present century. Consols are peculiar, almost to the verge of rudeness. When Lord PALMERSTON died, they went down two-and-sixpence; and when Lord Beaconsfield died, even this



"OPTICS."

Lecturer. "Now let anyone gaze steadfastly on any Object-say, for instance, HIS WIFE'S EYE-AND HE 'LL SEE HIMSELF LOOKING SO EXCEEDINGLY SMALL, THAT-Strong-minded Lady (in Front Row). "HEAR! HEAR! HEAR!"

"CHARITY" COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS!

(A Fragment from the Diary of our paid Philanthropist.)

His appearance moved me strangely. He had a pale cheek, a bloodshot eye, an air of chronic depression. And yet he had evidently moved in the best society, had fared upon the choicest viands of the pastrycook's art. I continued our conversation.

"You have met the Duke of Loamshire?" I suggested.

"Frequently," he replied. "In fact, we are always dining together. You must know him—little man, with Jewish nose, who stutters fearfully."

"No," I admitted humbly; "I confess I have not the honour of his Grace's acquaintance. And I think you said that you had come across Mr. Cabiner Sear, a distinguished Member of the last Government?"

"Certainly. He bothers me hy elevers cetting many the which of Grace." I. I.

'Certainly. He bothers me by always getting upon the subject of figures. I do so has killed him!

wish he would try to forget that he once was CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER."

"And," I continued, in a tone of awe, "I believe you said that you had dined with His Royal Highness the—"

"On more than one occasion," he interrupted. Then he continued carelessly, but yet with a tone of some little pride, "Yes, His Royal Highness certainly has a very good audience when I am dining with him. I laugh at all his jokes, and 'Hear! hear!' all his statements." all his statements.

It could not help wondering how such a man could be on terms of such easy familiarity with so illustrious a personage. Perhaps my ears had deceived me. I would

test them.
"You said, I think, that your name was Snooks?"

"Quite right," he replied—"Snooks of Battersea, tallow-chandler and philanthro-

pist."
"And—pardon me—knowing all these grand people—Princes of the Blood, Statesmen, and distinguished Men of Letters—

men, and distinguished Men of Letters—you are not happy?"

"No," he said, mournfully, "they bore me out of my life, but I have grown so accustomed to them that I can't leave them off. But it's killing me—it's killing me!"

"What's killing you?"

"The watery soun the uncooked selvery

"The watery soup, the uncooked salmon, the tepid entrées, the undrinkable Cham-

pagne."

"Why not partake of simpler fare?"

asked in a tone of consolation, as I saw
that he was very deeply moved.

"I must do as they do," he replied with
a sigh. "And yet it must be very bad for
both of us."

I did not quite understand him, and told

"It will tell upon the Prince in the long run," he exclaimed, excitedly; "and I am sure it will kill the Duke. Why, he looks

as ill as I do!"
I waited for more.
"And the hour too "And the hour too! Fancy dining at six or half-past six o'clock! But that reminds me, it is time that I should be off to dress! Farewell!"

I could not let him leave me so abruptly. He had thoroughly excited my curiosity. Besides, I had a duty to perform—to investigate mysteries for the benefit of

investigate mysteries for the benefit of humanity.

"Stay!" I said firmly, but not unkindly,
"I must speak plainly. You are plebeian by birth, education, and employment. You do not possess any charm of manner or conversation. And yet you are constantly meeting the cherished members of the highest society!"

"But I pay for it!" he gried. "Oh the

"Never!" I cried, fiercely, "until I know your secret! Snooks—plebeian Snooks!— "Look at my wasted figure, my careworn face, my weary expression! Is not your question answered?" And he sighed heavily. "No!"! replied, sternly. And then I repeated, "How do you manage this?"

"Look at my wasted figure, my careworn face, my weary expression! Is not your question answered?" And he sighed heavily. "No!" I replied, sternly. And then I repeated, "How do you manage to meet these illustrious men?"

"By feeding every night of my life at a guinea charitable dinner!" And he sobbed like a child!

"Alas! unhappy one!" I exclaimed with a burst of indescribable emotion, as the Doomed One drove away in a hansom.

I have never seen him since! I can only

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"A FRIGHTFUL STATE OF THINGS!" (See Royal Academy Cutalogue, No. 71).

MONDAY Night, May 9.—Mr. GLADSTONE having by strategic retreat avoided the shock of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT'S attack on retreat avoided the snock of Mr. ASHMEAD DARLIETTS attent on Friday night, and having on more than one recent occasion shown himself rebellious under the control of Mr. WARTON, Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINOK determined to take him in hand. Right Hon. Gentleman arrived about midnight, having escaped the wearisome details of Irish Land Bill. Crossed the floor with that stately deliberate step Prophics to him Carafully dressed for the occasion. Artfully peculiar to him. Carefully dressed for the occasion. Artfully rumpled his hair, disarranged his shirt-front, got his white necktie a little awry, and generally presented the appearance of Tony Lumpkin after dining in unaccustomed garb at the Squire's. All this pure art, designed to throw Mr. GLADSTONE off his guard. Lure him into indiscretion under the impression that he has no one more terrible to deal with than Tony Lumpkin.

C. B. will not take the seat on the front Opposition Bench to which he is entitled as having held high judicial-military office under the Crown. He will not accept any extraneous aid derivable from position. Takes up place below the Gangway, and thence, with terrible eye fixed on the Premier, proceeds to indict him for having inight, did not come off. It was a pity, since I am told Mr. Newde-

continuous Morning Sittings. Never heard of such a thing before Morning Sittings never commence till the end of May or the beginning of June. The PREMIER, meeting art with art, pretends to be Morning Sittings never commence till the end or may or the beginning of June. The Premier, meeting art with art, pretends to be writing whilst C. B., his words tripping up each other in their haste to be out, fulminates in this manner. Also, the Premier smiles softly to himself, as if he knew of a joke somewhere. C. B. sits down, apparently in the middle of a sentence, and then the hardened Premier rises, and with wreathed smiles and graceful inclination of his head towards the ex-Judge-Advocate-General, he points out how, through successive years of the Administration of which the Right Hon. Gentleman was so distinguished and important a member, there were Morning Sittings in April, and even in March. C. B. there were Morning Sittings in April, and even in March. C. B. thinks there is a mistake somewhere, and with the same firm tread, straight as an arrow from the bow, he makes for the doorway, and

GATE intended to join in. He has been practising the step for some time, and had a little "business" with the red pocket-handkerchief which was calculated to bring down the House. Easy to imagine how which was calculated to oring down the House. Hasy to magnet me great an improvement this would have been on the original performance. Captain Gosser and Mr. Bradlaugh would probably have been partners, as they have had a good deal of practice, and know each other's step. Mr. Newdegate could have faced Mr. Bead-LAUGH; and those who have seen him bowing to the Chair can



ROMANCE Here's Mister DILLON. As Pris'ner of Chillon.

REALITY. And here's Mister DILLON. A smokin' an' swillun'.

easily picture the stately grace with which he would have conducted

AND

himself, and can call up some faint adumbration of the grace of the red pocket-handkerchief waving to the slow motion of the dance.

Mr. Bradlaugh, who owes Mr. Newdegate a grudge in respect of some action in a Court of Law, spoiled the sport by showing himself as meek as a calf. Came up in the ordinary style to the table, which with us answers the part of the footlights in other theatres. The Speaker gave the signal for the minuet. Captain Gosset advanced in the usual style, claimed his partner as before; Mr. Bradlaugh retired backward to the Bar. Then he should, according to directions followed on last occasion, have broken away from his partner, and coyly tripped forward to the footlights. Then Mr. Newdegate would have stepped forward from the wings, and the thing would have gone all right. But Mr. Bradlaugh stood in depressed attitude at the Bar, and in plaintive voice protested against mankind. After this he was walked off. Tremendous clamour; people demanding their money back; House suddenly shut up, and by nine o'clock all the lights out. Business done.—Mr. Bradlaugh expelled, House adjourned at ten minutes to nine. self as meek as a calf. Came up in the ordinary style to the table.

minutes to nine.

Wednesday Afternoon.—RANDOLPH sometimes vexes the House, which has an old-fashioned hankering after the tempering of youth



See Saw-lisbury; or, the "Use of Sarum."

with modesty. But to-day this feeling vanished in an access of sympathy. RANDOLPH has lost his Little Bill. He died this afternoon quietly and without a struggle, insensible, it is to be hoped, to the jibe which that Parliamentary sapeur, the sitting Member for Northampton, flung across its death cradle. The Little Bill never was a healthy child and immediately effect his interest with the sitting member of the second control of the sec

recovered. When Mr. Gorst thus unnaturally spurned and forsook him, RANDOLPH took him up, and has nursed him gently for many months. But he was hopeless from the first. Perhaps he was a little overweighted at the font. No infant, save of exceptionally strong constitution, could survive such a name as he was fondly dowered with. Perhaps RANDOLPH is more capable of assisting in the massacre of other people's innocents than in the rearing of his own. However it be, the little one died this afternoon, and the House observed with respectful sympathy the parental anguish.

Frail offspring of concentrate thought, Called hence by early doom; Came but to show how weak a flower In such strong soil might bloom.

Business done.—Lord RANDOLPH, after debate, withdraws the Recovery of Small Debts (Limitation of Actions) Bill.

Recovery of Small Debts (Limitation of Actions) Bill.

Thursday Night.—Another sleepy night with the Irish Land Bill.

Mr. Shaw justified Lord Eloho's one good thing in an hour's speech.

He is, as my Lord said, among Irish Members the three S's—Sober,
Sensible Shaw. A fresh and welcome contribution from Ireland in

Mr. Macnaghten. The Member for Antrim has the peculiar facial
quality noted by Mr. Gorst (under correction from the Premier) in
another Ulsterman, Mr. Law. He is essentially "wooden-faced."

But this adds greatly to the salt of his humour. He says odd things
in a dry voice and with expressionless face. His jokes have about
them the quality of surprise which would be occasioned by a few sententious remarks from one of the stone figure-heads carved about tentious remarks from one of the stone figure-heads carved about Westminster.

A Gentleman speaking from behind the Treasury Bench. Thought

it was Traddles-David Copperfield's friend, shy, steady, good-natured man, with a comical head of hair, and eyes rather wide open, which give him a surprised look, a hearth - broomy sort of expression." But it was only Sir John Ramsden, who wished to inform the House that he had "great difficulty in swallowing the Bill." Should not have thought, looking at his face, that his diffi-culties would lie in this direction. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY ran amuck at the Parnellites, letting Mr. PARNELL have it straight. Mr. PLUNKET mercifully intervened between Mr.



intervened between Mr.
A. M. SULLIVAN and the
Member for Galway. W. E. G. playing the Spin-it.
When, later, A. M. found
his chance, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY absent. "Gone to seek that
repose," said A. M., "in which the House was sunk during the
earlier part of his speech."

Business done.—Land Bill further debated.

Eight Make Lord Grouper Hamilton succeeded in probing

Friday Night.—Lord George Hamilton succeeded in probing beneath the thick covering of imperturbability which Lord Harington usually wears. It takes a good deal to do this, and Lord George did a good deal. Went back to old questions of delay in producing papers before debate on Afghanistan. Once before question raised on Conservative Benches, and plain intimation given of suspicion that Lord Harington had deliberately kept the Minutes back for party purposes. His Lordship flared up then with such blazing wrath that the Opposition protested, with one voice, that they had meant nothing. Lord George, forgetful of this lesson, mildly insinuates the old scandal. Lord Harington down on him in a twinkling. Takes him between his teeth and shakes him as a mastiff might shake a terrier. (All this, of course, strictly in Parliamentary sense.) The Government should pay someone to "rile" Harington from time to time. Very good when he is roused.

Business done.—Minister of Agriculture promised. Friday Night.-LORD GEORGE HAMILTON succeeded in probing

A REMINISCENCE OF CHESTER.

"You have now seen Windsor," said a well-known backer, after Sir John Astley's horse had won the Chester Cup. "And now," uttered the affable Welsher preparatory to a hurried flight, "you will see what are known as the Windsor Slopes."

healthy child, and immediately after his birth he received a blow on the head from one of his reputed parents, from which he never by one of the Forty).—"Hanging's too good for them!"

AN IDYLLIC DUET.

(A New Version, as Sung under the Gallery with the Greatest Success by the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Junior Member for Northampton.)

"Where are you going to, my stubborn head?"
Where are you going to, my stubborn head?"
"I'm going a-swearing, Gosser," he said;
"I'm going a-swearing, Gosser," he said.

"Then I must come after you, my stubborn head."
Then I must come after you, my stubborn head."
"You may come if you like, Old Gosser," he said;
"You may come if you like, Old Gosser," he said.

"Now you're tempting your fortune, my stubborn head, Now you're tempting your fortune, my stubborn head."
"Why,—my Oath is my fortune, Gosser," he said;
"Why,—my Oath is my fortune, Gosser," he said.

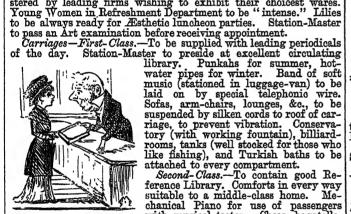
"Then, I don't think much of you, my stubborn head, Then, I don't think much of you, my stubborn head." "Nobody axed you to, Gosser," he said; "Nobody axed you to, Gosser," he said.

(Dance up the middle, touch shoulder, and down again.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR A MODEL RAILWAY.

(Respectfully Submitted to the Select Committee now Sitting.)

Stations.—To be furnished with a view to comfort of the rich and the Art-education of the poor. The Platform and First-Class Waiting-Room to be given over for decoration to the Kyrle Society. First and Second-Class Waiting-Rooms to be luxuriously upholstered by leading firms wishing to exhibit their choicest wares. Young Women in Refreshment Department to be "intense." Lilies to be always ready for Æsthetic luncheon parties. Station-Master to pass an Art examination before receiving appointment.



ference Library. Comforts in every way suitable to a middle-class home. Mechanical Piano for use of passengers with musical tastes. Chess, bagatelle, the race game, and other amusements of a kindred character.

Third-Class.—Popular Educator in every compartment, at the service of "backward" travellers. Accomplishments—French, German, the rudiments of drawing, and the use of the globes. At intervals, interesting discourses (by staff of skilled Polytechnic Lecturers), with "brilliant experiments," during the day. Dissolving-views, illustrating country traversed, during the night. Works of Art lent from the South Kensington Museum, &c., to be changed at the end of every journey. at the end of every journey.

General Arrangements.—Each train to be accompanied by obliging Directors anxious to afford information on every subject when questioned. Telegraph-wires to be used for displaying the notes of new pieces for the benefit of musical amateurs. Whistling on the engine to be done on the pipes of a deep-toned organ. Names of Stations to be sung in harmony by a choir of porters with carefully selected voices. Arrival of trains to be announced during the day by the sound of distant joy-bells, and at night by grand display of fireworks. Tunnels to be illuminated with the electric light temnreworks. Tunnels to be illuminated with the electric light tempered by rose-coloured glasses. Every Junction at which the Public have to wait to change a train, to be supplied with good shooting and other seasonable field-sports. "Amusing rattles" to be obtained on application to accompany a dull party of three or more. Mesmerists to be furnished to wakeful passengers wanting to go to sleep. Ill-natured old maids and troublesome children to be carried to their destination in mineral trains. Punctuality to be insured by hanging the Traffic Manager whenever there is the slightest cause for complaint. An edition de luxe of Bradshaw's Guide, translated into intelligible English, to be commenced immediately.

And Accidents—to be entirely abolished!

And Accidents—to be entirely abolished!

OUR LITTLE GAMES.









CRICKET : CARRYING OUT HIS BAT.

HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND GAME.

AT MR. GANZ'S CONCERT.

He. We are very late, but we are in time for the Fourth Part of this marvellous "Symphonie Fantastique." A wonderful man is

She. Oh, charming! So original! I hope he'll write many more Symphonies.

He (with a rague idea that Berlioz is no more). Yes, yes! He

was a Russian, wasn't he, by the bye?

She (equally fogged). It is a very Russian name.

He (looking at programme). Now for it! Ah!—(pretending he knows it by heart)—this movement illustrates a deep sleep accompanied by the most horrible visions. How admirably those loud sounds

of the violoncello express one's idea of a deep sleep!

She (not to be outdone at this game of "Brag"). Yes, yes!
Listen! Now he thinks he is being led to the scaffold to the strains of a solemn march. How gloomy, how awe-inspiring are those pizzicato touches on the violins!

He (having got another bit by heart). Grand! Grand! Just hearken to the muffled sounds of heavy footsteps! It is finished! Oh, massive! Oh, grand! Like a reveried in some old cathedral! She. It almost moved me to tears. Nothing more exquisitely

doleful have I eyer heard!

doleful have I ever heard!

Third Party (leaning over). How do you do? How are you? I saw you come in. How late you were! But you were in time for that third lovely movement.

He and She. Oh, grand! Magnificent! Superb! Solemn!

Third Party. The light rustling of the trees moved by the wind was so wonderfully expressed!

He (amazed). Eh?

Third Party. Yes, you noticed it, of course. Did it not conduce to bring to your heart an unaccustomed placidity, and to give to your ideas a more radiant hue?

oring to your neart an unaccustomed placidity, and to give to your ideas a more radiant hue?

She (confounded). What?

Third Party. Why, the Third Part.

He and She. Oh, the Third Part!

Third Party. Yes; and now you'll hear the Fourth Part. Now you will hear a deep sleep accompanied by the most horrible visions.

Ta! ta! [Exit, and their enjoyment is gone for the Concert.

LYNCHING IN EXCELSIS.—Suspending a Constitution.



-THE MUSICAL DUCHESS. DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.-

BEHOLD HER GRACE REHEARSING FOR AN AFTERNOON CONCERT AT MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYNS'S, BEFORE AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE, WHICH CONSISTS OF THE HOST AND HOSTESS, AND A FEW PROFESSIONALS WHO HAVE BEEN RETAINED TO PLAY HER GRACE'S OBLIGATO ACCOMPANIMENTS. HER GRACE ALWAYS SINGS HER OWN WORDS, SET TO HER OWN MUSIC. HER COMPOSITIONS ARE ENDLESS; AND WHEN ONCE SHE BEGINS, SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO LEAVE OFF IN A HURRY. THE WORST OF IT IS, HER GRACE'S MUSIC INVARIABLY DRIVES ALL THE OTHER DUCHESSES AWAY—ONLY MRS. P. DE T. IS NOT YET AWARE OF THIS.

FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

"He (M.DE GIRARDIN) promoted with ardour the expedition to Tunis. . . He also thought that France was growing too tame-spirited, too like a barndoor fowl, and that the burning of a little powder would stir her blood and strengthen her fibres."—Daily News.

France (trying on Casque) loquitur-

BECOMES me! La République c'est la paix?

Oh yes, precisely. And yet this Mars-like headpiece, I must say,

Fits rather nicely.

Revanche? La Guerre? La Gloire? Powder and Steel?

Oh never, never!

I do thank Heaven that I no longer feel War's scarlet fever.

I chose this fashion, and have no desire

For hasty changing, Only just now and then dress does require

Only just now and then dress does require
Some re-arranging.

I grow pugnacious? Such reports are wild,
Mendacious rumours;
Although of course I'm not to be reviled
By rascal Kroumirs.
Fancy! I'm not a Caquet Bonbec quite,
A barn-yard scratcher;
And if la France had a desire to fight,
How few could match her!
That Bay's a bit too bounceable: he'll find

That Bey's a bit too bounceable; he'll find
Swelling brings dizziness.
The Powers? Perhaps they will be pleased to mind
Their proper business.
Confound—But stay—no temper; that an old
Imperial lune is,

But which of them will have the cheek to scold Concerning Tunis?

The notion stirs my blood, makes my tint turn,
My voice swell louder;
They think me tame? Then I shall have to burn

A little powder. A little powder.

A shot or two perhaps might tend to strengthen My moral fibres,

And cause the physiognomies to lengthen
Of foreign gibers.

Eh? What? That Circular of Sr. HILAIRE
Causes hilarity?

Discovering! Express

Disgusting! Foreign critics, I declare,
Are void of charity.

I've been a Saint in patience all men know-

Almost too saintly; Astonished Europe thinks my blood must flow

Feebly and faintly.

Let those who doubt me read the declaration

Of mon cher FERRY.

"Respect for law, strict justice, moderation"-

True, true—oh, very!

Annex? Fi donc! I solemnly proclaim

'Tis false, completely.

But— Well, this jaunty headpiece all the same
Becomes me sweetly.

(Left admiring herself.)

LAND AND GAME LAW.—Some advanced Land Law Reformers wish to substitute a Peasant for a Pheasant Proprietary.

NEW SONG FOR THE FOREIGN BONDHOLDER.—" What does the Bey of Tunis Owe?"



"VIVE LA GLOIRE!"

OR, FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

UTILE TRISTI:

OR. HOW TO MIX IT.

The Vicar of Hughenden's "practical memorial" suggestion has not been slow in producing its fruits. The Beaconsfield Memorial Committee have already received the following propositions:—

Three coats of paint for the interior of the Duke of York's Column, proposed by the Clerk of the Works.

A new line of omnibusses from Mile End to Anywhere, suggested

The laying down of a memorial wood pavement in the Borough Road moved by several constitutional rate-payers.

The floating of a National Memorial Bath and Wash-house Com-

pany, set on foot by a few staunch Conservative promoters, directors, and solicitors.

The placing of a memorial leathern porter's chair at each end of the Burlington Arcade, suggested by the Beadle. And lastly, the memorial blowing-up by dynamite of Colney Hatch, argently recommended by several imperial members of that estab-

OUR GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY:

Or, sometimes, Our Academy Guy'd.



No. 161 .- Rose-cullers; OR, A Plucky Design.

No. 141. Instru-Torture ments of (including the Bag-ANNIE AYRpipes). Annie other subject but this!

No.149. St. George's Haul. Sir J. GIL-BERT, R.A. A design for the GERMAN the GERMAN s' Entertain-REEDS' ment.

No. 161. All "Cou-leur de Rose." PHILIP H. CALDERON. Fancy design for Covent Garden Flower Market as it should be. Dedicated to the Duke of BEDFORD, just to

give him "a Philip (Calderon) in the right direction."

No. 196. The Earl of Wharncliffe—A Brown Study. E. J.
POYNTER, R.A. A capital likeness of the noble sportsman thinking when he'll go to get a good shot at something or other. His pointer



No. 213. "LEGS TAIL-LIONIS."

was with him at the time and—took his portrait.

No. 213. Lion before a Spring. HEYWOOD HARDY. Too near to be pleasant.

No. 273. A Tile Off; or, Catching Cold. RANDOLPH LEHMANN. stupid to come out without his hat.

No. 279. Eastern Question



No. 279.

"Who Broke THE EASTERN QUESTION. that Jar?" J. B. Burgess, A.

No. 294. Near Relations. MARGUS STONE, A. Observe the
Father and Father as they come nearer and nearer. A situation in
the old drama of Married for Love, cleverly

nd touchingly treated.

No. 336. "Take care! Here's Sir Vernon Hare-caught coming!" C. S. LIDDERDALE.

No. 370. Vanity Fair; or, the Little Game of Bowles. Throbald Charrau. Capital portrait of the Editor and Proprietor of V. F. Very characteristic, with one notable exception that T. G. B. is represented with his eyes shut, yet not asleep. He doesn't go through life like this—or stay—yes—herein is the very subtlest touch of the Artist's skill—
T. G. B. is "dissembling"! He is not looking up, he is looking "downy." Let us steal Vanity Fair.

away before he catches us.

No. 402. "Love me, Love my Dog." BRITON RIVIÈRE, A. The Moor for the season.

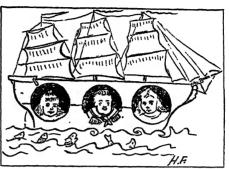


pint of the picture lies in the recent application of it to his lips. Every thirsty soul will be interested at once—

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum pewter."

I.e., "I am a man, I am: and there's nothing so humanising as another pot o' beer." The empty pewter pint has been thoroughly finished by Mr. BRITON RIVIÈRE, who, despite his French surname, is evidently a true Briton.

No. 407. Astley's



Nos. 431-2-3 .- Ship-Shape; or, Cabin-it Portraits.

VIVIAN.

Here we are again!

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. No "SANGER'S, ASTLEY'S," by WestminsterBridge
—but a life - like
portrait of "The Mate," i.e., Sir John Astley. It was painted in three sittings, and so may be described as
"Mate in Three
Moves." "Chequemate," said the Artist as he put the finishing touch and pocketed the coin.

Nos. 431, 432, 433. Cabin-it Portraits. ROBERT A. MULLER.

View of a little Prince and two little Princesses, as seen looking through the port-holes on board the Royal Steam-Yacht. The style and form are a mistake ;-a mistake even for

a Muller. a Muller.
No. 453. Fancy Design
for a Pigeon House. CLARA
MONTALBA. Observe pigeons
and the little pigeon-holes.
No. 470. Miss Necklace
Neckleby; or, Jaundyce v.
Jaundyce. G. A. STORY,
R. A. A Dickens of a pretty

Jaundyce. G. A. STORY, R.A. A Dickens of a pretty girl. There was evidently some story about her. Is it



No. 470.

Some Story about her. Is it will be a story about her. It will be a story about h No. 453. — Pigeons and Pigeonholes.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.-VI. HERALDRY.

COME back, O days of chivalry, and times of old romance, Of blazoned shield and crested helm, and tournament and lance; The Herald's ''gentle science'' now demands the poet's praise, Neglected sadly, be it said, in these degenerate days. Who recks of Or and Argent now, of Chief, and Fesse, and Bar, The simple Charges which erst shone above the tide of war.

Frank Osbaldistone bowed beneath Miss Vernon's mocking speech, Confessing that he knew not aught of heraldry she'd teach: And many a lady in the land might learn from Mistress Di, Of all heraldic science tells, and mysteries that lie In Metals, Colours, and in Furs, the pleasant lore of old; And where the Tressured Lion ramps upon the shield of gold.

Let metal not on metal stand, except on varied field, Although the golden crosses lie on Godfrey's silver shield: In marshalling you quarter arms; or should you take a bride, You bear the lady's coat *per pale*, your own on dexter side: But if that wife an heiress be, her friends will take offence Unless you place her arms on an escutcheon of pretence.

Fair shines the shield that's blazoned well, while knightly crest and helm,

Combine to show the bearer's rank and place within the realm; And Royal heraldry will teach, how in old days 'twas said That "Leopards Courant" flashed in gold on England's shield of

And how heraldic science still ye well may understand, Throws light upon the history and legends of the land.

FROM "THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS."

MESSES. IRVING, BOOTH, McCullough, and Childs have taken a

BETWEEN THE LINES. (By the Man who knows how to Read There.

At the election of the two new R.A.'s at Burlington House, the other day, there was the usual scene, and the proverbial hat, election papers, and Secretary's table were knocked over in the scuffle. The objection was to Mr. RIVIÈRE'S French origin. Just as the police were about to be sent for, the President wittily remarked, "A French-man, Gentlemen,—why, he is the best Briton of us all!" In an instant there was handshaking all round, and the new R.A. was elected.

The Laureate looked over the poems sent in for the Calderon Ode to the Spanish Amderon ode to the spatial Ambassador; and, finding not one worthy of the prize, shook his head. "Well, then, perhaps I shall have a chance," said the smiling Diplomatist, handthe smiling Diplomatst, handing in a copy of his own lines, and earnestly pressing the distinguished judge to stay to dinner. But the Laureate merely scanned the paper, and rejoined "Verse and verse."

When this her met was tale. When this bon-mot was teleraphed to the young King at Madrid, he instantly replied, "Give the man who made that five pounds, and return me the balance."

"QUITE Too Too!"—In the present crisis in Art, may a man who does not understand "Æsthetie" language be described as "one who can't put two and two together"?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 32.



THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, P.C., K.T., K.C.B., G.C.M.G. A MAN OF (MANY) LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

"Again he urges on his wild career—to Turkey!"

PRINCE BISMARCK'S PREVISION.

A BET of twenty-five bottles of Champagne is said to have been made so long ago as 1833 with an American by Prince BISMARCK, that Germany would become a united country in his time. If BISMARCK laid, in his time. II DISMARCK 1910, he has certainly won, a wager which instances his fersight, and attests his foresight, not only of his country's future, but likewise of his own, and that of the other party also; the destiny of both himself and that other to live, the former to win, the latter to lose, the five-and-twenty botlose, the five-and-twenty bot-tles of Champagne. Five-and-twenty, by the way; not two dozen, the ordinary bet of bottles, but two dozen and one. There is said to be "luck in odd numbers." The Great Chancellor is credited with a belief in luck. Does this explain his wager?

Take your Physic.

THE House of Commons, in its dealings with Mr. BRAD-LAUGH, is like a naughty boy who quarrels with his physic. The boy knows he must swal-low his jalap, but fights against it as long as possible. Mr. BRADLAUGH represents a principle, and, however nasty, the House must take him.

NOTE ON A NEW BOOK.— THE Evolutionist at Large. All right. The theory of Evo-lution may be wild indeed; but that is no reason why, except by disproof, even an Evolutionist should be shut up-

THE STAGE IN MOURNING.

THEATRICAL Managers are the most imitative race of beings under

the sun. A foreign Actor, named SALVINI, discovered an old play called Othello—a play that is far less coarse in Italian than in English. He had a magnificent voice—like a church organ, and represented the title character (usually called a rôle) like an inspired He became the rage. A brother foreigner, named Rossi, followed, and became a failure. Mr. Invive followed, and was not a success. Mr. BOOTH arrived from America, and hardly succeeded. Again Mr. IRVING tried Othello, this time with Mr. BOOTH, each Actor alternating the parts of Othello and Iago.

Mr. McCullouen, just arrived from America, must black his face at Drury Lane, and an amateur, who evidently thinks the part mere Child's play, must take a theatre to do the same thing at matineés. Three Othellos in London in one week, and probably more to follow! Who shall say that this is an age which despises antiquity?

Heads and Tails.

(A Query for Mr. Darwin.)

[A Medical Gentleman at Manchester expresses his absolute conviction—based on the testimony of hatters, who find increasing demand for hats of a smaller size,—that the adult human head is in course of diminution.]

MAKE answer, O Science, for courage quite quails
At a prospect which fills us with tremors and dreads:
If Apes became Men by slow loss of their tails, What will Men become by slow loss of their heads?

THE MODERN TORTURE OF THE BOOT.

Mr. Bushby, in sentencing a ruffian for the too free use of that popular institution the British Boot, remarked that there was an amount of savagery about the act of kicking which he always visited with the utmost penalty provided by law. Quite right, Mr. Bushby, and if the law provided a much severer penalty for this particular and if the law provided a much severer penalty for this particular offence, honest men would rejoice the more, and helpless women might suffer less. Ex pede Herculem may now be freely translated, "The Brute is known by his Boot,"—or his use of it; and if the papers continue to be as full of cases of cowardly kicking as they have been of late, public opinion will demand that the hulking Hercules of the slum shall have his hide—the only sensitive part of him—as prepartly appealed to as though he had had an hour's him—as urgently appealed to as though he had had an hour's experience of the effects of Nessus's shirt.

Where the Brad-Laugh Comes In!

Brown. How uncommonly well the Tories have treated BRAD-LAUGH!

Jones. Eh? what?—treated him well? They don't allow him to go

Brown. Exactly so. They spare him all the boredom of debates, but they let him into the lobby, and the smoking-room, and the dining-room, where all the fun is. Hang me, if they haven't treated him too well.

AKIN TO COCKTAIL.

A CERTAIN Wine is advertised under the name of Ruster. This i a Hungarian Wine. It is commended as especially valuable is "sleeplessness," American Cousins might call it "Rooster."



"A WET BLANKET."

The Young Ladies (about the new Curate). "ISN'T HE GOOD-LOOKING! SUCH AN AMIABLE EXPRESSION, AND SUCH A NICE VOICE! HOPE PA 'LL ASK HIM TO STAY TO DINNER. &C., &C.'

Aunt Pen (who had bided her time). "YES, MY DEARS, AND I HEAR FROM HIS FRIEND THE DOCTOR THAT HE'S ENGAGED TO A GIRL IN THE NORTH, AND MUSTN'T PLAY AT LAWN-TENNIS!! Confusion.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



THERE's one thing as I misses more than I thought I should, and that's my Old Bailey Dinners. They has been done away about two years, to my great regret. We always used to dine the Judges, and the Sheriffs, and the Lawyers, and a lot of people once a month at the Old Bailey, and one of the Aldermen used to take the Chair, and the Newgate Calender Ordinary used to be the Vice, and I've heard some of the best jokes. and the Newgate Calender Ordinary used to be the Vice, and I've heard some of the best jokes and bits of real fun at these dinners as I ever heard anywheres. The only thing they never had, in my time, was Champain, and that arose, Brown told me, from the popping of the corks having been sometimes heerd in Court. Many a time have I heerd one of the Judges a telling a jolly good story, or a chaffin one of the counsil, I think they calls 'em, about his speech, and everybody laughin away like fun, when just in the midst of it, in would come the Husher, and say in sollen tones, "Please, your Lordship, the Jury's ready!" Oh, to see the sudden change in his Lordship as he put on his Judge's robe and his Judge's face, it was as good as a play, and a good deal

robe and his Judge's face, it was as good as a play, and a good deal better than many on em. It was somethink like acting that was. I used to think as they used to pass their sentences a little quicker if they hadn't quite finisht dinner, but I dessay I were wrong. All I do know is they was all very serious for about ten minutes after the Judge came back, but it soon wore off and they were all as merry as before. There seems precious few things as we can't get used to but I chould be the seems precious few things as we can't get used

to, but I should ha' thought that giving a poor fellow seven years, or even wuss, would have taken away anybody's appitite.

But the true fack is, tho' folks don't like to confess it, that the best of men, the wisest, the piousest, ain't no good without his Dinner!

If the world was a just world it would pay more respect to two of the most useful klarses of the whole kummunity—Cooks as cooks with the cooks as cooks. our dinners, and Waiters as serves 'em. (Signed) ROBERT.

A TURN OUT AT TIRNOVA.

(Leaf from H. S. H. Prince Alexander's Diary.)

1879.—TRIED Crown on for first time to-day. Fits capitally with a piece of blotting-paper at the back. New Constitution arrived in evening from Printer. Read it through. Capital. Nothing left out. Prerogative, Upper and Lower House, trial by jury,—everything there. My Coronation Oath, quite too lovely! Took it freely. Had my first two years' salary in advance. Enthusiasm indescribable! Feel quite "the popular Prince." Evidently I'm

indescribable! Feel quite "the popular Prince." Evidently I'm in for a good thing.

1881.—Can't stand this any longer. Won't. Had to open Parliament myself with the back-door key. Not a Minister to be seen. Cabinet busy appearing in a Negro entertainment at Casino Gardens. Everything at a dead-lock. Went down to Treasury with a carpet-bag, but found Lord Chancellor had already got hold of that. Feel this kind of thing ought not to go on. Happy thought—coup d'état! Have appeared at Palace window, and proclaimed myself Dictator! Nobody cares. However, here goes to put the Constitution on the kitchen fire! And to-morrow we'll just have a look in at the National Bank. To bed quite lively.

Marvels of Science.

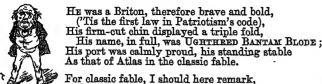
A CONTEMPORARY reports that at the annual reception given recently by the President and Council of the Royal Society, amongst a variety of scientific instruments, objects and apparatus:

"Some relics of Sir William Herschel's work were exhibited, one of the points of interest in connection with them being that no one could say why they were made or what they were for."

Omne ignotum pro magnifico. That was one of the points of interest. But what were the others?

THE CAP-AND-BELL BALLADS,-No. 1.

A PLAIN MAN.



For classic fable, I should here remark, He had a solid and supreme disdain, He wholly scorned the nonsense vague and dark Of what is known as the "poetic strain." While as for bards, and their pernicious bunkum, In the Red Sea—like ghosts—he would have sunk'em.

Indeed, the ruling idiosyncrasy
Of U. B. Blode was judgment stern and summary
For trivial things like Taste, or Poetry,
Art, Sentiment, and all such foolish flummery,
His only greeting was a Jovian frown,
His simple ultimatum—"Put'em down!"

You see he had put down so many things, His wife's desires, his children's wants and whims,
and whims,
All that the heart or fancy warms or wings,
Higher than week-day sums and Sunday hymns,
That he began to deem his crowning duty
Was putting down what idiots called "Beauty."

He east about for the most ready mode Of furthering this philanthropic plan"Let's see!—I have it! Yes!" cried U. B. BLODE,
"That drivelling, Lordly-Palace-building man
In Mister TENNYSON'S limp lyric twaddle
I'll quite surpass, but on a different model.

"'Palace of Art!' Preposterous! I'll rear
A Plain Man's Palace, home of Common Sense.
It shall hold nothing picturesque or queer,
The fudge called 'prettiness' on no pretence
Shall be admitted there, from tile to knocker—
It shall conform to the stern rules of COOKER."

He hired an Architect. The man was poor;
He shuddered at the scheme, but sighed, "I'll try.
I've planned suburban villa blocks; what more
By way of training to the hand and eye
In solid tastelessness could well be looked for?
Lead on! I'll buckle to the task I'm booked for."

Four-square it rose upon a spacious flat Of what had been suburban market-ground,

Smooth and symmetric as the British hat, Euclid in brick and stucco. Schoolboys found, As they in passing haply paused to con it, That they could work out all his problems on it.

Big as a barracks,—U. B. Blode was rich,
Cold as an iceberg,—U. B. Blode was British,
Smooth as a bald head, dull as a Dutch ditch,
Blode with triumphant joy grew almost skittish;
But soon as the bare carcase was erected,
Blode met with obstacles he'd not expected.

Beauty looked in one morning. Blode with rage Grew pickled-cabbage colour. Beauty smiled. Said she, "Since utter war with me you wage, I must accept the challenge. Don't look riled, Nor beck your Man in Blue, with thickshod feet, He'll own that Beauty is not on his beat."

Poor BLODE! As well have set all Scotland Yard To apprehend a ghost as run her in.

His vigilance was vain, and he tried hard
To dodge, evade, exclude her, or to win
That bald Batavian barren bit of waste
Entirely from the sway of her and Taste.

The house grew hideous enough to please
A City Architect, or Dragon builder;
Its furnishings a white bear's soul might freeze, He drove his paperhanger and his gilder Mad with demands for things which nothing owed To Beauty, e'en from Tottenham Court Road.



DITUANO

BERNARBE

And Beauty foiled him; here her finger laid Upon a cornice, there upon a fender, Lending to fabrics of Philistine trade

Chance touches of the graceful, comely, tender.

And Blode discovered, with dismay and dolour,
Beauty was there,—lurking in Form and Colour.

Things would look pretty somehow, here and there;
The picturesque itself cropped up in places;
And then his wife,—she had soft auburn hair,
His very children some stray childish graces:
Grass grew, trees budded, and, with no apology,
Beauty stepped in,—disguised as Meteorology.

BLODE, baffled, beaten, took the blow to heart, And pined away, and perished prematurely, Resigned with such a foolish world to part

where Ugliness can never reign securely.
Did I live longer," sighed the luckless elf,
Who knows?—I might grow Beautiful myself!"



ART UTILITARIAN EXAMINATION-PAPER.

(For Royal Academy Students of the Future.)

WALL-PAINTING, &c.

1. Write a short essay upon the best way of advertising by placards in four colours,—(a) a new soup; (b) a personally conducted trip round the world; and (c) a patent fat producer.

2. Give a rough design for the paper of—(a) a bar-parlour; (b) a scullery; and (c) a cabman's shelter.

3. Scheme an appropriate shop facia for a local country branch of a large Metropolitan Co-operative Stores.

4. How would you convert a stucco-faced suburban wills into

4. How would you convert a stucco-faced suburban villa into Queen Anne's mansion? Would you paint the front-door pea-green?

a Queen Anne's mansion? Would you paint the front-door pea-green? Give reasons for your answer.

5. Given a hoarding one hundred yards by ten. You have to introduce double-crown posters extolling the success of—(a) a new naval melodrama; (b) a patent umbrella; (c) an Æsthetic corkscrew; and (d) some transparent soap. How would you set to work to satisfy the Public, the Advertisers, and the Art-Critics?

6. Given an acre of clay and a pound of grass-seed. What would you require further to construct grounds of a park-like character?

7. How would you introduce a lawn-tennis net into a forest without disregarding the rules of landscape gardening?

8. Invent an Æsthetic bonnet, and harmonise a peacock's feather with a billycock hat.

SCULPTURE.

9. Model a cow suitable for a dairyman's window.
10. Point out objections to the Griffin at Temple Bar and the Angel of Victory at Waterloo Place. Could either be made suitable for reception at the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaun's?

11. Invent designs for the trademarks of—(a) a spectacle-maker; (b) a sewing-machine manufacturer; and (c) an advertising dentist.

12. What principles should guide you in constructing (a) a jellymould and (b) a pat-of-butter stamp?

13. Sketch a fancy Bath bun suitable for a side dish at a wedding breakfast.

14. Write a memoir of DYK WYN KYN of T.R.D.L. as an introduction to a short essay upon pantomimic "big heads."

15. Model the statue of a typical Alderman who has been knighted

for opening some water-works.

ARCHITECTURE.

16. Given a town hall (Early Norman), a row of houses (Stucco Italian), and a red brick Methodist chapel (nothing in particular), what sort of a village pump should be placed in the centre to harmonise with the surrounding buildings?

17. How would you treat the south front of the Railway Station at Charing Cross in a manner that would satisfy Professor Ruskin and the shareholders?

18. If St. Paul's were burnt down, how would you rebuild it?
19. Upon the lines of Inico Jones design a four-wheeled cab.
20, and lastly. Improve Covent Garden Market—if possible off the face of the earth!

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Lady, who has devoted a large portion of her life to shopping excursions in London, is about to publish her experiences under the appropriate title, Babylon's Eye-ways and Buy-ways.

PARIS: SALON AND THEATRES.

"PARIGI! O cara,"—O dear Paris! Yes, not dearer than London, and what matter when we had determined to give Burlington House Academy a rest and to let the gay Parisians flash on us for few brief moments like bright ap-Parisians in their own

Elysian Fields?
Two francs in the morning to see the Salon. This keeps it select, cool, and comfortable up to midday, when in comes the crowd which gives a franc opinion. The Authorised Salon Catalogue, illustrated, is most inter-

esting as a memorial of the visit. Why does not our Academy do likewise? Is it because there is a difficulty of selection? If so, how is this overcome by the Committee of the Paris Salon? Mr. Heney Blackburn's Academy Notes supplies a want; but an authorised edition, care-

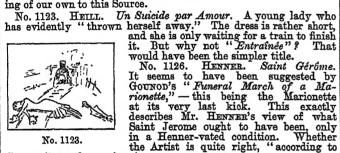


Au Café de la Paix.

fully got up, and on sale at the opening of the Academy, might be a valuable work of Art in itself.

Let us take the first morning at the Salon:—
No. 911. FOUBERT. La Source. "Not 'Sauce,"
said 'Arry; "it's chic." Any visitor referring to
the original will see that we have added a little dress-

ing of our own to this Source.





No. 1123.

Cocker," as the saying is, we don't know; but of course it is correct according to HENNER. Woa, HENNER!

Advice to those who will probably be in Paris for the Grand Prix:—Don't fail to see Les Poupées de L'Enfante at the Folies Dramatiques. It will, of course, be done in London, but



No. 1126.

it never can be played and sung
so perfectly as it is here. Mlle.
SIMON-GIRARD as Mariana, and Mlle. FRANDIN as her lover, Manoël, are the most fascinating pair we've seen for some time. Les Poupées is void of all offence, and is far better in every way,—this important particular included,—than La Mascotte at the Bouffes.

We will now pay our second visit to the Salon:-

No. 1212. JAZET. Le Boute-selle. "Shall I give you a lift?" or, The Merciful Man is merciful to his Beast. It shows how a horse may be elevated by a couple of hands.



Acrobatic Professor and his trained troupe of performing birds and animals. He carries a property-head for some particular Circus business, in a trick to be called "Two Heads better than One."

No. 1517. Maner. Portrait de M. Pertuiset, le Chasseur de Lions. It's a wonderful picture this. The artful lion lying behind the tree in a dec clean is just enjoy.

the tree in a dog-sleep is just going to show M. PERTUISET what it is to be a Chasseur de Lion. An immor-tal work—c'est à dire "Litera picta' Manet." But we wouldn't recommend such a lion as M. MANET to put himself within range of Le

Chasseur's gun.
No. 1823. PERRET (A.) Ex. Le
Semeur; i.e., The Sower. We have
seldom seen a so-so-er picture, but Artist, we will only say that if we had had to describe the picture



No. 1517.

without any guide-book, we should have said it represented "a man practising roundhand bowling in an open field, while his wife in the distance urges while his wife in the distance rights forward the wild career of a perambulator." The title in English would have been "Tom Bowling." (N.B. Not "Tom Bowles," of Vanity Fair, whose portrait is in our Academy.)

Those whom Providence has blessed

Those whom Providence has blessed with affluence, we strongly recommend to take seats at the Français for Le Monde où Pon s'ennuie. The Comedy is mainly a satire on a clique-ish Mutual-Admiration Section of Society formed of psoudo-philosophers, men and women of "oulture," neglected poets, gushing journalists, interested toadies and the uninteresting but influential toadied, of which the very counterpart probably exists in every great capital. We certainly have it here, both with the Pseudo-Æsthetics and Pseudo-Scientists; the former, on account of their high-art absurdities in manner and costume, being more en évidence among ourselves just now than the other idiots, who of the two are perhaps the most mischievous. The tendency of the Pseudo-Æsthetes, chez nous, is towards the cultivation of a sickly sentimental paganism; while that of the Pseudo-Scientists is towards a stupid, contemptuous, self-satisfied materialism. It is difficult to satirise the latter on the stage; they are easier dealt with in a book. Of plot Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie resulto-scientists is towards a stupin, contemptatous, sen-satisfice materialism. It is difficult to satirise the latter on the stage; they are easier dealt with in a book. Of plot Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie has very little. The original cast, with Coquelly in it—he is away now—was perfect, with the exception that M. Delaunay has more the air of a "got-up" old beau than of a veritable jeune premier. Yet, for how many years has he not been accepted as our "first young man" at the Français? And, after all, who is there among the youngsters can make love with tears in his voice like the evergreen Delaunay? Mile. Samary is admirable as the ingénue, and Mme. M. Brohan's impersonation of the spirituelle old Legitimist Duchess, is the very perfection of refined dramatic art. The stage management of the Second Act might be improved. The Français Company are not all in one line, each having a line of his own—and when they are so arranged the effect is decidedly bad.

Daubray and Céline Chaunont have been playing Divorçons at the Palais Royal for the last four months: but to those who have not yet seen it, we strongly recommend the first two Acts. The third is plotless, spun out, and unnecessarily broad. The two Acts are simply a development, with a modern application, of the old piece known here as Delicate Ground, a great favourite with amateurs.

But oh, those horridly uncomfortable Parisian Theatres! If there were a fire, the scene would be something fearful. Already the Authorities are beginning to consider whether they can't improve

were a fire, the scene would be something fearful. Already the Authorities are beginning to consider whether they can't improve them a little. But material improvement is absolutely impossible without entire reconstruction. In the most recently-built theatre, La Comédie Parisienne, all the old stereotyped inconveniences have been repeated. Even the seats at the Français offer no exception to the rule of discomfort; and everywhere the nuisance of the attendants rushing at you for your coat and hat, and with a "petit banc pour Madame," is intolerable. When will they inaugurate the system of "No Fees," and give regular "bills of the play," with full east of characters, as we do here, instead of allowing the visitor to chance the problem of "No Fees," and give regular "bills of the play," with full cast of characters, as we do here, instead of allowing the visitor to chance the purchase of an Entr'acte, an Orchestre, or a Paris Spectacles? On the stage at the leading theatres they have the advantage in most cases (scenery excepted) over us; but in the front of the house they are miles behind every one of our West End Theatres, except, perhaps, the Strand.

No. 1212. No. 1396.

No. 1396. Lehoux (P.-A.-P.) H. C. It is called *Mars*, but the present Government as "a Soda-and-Brandy Administration." Despitute rather suggests the triumphant entry into the village of an he hope that it may result in what topers call a "split" and a "go"?



THE PROFESSION OF BEAUTY.

Business-like Mamma (to fashionable West-End Hosier). "Now, what would be your charge for exhibiting a couple of my Daughter's Photographs, with her Name in full, in your Window for a couple of Months or so?"

MORE IMPRESSIONS.

By Oscuro Wildegoose.

LA FUITE DES OIES.

To outer senses they are geese,
Dull drowsing by a weedy pool;
But try the impression trick, Cool! Cool! Snow-slumbering sentinels of Peace!

Deep silence on the shadowy flood
Save rare sharp stridence (that means "quack"),
Low amber light in Ariel track Athwart the dun (that means the mud).

And suddenly subsides the sun Bulks mystic, ghostly, thrid the gloom (That means the white geese waddling home), And darkness reigns! (See how it's done?)

Slow but Sewer.

THE City Authorities are at last stirring in the matter of Billingsgate Market. The ditch called Lowest Thames of Billingsgate Market. The ditch called Lowest Thames Street is in such a condition that the Highways Committee have refused to recognise it any longer as a respectable thoroughfare, and have handed it over to the Court of Sewers. The Court of Sewers have accepted the trust. This is not much, but it shows that the position is beginning to be recognised.

Apropos.

No more appropriate time could have been chosen for bringing out Mr. Sidney's Book of the Horse than just before the Derby. He appears to have got a very good book on the horse. But which horse the public must discover for itself. Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, the eminent bookmakers—no, we mean publishers—are to be congratulated. We hope the book, like the horse, will go at a Golffing near will go at a Gal'pin pace.

"JUANA"—WILLS'S Court Mixture—"Don't put that in your pipe and smoke it," says Mr. WILSON-BARRETT. "I tried it, and it doesn't draw."

THE BEY INTERVIEWED.

Knowing, fortunately, the Major Domo of the Palace, who had been garçon-en-chef at a restaurant I used to patronise in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square until I was compelled to leave there on account of their insisting—but no matter—the doors of the Palace were open to me. The Bey was seated on a divan—you know what a divan is, of course—nothing like a luggage-van, but a sort of—well, if you know you know, and if you don't, explanation would take too long—so there he was, seated on his divan, smoking and sipping the fragrant Mocha from Mecca—(it's pronounced here "Mucca," and when Mahometans perform a pilgrimage to the shrine it's called "going a Mucca")—as sulky and despondent as he could be. shrine it's called "going a Mucca")—as sulky and despondent as he could be.

"O Bey!" I began, saluting him orientally with what is called here a noddi, "O Bey!"

"Shan't!" he muttered, sulkily.

"I didn't mean o-bey," I explained, courteously.

"Thought you did," he growled.

So I began again. "O Bey—" but he interrupted me with a twinkle in his even as he said—

Se I began again. "O Bey—" but he interrupted me with a twinkle in his eye as he said,—

"Get out wid you, you thief of the world. I'm not an Irishman." I was astonished at his familiarity with the mellifitous language of Old Erin. He too was a little taken abaok by my familiarity, but we soon got over that when I had seized his idea of humour, and had addressed him with—

"Bedad then, Misther O'Bex," which tickled him immensely. I then told him that being here for a quiet but serious chat—my influence he knows would help him in certain quarters—we would have no "chaff" however "wheaty" it might be (he roared at this, and booked it—free of charge), and I would at once come to business. First, then, I inquired in diplomatic Latin, "Quomodo sit vestra "Mater"?"

He is a first-rate Latin scholar: and so am I as you see

He is a first-rate Latin scholar; and so am I, as you see.
"'Mater' is a nuisance," he replied, in rather free and easy
Egyptian, which I translate for your benefit, "and might as well be a. Mater-in-law."
"Pas de blague," said I, in the free-est and easiest French.

He started up. "By the Piper that played before Mahomet," he exclaimed—and this is an awful oath—"don't use that tongue here,

At this moment General Breard—"Bray-'ard" I called him, which gave the Bey fits—with his staff, a thousand strong, was announced. "You needn't go," he said. "Conceal yourself behind the arras." I am not fond of playing Polonius, but to oblige the O'Bey I did it. As I secreted myself, a sudden thought struck me. It was irrepressible, and I was obliged to whisper it into His Highness's ear. "Bey," I said, "O what a Dey we're having!" "Hush!" he returned, nearly choking in his endeavour to stifle a roar of laughter. "I never saw such a fellow as you." "Yes," I said, "I'm All-jeers in Tunis." I couldn't refrain from pointing this jeu de mot by a dig intended for his ribs, but, taking a bad anatomical shot, I caught him in what they call here his "Bey-window," and doubled him up. As the step of the Frenchman was heard on the landing, the Bey, recovering himself slightly, sighed aloud, "Ah! he expects to return to France crowned with laurels." "Cheer up, gros Bey-bey," I whispered, as I disappeared behind the drapery. "You won't be deposed: and he can't get his laurels without the Bey leaves." Never saw a man chuckle so in all my life! He was in fits; but At this moment General BREARD—"Bray-'ard" I called him, which

Never saw a man chuckle so in all my life! He was in fits; but suddenly recalled to a sense of the situation by the clark of the French General's spurs and sabre, he had the presence of mind to turn two somersaults and come down on the divan, right end uppermost, in a really dignified attitude.

What I heard from behind the arras—an emb-arrasing position—I cannot tell—at least, not on the usual terms.

Yours truly,

GUS ARRAS.

PROVERBIAL ECONOMY.

THE increasing success of the scheme for receiving savings-bank deposits in postage stamps, attests the sapience of the once if not still popular saying, "Penny-wise and pound-foolish." Another good old saw gone wrong.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

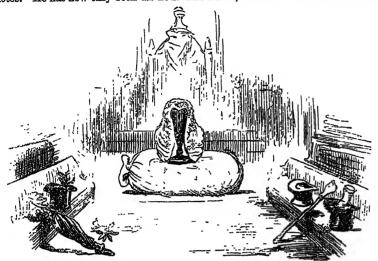


"SINK OR SWIM."-CHAPLIN'S Text.

House of Lords, Monday Night, May 16.—The Earl of Galloway cannot make out what is the matter with noble Lords. The question which the gallant Earl has brought before the House relates to proposed alterations in the titles of Regiments of the Line and Militia. Lord Galloway has turned his mind largely upon the subject. He has waded through Blue Books, and made voluminous extracts therefrom. These he has brought down to the House, and has been reading for the space of an hour. He is not a very good reader, and apart from its intrinsic importance, the subject is a little dry.

The House is not quite so full as Lord Galloway had pictured to himself when, in the recesses of Galloway House, Garliestown, he commenced the composition of this remarkable work. So far from

These things I note quite plainly from the Bar. But the Noble Earl observes them not, or misunderstands their purport. H.R.H.'s occasional stare he accepts as a sign of reawakened interest. Earl Granville's restless movement is due to a conscience touched by that last "point." His noble relative below him, he perceives quite clearly, can hardly contain himself for joy at this terrible wigging of a reckless reforming Government. The Earl looks regretfully at his notes. He has now only been an hour and a half, and much fears that there is



A Busy Time in the Upper House.

not more material than will carry him over another three-quarters of an hour. Then Earl Granville rises and blandly suggests that he is reading his speech. H.R.H. looks at his watch, and finds he has just time to rush off and dress for dinner. Other Members have gone before, and when Lord Galloway at the end of two hours sits down triumphant, he finds he has argued all but five Peers clean out of the building.

Business done in Commons.—Resumed Debate on Second Reading of Irish

House of Commons, Tuesday Night.—Mr. Balfoue, who hath as pretty a wit as his uncle and is less explosive in its flashing forth, professed to be much affected to-night by the divergence between those two eminent men, Mr. Dilwyn and Mr. Rylands. Reminded him, he said, of the parting between Fox and Burke. It was truly touching, and should have drawn a larger circle of spectators. Peter's judicial air, his desire not to wound the susceptibilities of his hon friend below him, and his patronage of the Government were, as they

Not a bad joke that of Mr. Balfour. Peter, in the costary of his enjoyment of his own banter bent low over the head of Mr. Dilwin who sat on the bench beneath, and discussed what he called "his psychological development."

"Rather thought," said Mr. Balfour, "he was making examination of his phrenological development."

Quite cheering to hear Mr. Beresford Hoff explode with laughter.

Mr. Balfour missed enother musture between friendly powers over more

Mr. Balfour missed another rupture between friendly powers even more striking than the break between Peter and Mr. Dilwyn. To-night an alliance of long standing has been broken by what looks like an act of perfidy. Ran-DOLPH had a Motion on the paper which might come on at some late hour. RANDOLPH has a fine sense of a due division of duty on Tuesday nights. Goes off to dine, and saunters through the gilded saloons till midnight; then returns, expecting House to be sitting, and opportunity given him for a few remarks. Duty of Government to see House kept on Tuesday. Gladstone should be in his place, or Bright, or, at least, Harcourt, or perhaps Hartington. Firmly believing that after what he had said about last Tuesday the offence would not believing that after what he had said about last Tuesday the offence would not be repeated, RANDOLPH went off to spend the evening. Mr. Biggar, observing the absence of his ally, determined to count out the House. Pretty to see Joey B. gliding in and out, standing at the Bar counting Members. Looked in at half-past seven. No chance. At eight; more promising. Mr. Fax tried to forestall him; moved a Count, and defeated. Joey B. (dev'lish sly) waits till Speaker goes out and House empties. Moment Speaker takes the Chair, before Members are back, J. B. moves Count. Only twenty-five can get back in time. House no. in time. House up.

JOSEPH GILLIS, walking with long strides across Palace Yard, softly smiling to himself as he thinks of what RANDOLPH will say when he comes down and

finds the House up, was a sight worth living for.

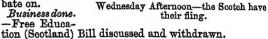
Business done.—None.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Most deliriously exciting afternoon. Scotch Education Bill. Dr. Cameron moved Second Reading in a speech only an hour and a half long. Full of sparkle and subtle humour set off with natural eloquence and appropriate gesture. Then Sir Edward Colebrook poured forth a flood of soul-stirring speech. Sir Stafford Northcote was in his place whilst Sir Edward's melodious voice filled the Chamber. He feigned sleep, but his lips moved, and those near him might have heard him mutter,

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die. To cease upon the midnight with no pain Whilst thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad In such an ecstasy!"

After Sir Edward there were others, all Scotch and

all eloquent. The lasted up to a quarter to six, I drinking it all in, losing not a word. But I feel I have been too bold. All very well once in a way, whilst Youth is at the prow and Sir EDWARD COLE-BROOK at the helm. But I must moderate my appetite. I must dissemble -more especi-ally when there is a Scotch dehate on.



tion (Scotland) Bill discussed and withdrawn.

Thursday.—Debate on Second Reading Irish Land Bill finished at last. Mr. CHAPLIN up to-night, and up for nearly two hours. Beautiful speech. Full of the loveliest, longest, and most alliterative assortment of adjectives. Then Mr. Stansfeld, not nearly so loud, but equally well satisfied with himself. Sly man, Mr. Stansfeld. Wants to get women into Parliament, and by way of making the House used to the notion, wears his hair long, parts it down the middle, and makes long speeches in a mincing manner understood by the bachelors of the House to be peculiar to women when arguing. Best speech of the Debate made by Lord Richard Grosvenor after the Division on Lord Elcho's Amendment. "Ayes to the right of them, 352; Noes to the left of them, 176." This means that the Second Reading is passed by a majority of two to one.

Friday Night.—The two new Members for Knares-

Friday Night.—The two new Members for Knaresborough, Mr. Tom COLLINS and his Umbrella, arrived to-night. One took its stand in the Cloak Room, the

tand in the Cloak Room, the other came to take his Seat in the House. Sir Wilferd Lawson lying in ambush below the Gallery. Tom Collins brought up by two highly respectable Members, whose white hair and beards gave the proceedings quite a cathedral air. At the cry of "Broke away!" Sir Wilferd on his feet waving a scroll of paper generally understood to be a copy of the Shorter Catechism, which he designed to put to Mr. Collins. Tom steadily pressed on to the Table, disregarding Sir Wilferd. Opposition roaring; Sir Erskins May standing at the Table holding out the Oath as one might hold out a plank to a drowning man. Tom clutched it with great fervour and he drowning man. Towclutched it with great fervour, and be-



The Deputy-Sergeant retires to enjoy a Forrester's Fête.

fore the recitation was quite through, bestowed a resounding kiss upon the paste-board, signed the Roll, and grinning with delight, shock hands all down the long row of Ministers till he reached the Spraker, on whom he bestowed a friendly smile. After this took his seat below the Gangway, where he listened critically to Sir Wilfeld's speech.

Business done.—"Count" Collins took his seat. Irish Members denounced Mr. Forster for the space of

five hours.

DUKES AND DIRT.

Muck begets muck, and carters and market-gardeners accustomed for years to the filth and overcrowding of Mud-Salad Market, can hardly be blamed if their natures are subdued to what they work in. If they bring the food of London to market in the same carts in which they carry manure back to the country; if they play-fully upset this manure down the areas of the Duke of Mudford's unfortunate tenants; if they injure the far too costly vegetables with encrusted filth, and do all they can to poison the blood of buyers and sellers, they are only acting according to their lights; they have never been taught anything better. Parochial fussiness and sanitary activity are paralysed in the presence of a great Duke, and the blotches of mud upon his escutcheon are regarded as marks of honour.

Our friend and fellow-worker, the Lancet, wonders that any people out of Bedlam can be responsible for the scheme of bringing a new Hospital within this centre of noise and muck; and we also wonder that a space having been once cleared is not dedicated, at any cost, to an extension of the Market. The Parisians have a place which is a credit to their city, and which they call the "Market of the Innocents." Our Mud-Salad ducal slice of London is not one-sixth the size of theirs, though our Innocents are more than three times as numerous. Our Innocents in this case—we might almost call them Idiots—are the population of London.

HAMLET ON VACCINATION.

To vaccinate or not, that is the question, Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer The painful pangs and lasting marks of smallpox, Or to bare arms before the surgeon's lancet, Or to pare arms before the surgeon's lancet, And, by being vaccinated, end them. Yes, To feel the tiny point, and say we end The chance of many a thousand awful scars That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished.—Ah! soft you not The Vaccinator! Sir, upon thy rounds -Ah! soft you now, Be my poor arms remembered!

ÆSTHETIC NOTES.

THE most Æsthetic line in SHAKSPEARE is, "Oh, that this Too Too,—solid flesh," &c.
What great Singer is "quite Too Too?"—Evidently, FAURE.



"FAUTE DE MIEUX."

Customer. "GIE MA THE HUNTLY EXPRESS."

Johnny A'things. "THEY 'RE A' DEEN."

Customer. "OD! THAT'S A PEETY! BUT AW'LL TAK' THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL." Johnny. "THEY 'RE A' DEEN TEE!"

Crustomer. "Well, then, gie's a Pennyworth o' Conversation Sweeties!"

THE WATERLOO WAGS AGAIN.

THERE is a proposition before Parliament to establish a new line. to be called the Guildford, Kingston, and London Railway. It must



not, indeed, be supposed that either Guildford or Kingston has hitherto been without steam communication with the Metropolis. On the contrary, the London and South Western Company has, after its dear old doddering fashion, looked after the interests of these towns, and has, as usual, succeeded in disgusting the great majority of its passengers by its creepy-crawly trains and its rabbit-hutch Stations. The very idea

f the new route has, however, actually warmed our friends, the Wags of Waterloo, into something like energy. Mr. ARCHTRALD SCOTT, has in all earnestness promised that "the line shall be widened," and has caused the High-Level station at Kingston "to be altered."

Horay! Rome wasn't built in a day. But when Alderman Gould, Mayor of Kingston, describes the carriages provided by the Wags as "filthy," and "the traffic interruptions, especially on race days, as serious;" when Lord Lovelace, Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, says that there "is a great desire for improved railway accommodation;" and when Lord Onslow, one of the largest landowners in the county, describes the Guildford shed as "one of the worst stations in England," it may reasonably be supposed that the merry Directors of the L. and S. W. R. have not engaged all sympathies for the

screaming farce which they have played for so many years. It seems screaming farce which they have played for so many years. It seems indeed that an indiscriminating and ungrateful public prefers new management, if the fact be taken into account that out of ten thousand inhabitants of Surbiton, only one hundred and seventy signed a petition in favour of the Wags.

When the Hungerford and Southampton scheme is carried out as well as the Kingston Line, then perhaps the Great Autocrat Monopoly will put his house in order and look after his customers. It is wonderful what a wholesome tonic is provided for his sluggish system in the unrivalled Competition Bitters.

THE MODERN MAY QUEEN.

(The result of the First Fortnight.)

Don't wake and call me early, pray don't call me, Mother dear, To-morrow may be the coldest day of all this cold New Year; Of all this wintry year, Mother, the wildest, stormiest day, And we have had fires in May, Mother, we have had fires in May. I sleep so sound at night, Mother, that I don't want to wake, With the horrid thermometer standing at what seems a sad mistake; But none so wise as those who read the weather forecasts, they say; Shall we have more fires in May, Mother? must we have more fires

A storm is coming across, Mother, the New York Herald has said, And, if you please, I'd rather lie as long as I like in bed; So bother the knots and garlands, Mother, and all the foolish play, If we're to have fires in May, Mother, why—we must have fires in

LATEST BETTING.—Odds on Vaccination. Jennerally offered, and



A CONSCIOUS MARTYR.

- "Why are you so cross, Angela?"-"Oh! because I hate selfishness, Aunt! and they're all of them so selfish!" "What have they done?"—"Why, they all want to go on the River, just when I want to play Lawn-Tennis!"
- "Well, you needn't go with them!"-"Of course I needn't; but how am I to play Lawn-Tennis all by myself!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 5.

In the City-before Alderman Bounser.

Usher. Call John Jones. [He comes forward. John John Jones. [He comes forward.]

Alderman. I see, John Jones, you are summoned for not sending your boy Thomas to school. What 'ave you got to say?

John Jones. I have to say, Sir, that I don't send him to school because I prefer to teach him myself at home.

Alderman. And so you set yourself above the lor?

School-Board Officer. Your Worship, the Act says the boy shall strends a officient school.

attend an efficient school.

Alderman. And he goes to no school at all?

John Jones. No, Sir, and I will tell you the reason why.

Alderman. Reason! There can't be any reason in the case. You set yourself above the lor. You think yourself wiser than Queen, Lords, and Commons all of an 'eap. An' I am sorry to say there are, now-a-days, a good many folks of your way o' thinkin'. But they 'ave got to learn, and you 'ave got to learn, that the lor must be

obeyed.

John Jones. I am perfectly aware of that, Sir, I wish only to

Alderman. Explain! What 'ave you got to explain? The lor says your boy must go to school, and you don't and won't send 'im.

School-Board Officer. I have had a great deal of trouble about

this case, Sir.

Alderman. No doubt; no doubt; but I am quite willing to 'ear what the gent 'as got to say. I am 'ere, am I not, to administer justice between man and man, and between man and woman too, and

even between woman and woman, which is the 'ardest work of all.

John Jones. All I have to say, Sir, is that instead of sending my
boy to a Board School, I prefer teaching him at home. He is, as you
may see, a delicate boy, and not a very elever boy, and I know from
my own experience, for I have been a teacher myself, that such boys
at a wiblin school are set to be realested by the mentions and bulling at a public school are apt to be neglected by the masters, and bullied by the other boys. When he is a year or two older, he may be better

able to rough it. But at present, with all deference to you, Sir, I think he is much better at home.

School-Board Officer. He has passed no standard at all, Sir. John Jones. How could he, when he has never been tried? I wish

you yourself; Sir, would put some questions to him; not too hard, for he is only seven.

ne is only seven.

Alderman. Very well, let the boy stand forward. (Boy comes forward in front of the Alderman, looking rather frightened.) Let me see now. We've heard a good deal of late about Dulcino. Where is Dulcino, my boy?

Boy. I don't know, Sir.

Alderman (aside). No more do I. (Aloud.) I see he is not well up in his jography. Let us try his spellin'. How do you spell Halderman?

Boy. Alderman?

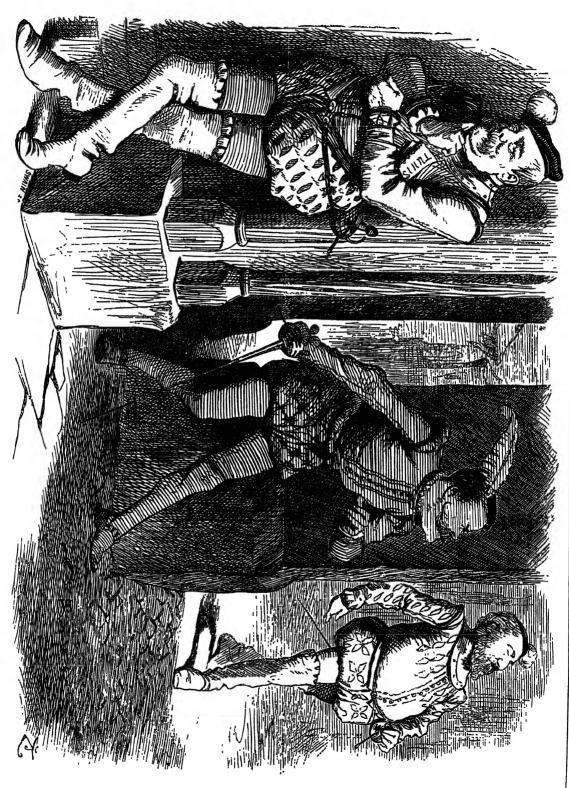
Boy. A-1-d-e-r-Alderman. This is too bad, he don't know where Duleino is, and he can't spell Halderman-

with costs.

John Jones. Well, Sir, I will pay the fine rather than have my furniture sold by the School-Board. But before paying the money, I would respectfully ask under what section of the Act I am to I would respectfully ask under what section of the Act I am to be fined for not sending my boy to school, when my neighbour in the next street, who happens to pay more rent than I do, is never troubled by the School-Board at all, and may either educate his children at home, or not educate them at all, as it may please his fancy. I much fear, Mr. Alderman, that in this country, as in all other countries, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Alderman. Nothing of the sort, Sir. I've a great mind to 'ave you fined for contempt of Court. What is the next case? [Scene closes.

MOTTO FOR THE PATRIOTIC GAUL.—" Nemo me in Tune lacessit."



At the Theatre Royal, Berlin. Cassio . . . France. Roderigo . . . ITALY.

"NOW, WHETHER HE KILL CASSIO, OR CASSIO HIM, OR EACH DO KILL THE OTHER, EVERY WAY MAKES MY GAIN."—Othello, Act V. Sc. 1.

MAJOR LYON

Mr. FRED ARCHER)

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

In consequence of the prospective success of the Amateur Burlesque, it is proposed to establish (for one night only) an Amateur Music-Hall, when the undermentioned Artists may, or may not, appear, and contribute the following Programme:—

The Premier (especially com-posed for him by Sir St-ff-rd N-RTHC-TE; words expressly written for him by Sir J-HN H-LK-R; and dedicated to W. E. G. without permission. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P. . Mr. Wilson Barrett . Mr. PLIMSOLL

M. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE

"Hang up the Flag behind the

"The young Cock cackles as the old Cock crows. "O Juanna, don't I cry for thee!"
"All on Account of Eliza." "Three old Magistrates went to the Aquarium."

"Oh, who will o'er the Downs so

Mr. G. FORDHAM (Part Song)
Mr. T. CANNON . free? Sir WILFRID LAWSON (Recitation)

Mr. Bradlaugh . Mr. MARWOOD Mr. Dillon, M.P. Earl of LYTTON (as the Upper) Ten Swell)

Mr. FORSTER, M.P.) (Duet) Earl SPENCER Mr. EDMUND YATES (Reading) Mr. FROUDE . Mr. CHILDERS, M.P. Earl of Northbrooke

Marquis of Salisbury (Leader) Sir S. Northcote (First Violin) Earl Cairns (Big Drum)

Oh! que j'aime les Militaires," and Selections from L'Afri-

Oh, who will Winners ride?"
"If I were only long enough,
A soldier I would be." "We may be happy yet."
"The Last Cord."

"Black Maria and the Squire." "There's another jolly row down-stairs."

"The Two Gendarmes." "The wide, wide World." Carlisle awa'!"

"The Whale and the Torpedo."

Grand Selection from Patience.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

(By a Traveller after using Mr. Gladstone's Locomotive Refreshment Bars.)

Victoria Station.—Great nuisance! Hot day—Sunday—can't get anything to drink anywhere! So thirsty! Happy Thought.—Get something in the train. Take a ticket for Battersea Park, and there you are! Capital idea of GLADSTONE to give spirit licences to railway carriages. Not that I want any spirits. Oh no. Only a glass of ginger-beer. Got ticket for Battersea Park.

Herne Hill.—Hallo! Never expected to come here! Fact is, crowd of people round the Refreshment Bar confused me. I must have missed certifier out at the right moment. Ginger-beer years

Herne Hul.—Hallo! Never expected to come here! Fact is, crowd of people round the Refreshment Bar confused me. I must have missed getting out at the right moment. Ginger-beer very nice. Think I was right to correct the acidity in the usual manner. Still-very thirsty. Think I shall just have time to get something—say a little lemonade—before we start. Hallo! we are off! Wonder where this train is going to? Hope to Battersea Park.

Horsham.—Don't know how I got here! Fact is, fancy I must have been to sleep after that pint of champagne. Horsham seems a nice sort of place. Rather a headache. Happy Thought.—Bottle of soda-water, and then get out. Find my ticket. All right! "First-class to Battersea Park." Why—here! I say! Stop! We are off! Happy Thought.—Brandy in soda-water: take off chill.

Arundel.—Very astonished to find myself here. Never intended to come, but suppose I forgot to get out at any of the intermediate stations. Wish I had taken that soda plain. Will just have a lemon squash, and then—Why—hi! Stop! We are off again!

Ford Junction.—Got out at last, and found train waiting. Walked into carriage with American Bar. Happy Thought.—Practise at American Bar. Which shall I take, a "Corpse Reviver," or a "Lady's smile"? Happy Thought.—Trailat Bar. Try both. While matter is under consideration, train starts, and I have forgotten to ask if it goes to Battersea Park!

ask if it goes to Battersea Park!

ask if it goes to Battersea Park!

Portsmouth.—Now I do call this annoying! Those American drinks are a mistake. If they hadn't expected me home yesterday to an early dinner, I shouldn't have been so put out! However, as I am here I suppose I ought to go over the Victory. Will this train carry me to Harbour? Happy Thought.—Ask at Refreshment Bar.

Weymouth.—Why am I here? Odd. Sherry nearly undrinkable.

Must ask Station Master how to get back to Battersea Park.

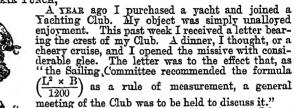
Honiton.—Soda-water, please. Wake me at Battersea Park.

Cheltenham.—Refreshment person's fault. Journey done me good though. Feel better now. Ask for Cheltenham waters—with some-

thing in them. I've always heard "there's something in them."
If there isn't—Happy Thought—put it. Cognac? "Why cert'nly."
Address Uncertain.—Really jolly! Capital port! Always liked port! Don't in the least know where I am! Fancy somebody said to somebody just now that we were in the night express for Glasgow! All right! Why not? Hang Battersea Park! On we goes to China—Anywhere—Champagne—Happy Thought—Hooray generally! ally!

GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT.

MY DEAR PUNCH,



What the above means, I am proud to say I have not the remotest idea, but I wish you would take the matter in hand, and expose it. If life is to be rendered a burden by algebraical questions, I shall give up yachting and go into the Church.

Yours truly,

BUCEPHALUS SMITH.

Yacht "Squeaker" off Gravesend.

The Way we Live Now.

"SCHOOLBOYS," remarks a dear old-womanly contemporary, "are not what they were. They drink champagne where ginger-beer once sufficed, and scholarship is a thing of the past." If this be so, we suppose the next new Latin Grammar will read like this:—

OLD STYLE.

Positire, Magnus. | Comparative, Major. | Superlative, Maximus. NEW STYLE.

Pos. Bottle. | Comp. Magnum. | Sup. Jeroboam.

One for Sir Wilfrid.

"Let anyone who was going into the Army be looked upon as if he were going into an equivocal profession, the same as if he were going on the Stock Exchange or going to keep a pawnbroker's shop."—Sir Wilfrid Lawson at the Peace Society.

SIR WILFRID, it seems, most insultingly jeers At the Army, which well may disdain his wild sneers; Or the soldier, indignant, might answer full soon That his calling beats that of a witless buffoon.

NEW NAUGHTYCAL MUSIC.

WE notice that Mr. J. L. Molloy has produced a new song called The Boatswain's Story. Glad to hear it, and still more glad to hear that J. L. M., for whose music we more giad to near that J. L. M., for whose music we have a sincere regard, is continuing the series with The Mate's Whopper, The Swab's Suppression of Fuct, The Cabin-Boy's Crammer, The Lie of the Land-Lubber, The Second Lieutenant's Abominable Falsehood, The Corswain of the Captain's Gig's Disgusting Perversion of the Truth, and The Mate's Mondrait.

Will any of these be ready for Mr. Santley's Concert on "the night before the battle, Mother," i.e. the 31st, or eve of the Derby. Good subject for a Lady's song, "The Eve of the Derby." Music by Adam. Mr. Sullivan is writing The Box-and-Coxswain.

THE WRONG TIP.

Brown, Hullo, Jones. What's the matter

Jones. Oh, nothing. Had my eye knocked out yesterday; my wife lost three front teeth last week; my son got a nasty knock on his left ear, and will probably be deaf on that side for life; and my little daughter's nose was broken

this morning.

Brown, Dreadful! And how—
Jones. Why, from our square
frequented there runs a very frequented thoroughfare, which we all use daily, and near there is a Board School, and the children play in that frequented thoroughfare . . . at Tip-oat!!

[It is no exaggeration to say that some of the most respect-able thoroughfares are at certain able thoroughtares are at certain times of the day impassable owing to the nuisance of Tip-cat. In the ophthalmic ward of St. Thomas's Hospital lies at the present moment a little girl who has permanently lost the sight of her right are. She is a victim to Tip of eye. She is a victim to Tip-cat. Now where is that Policeman Sir EDWARD HENDERSON, eh?]

Avis.

"Rara Avis," we should say. Figurez-vous, Messieurs—

CALAIS-DOUVRES. Magnificent upper deck accommodation, with luxurious arm-chairs. Splendid saloon above deck. Handsome ladies' cabins, with stewardess, &c. &c.

Cabins full of handsome ladies, with stewardess—handsome also, of course. No chance of having an ugly passage.

"THOUGHT-READING."—Great success. Try our "Happy Thought Reading." Re-issue. Cheap Series.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 33.



COUNT OF MONTY GUESTO, M.P.

Who's always asking questions to set his mind at rest? 'Tis the subject of this picture :-- so the answer must be Guess'd.

SARAH'S RETURN.

SARAH has landed at Havre with the eight hundred thousand francs landed in America. The francs landed in America. The Municipality turned out together with the Orphéonists, the Pompiers, the Custom House Officers, and other local autocrats; and M. Grafyr is reported to have said that if he had ever been received in that way, he should have felt vain. But Sarah could not feel vain; and she kissed the reporters all round in the most modest and unaffected fashion. In addition to her cheque-book, Donna Sol-who is now generally called Dollar Solidi-has brought back materials for another book, the scathing frankness of which the Great Republic is not expected to survive. It is to be hoped that the gentle Frou-Frou will not stop there. With her universal talents, she ought to caricature her chief patrons in lead and oil—though the oil she struck was productive of gold; in the way of poetry, one or two stinging lampoons, say on Miss Fanny Davenport, Lei-CESTER WALLACK, &c., would be in good taste. In sculpture, a fine group of "Le Génie chez les Troglodites" would be finely emblematic; and if, as composer, the Inimitable gave us variations on "Yankee Doodle" à bouche fermée et nez considérablement ouvert, the States ought to feel completely grateful for SALLY's gratitude.

WHEN SHARSPEARE makes Othello allude to "the harmless necessary Cat," the Bard could not have had an Elizabethan boy's "Tip-cat" even in his mind's eye, or he wouldn't have called it "harmless."

OUR FUTURE HISTORY.

(By Sir John Joker, M.P.)

INTENDING Candidates for Examination, who are not yet up in the appalling future of Communism, anarchy, and revolution, that, according to the late learned ATTORNEY-GENERAL, waits this country shortly after the passing of the Irish Land Bill, may find the following advance paper of questions of considerable use:—

1. Give the name of the last LORD MAYOR who was guillotined privately, and had his head put, at his own request, on a pole at the top of the Temple Bar Memorial.

2. Who were the seventeen Bishops and Archbishops who were flung together into a tank at the Aquarium, and rescued, after some difficulty, by Miss Brokwith and the Assistant-Manager? And was this outrage repeated twice on Saturday?

3. The following are the seven past Locabin Emperors:—BRAD.

Was this outrage repeated twice on Saturday r

3. The following are the seven post-Jacobin Emperors:—BRADLAUGH, CHURCHILL, GOSSET THE FIRST, GOSSET THE SECOND, GOSSET
THE THIRD, MARWOOD, BARRY SULLIVAN. Give some account of
the foreign policy of each, and say in whose reigns were introduced,
respectively, the compulsory "Wearing of Chain-Armour on Sundays," "Trial by Torture," "County-Court Hanging," and "Shakmearien Readings to Convicts." spearian Readings to Convicts."

4. Describe the falling of the Duke of York's Column by order of the Convention. How many years was it allowed to lie in the smoking-room of the Athenseum?

Analyse the following passage, and mention what similar crisis in Roman history it recalls:—

"Then came the great day of action. The train was fired. Before noon the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, the Abbey, Somerset House, all the Government Offices, and five-and-twenty public buildings had been shot up simultaneously into the air in a thunder

of exploding dynamite. Public feeling was somewhat appeased, but at a little before three it was hinted that the National Anthem had been sung by some one at the Beefsteak Club. The place was surrounded. Only the Secretary and the Steward were on the premises, but they were taken to the Tower. They made their escape that night to North Woolwich Gardens. But King William Street was doomed. At a quarter past eight the whole neighbourhood was suddenly left a smoking ruin. It happened that the Folly Theatre had not long commenced its performance. The audience were dissatisfied. The temper of the times, however, was not one of compromise. Mr. Toole refused to return them their money. The effect of this announcement was electric. The next morning three millions of people assembled at Charing Crossand thanked him publicly for 'not having despaired of the Republic.'."

6. Give the now historic words in which Mr. LABOUCHEEE, on having the Diotatorship, together with the Mace, Crown jewels, half the contents of the Bank of England, and the promise of a public funeral pressed upon him by a deputation, showed them the door and referred them curtly to his solicitors.

7. Give some account of the last days of the House of Peers

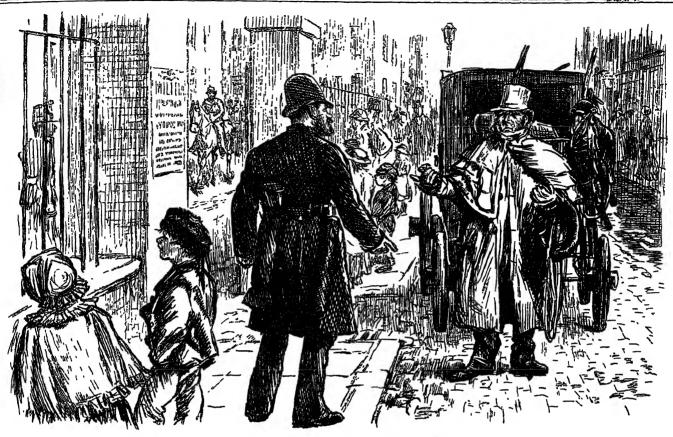
7. Give some account of the last days of the House of Peers

And (8) describe the gradual stages of the decline and fall of the British Empire, commencing with the passing of the Irish Land Bill, and culminating in the opening of the Isle of Dogs on Sunday.

The Salle Volatile.

I SHOULD like to see the two great SARAHS together in some English piece," said an orchestra-stall-wart young man at the Gaiety.
"What two Sarahs?" asked his friend.

"Why, Sal Bernhardt and Sal-Vini. They're both coming, aren't they?"



"TO WHAT BASE USES," &c.

Constable (at Gate of Militia Barracks). "Hullo! what's this Cab here for, blocking up the Street? Where's your Horse? I won't have it! Off you go!"

Cabby (deferentially). "All right, Sir. I'm a waitin' for this 'ere Hadjutant's Charger, Sir!"

VERSES FOR VEGETARIANS.

[The Members of the Vegetarian Society met on May 18th in conference. It was reported that the Society had twelve restaurants, in one of which 700 persons dined daily; the aggregate being 3000 diners every day.]

BRING hither the leek, for its flavour is dear, With cabbage that always provides us good cheer; Let onions be cooked, and the artichoke too, While rosy tomatoes loom fair on our view; And give me the water-cress fresh from the bed, With beetroot that blushes a beautiful red.

The spinach looks well with some eggs on the dish: There's parsnip, which gourmets serve up with salt fish: The sea-kale and brocoli merit our praise, With tender asparagus cut in spring days: Both carrots and turnips are toothsome, and still The cucumber woos us to eat 'gainst our will.

There's parsley, which serves as a garnish; and dry Your lettuce and endive ere salads you try; The pea has its merits, and everyone leans To one merry meal off a dish of broad beans: With celery, rhubarb, and pears, and the rest, The gay Vegetarian lives on the best!

The Mansion-House and The Muses.

THE Chancellor's Medal, at Cambridge, due to the best English verses written by an Undergraduate, has been adjudged to Mr. ARTHUR REED ROPES, Scholar of King's, for a poem composed on the subject of "Temple Bar." The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen, in recognition of a performance worthy, no doubt, to rank as a civic In Memoriam, should constitute Mr. ROPES (with an adequate official salary) Poet-Laureate to the City of London. N.B.—This is suggested by "One who knows the Ropes."

PAY AND PLAY.

THE Times gives us these interesting particulars about the Théâtre Français:—

"The royalties paid to authors during the past five years averaged annually more than 200,000f. (£8,000). Two years ago *Hernani* was reproduced with such success that the author's royalty for three months amounted to 50,000f. (£2,000)."

Bravo Victor Hugo! L'homme qui rit! But this is the system for success and for the encouragement of original and carefully constructed plays. No matter what the author's standing, he must receive his per-centage on the receipts, after a certain nightly deduction for charity.

The French Dramatic Authors' Society can enforce its rights as a legally authorised body on behalf of the very weakest of its members. With such results French Authors can afford to bestow more time and care on their work than most of their English confrires can give.

Hide-bound in Russia.

"He jests at Czars who never felt a wound" inflicted by Nihilists. General Ignatureff should be written General Ignatureff, as probably there is no one more capable of re-lighting the smouldering fires of revolution. Hidebound in old Russian prejudices, he thinks Siberia a cure for every evil.

SARCEY CRITICISM.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the bumptious dramatic critic, lately received a challenge for speaking disrespectfully of M. Gor, the actor, but avoided fighting by giving an explanation, which, translated, amounted to, "I've not been Sarcey, and I won't Go out."

BETS FOR THE DERBY-Nearly everybody's "got 'em on."



MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE.

"COME AND SIT ON GRANDMAMMA'S LAP, DARLING!"

ME AND THE MISSIS

ON ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

I DON'T like bein' labelled! If I was luggage or a doctor's shop it might come nateral, but I ain't and it don't. Therefore entertainments or what not ticketed "for the People" don't pertikler fetch me, not as a rule they don't. Who are the People or, if it comes to that, who aren't they? If the party—barring Queen Victoria of course—who thinks he doesn't belong to the People'll kindly step out and say so straight, I'm good for a word or two with him. If I went for a welk in my Sunday best I shouldn't care to have a bill at my back with "This is a Working-Man" on it. Similarly when clergymen or caterers adwertise their little affair as bein' "for the People," I'm mostly inclined to say, "You're another,"—and stop away.

But we do give 'em a turn—Me and the Missis—now and agen, and a good deal amused we are, sometimes, though praps not percisely in the way we're expected to be. "Expected to be," ah! that's where they make the mistake. People, with a big or a little "p," can't be amused by simply being told to be. "Amuse and instruct" us, is what they want to do. All serene. I've no objection. Only dull goodygoody won't do it, for one thing, nor yet what I shall wenture to call rum-faddiness. Likeways we don't care to have it poured into us with a spoon, like physic, nor yet spelt out to us in synnables, like the big words in a young 'un's book. Me and the Missis went one Sunday afternoon not long ago to an exhibition of what I should describe as Artistic oddomeshorts out Whitechapel way. Pictures, old china, tapestry, and what the Missis calls jigamarees in general. High Art they said it was, high Art for the People, and a high old joke the people seemed to find it. Fogged silence and faces as long as from here to yonder was the order of the day. Praps that's the nateral result of high Art; if so she'll have to come down a trifle before she elewates me worth mentioning.

Somebody—a rayther topsawyerish schoolboy I should nail it—had vinned mentioning.

Somebody—a rayther topsawyerish schoolboy I should nail it—had pinned written "explanations" in the Mavor's Spellin'-book style, on to all the pictures an cetrer. The pictures fogged me, but the explanations riled me. All my narsty temper, the Missis said. Praps. Only the drop-it-down-nice-and-easy-to-'em style o' thing does put my back up, somehow. "What's the objeck of all this here, John?" says the Missis in a whisper,—nobody seemed to like to speak out loud. "To bring Beauty home to the workin'-classes," says I. "Oh! and is that Beauty?" says she, pointing to a lady with a long chin and a bad sea." into a French lake.

attack of the internal spazzums, who seemed to have got herself mixed up with a laurel bush and some miscellaneous laundry. "Spose so," says I. Then says the Missis, "I'll take it kindly if she'll stop away, for she makes me feel as miserable as she looks." "Ah! got a jor onto her, ain't she?" says a greasy lookin' chap as overheard us. "Turn the Sunday milk sour, I should say." Beauty didn't seem to come home to him, somehow.

Taking tother extreme, Me and the Missis went lately for an evening at the Victoria Coffee Music Hall, which is the disreputable but jolly old Vic turned teatotal and

for an evening at the Victoria Coffee Music Hall, which is the disreputable but jolly old Vic turned teatotal and —well thundering dull, I say, and chance it. I'm not so set on tipple myself, that I can't take my amusement without it. Only it's got to be amusement. At the V.C.M.H. it wasn't,—not to Me and the Missis at least. "Here you are," says I, pointing to a seat. "Oh, John," says she, "do let's take a form where somebody else is sittin'." You see two in the Stalls, and about twenty in the Pit want a lot of keerful distrybution to make things spage and cosy all round.

things snug and cosy all round.

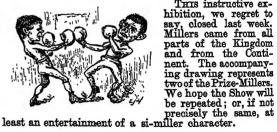
The entertainment was third-rate Music Hall, and dull things snug and cosy all round.

The entertainment was third-rate Music Hall, and dull at that; and when the applause came, which wasn't often, it sounded as weak as a whisper on Salisbury Plain, and as ashamed of itself as a snore in sermon time. A quotation from Shakspeare on the programme said that music was good for "doleful dumps." Not that of "a refined serio-comic" with a cheep-cheep-chuckabout sort of a voice, nor yet that of a "baritone vocalist" like a broken-down waiter with a cold in his head. Leastways Me and the Missis didn't find it so. So we thought we'd try what seedy cake and Sparkling Rubine would do. "Always as lively as this, Miss?" says I to the attendant at the bar, when a boy in a red blouse like a boot-black had woke her up with the 'eavy end of a water-bettle. "No," says she, hunting for a corkscrew, "this is about as ba—a—a——"I didn't quite see how many synnables that yawn was agoin to run to, so I turns it up sharp and asks no more questions.

No doubt they mean well, both "nobs" and the "coffee pots," but they haven't quite got the hang of it. I hear there's some talk now of starting what they call "At Homes" for the People. Whatever that may mean, what they 've got to do first is to make the people feel at home. Long-chin'd Beauty and lackadaisycalness won't do it, nor yet dead-alive dulness and Gingerette.

Straight!

"THE MILLING EXHIBITION."



This instructive exhibition, we regret to say, closed last week. Millers came from all parts of the Kingdom and from the Conti-The accompanynent. ing drawing represents two of the Prize-Millers.

FINISHED AT LAST.

THE Revisionary Committee of the O. & N. T. have finished their work, and a new version of the Liber Librorum was presented to the Archbishop of CANTER-BURY in Convocation last week. On all hands the result BURY in Convocation last week. On all hands the result seems to be pronounced a very qualified success, if not an absolute failure. It was at best more a visionary than a re-visionary undertaking. In no irreverent spirit, but as a matter of philological interest, we should very much like to know what were the suggestions for improvement made by our American cousins? If they at all corresponded to the English popular idea of Americanisms we do not wonder at their rejection. We leave it to our readers to conjecture—we should say to guess—what the Transatlantic notions might have been like.

THE DERBY SKETCHED AND HEDGED.



THE day was a glorious one—not too cold nor yet too warm. Now would the sun emerge from the clouds and flood all nature with a perfect bath of glory. Now the rain would pour in torrents. Now the snow would fall lightly upon thousands of ulsters and sealskins. And yet these changes were so brightly blended that there were some who did not see the sunshine, some who did not feel the rain, some who did not notice the snow!

How to get to Epsom was the first thought of many a

Londoner on that ever-memorable Wednesday. Those who liked leisurely progress went by road—those who preferred speed betook themselves to the Railway Station.

speed betook themselves to the Railway Station.

It has been reported that many had to wait at the bookingoffice at Waterloo Station several seconds before they could
secure a ticket. It has been also rumoured that, on more than
one occasion, the vehicles on the road had to walk slowly, on
account of the crowded appearance of the thoroughfare.

The incidents on the way down having been now fully
and exhaustively described, the aspect of the Course and its
surroundings claim attention. Something not unlike the
scene witnessed on Wednesday June the First had been gazed
upon before. This may appear a bold assertion when it is
remembered how unlike one Derby-Day is to another, and
yet such indeed was the fact. For instance, there were
several persons on the Grand Stand, and the Hill could not
be justily described as deserted. Here and there luncheon
was eaten on the top of a drag, and amongst the crowd were
recognised, now and again, a perambulating Ethiopian serenader. Those who listened attentively, too, could hear distinctly the sound of voices. tinctly the sound of voices.

tinctly the sound of voices.

But as it may be objected that the above remarks are almost of a too general character, it may be as well to enter into particulars. Nothing could have been more interesting than the group collected on the Epsom Downs on Wednesday the First of June. All the celebrities of the day, deserting the Grand Stand and the drags, paraded by mutual consent on a seeluded portion of the Hill. Wishing as much as possible to fall in with the desires of Sir WLIFRID LAWSON, they determined to treat the great race of the year with sovereign contempt. Thus, when the finish was over as follows:—

1, The Winner; 2, The Derby Dog; 3, Policeman X; and the remainder of the field nowhere, the most illustrious of our Lords and Gentlemen were disporting themselves with heir backs turned to the Course in the most delightful man-

Conservative Leader was supported by Sir John Astley and Mr. W. H. Smith, while Mr. John Bright bravely took odds about "the Striker." Mr. Chaplin, forgetting all parliamentary animosities, generously officiated as stakeholder. It was at this moment too that Lord Salisbury, seeing Sir Stafford engaged "in another place," stealthily invited a gipsy to tell him his fortune in his character of "a pretty gentleman"—the Duke of Richmonn, surnamed the "Disappointed," regarding the group thus formed with a feeling that it would take volumes to adequately express. Then Sir William Harcourt, always knowing more about everything than anyone else, discovered the King in the celebrated Card Trick to the admiration of all beholders. Following the lead of H.R.H. the Prince of Walks and Following the lead of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Lord Alfred Pager, Lords Carrington and Roseberr determined to have nothing to do with the race, and walked away from the Downs as the horses passed the winning-post. So splendid an act of self-denial was so greatly appreciated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, that the teetotal Baronet immediately celebrated the event in a foaming glass of Zoedone, to the languid astonishment of Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Langury, who evidently mistook the unvinous but cheering beverage for genuine champagne. Then Mr. IRVING glanced at the race to see if he could obtain from it fresh inspiration for the character of Othello; while Cere-

wayo made a noted Æsthete perfectly Wilde. Such was the scene on the Hill, which might have been witnessed by anyone—knowing where to find it!

But, after all, the Derby was the event of Wednesday the First of June. It cannot but be felt that no account of this remarkable twenty-four hours would be complete without

remarkable twenty-four hours would be complete without some report of the running.
Several of the horses appeared in the Paddock—nay, all except those that were saddled at the starting-post. As the papers have published a full list of the probable starters and jockeys, it would be a waste of time, if not an evidence of bad taste, to give the names of those that actually put in an appearance. Such a catalogue would be invidious in the last degree, and might lead to a great deal of disappointment. Suffice it to say that all the horses that were intended to run were brought before the starter several minutes before he lowered his flag.

And here it would be well to stop, were it not that in an

And here it would be well to stop, were it not that in an ante-dated report it is more than usually interesting to spot the winner. Well, then, they are off! They pass Tatten-





THOROUGHNESS.

Aunt Matilda. "AND DO YOU STUDY GEOGRAPHY, JANET?" Janet. "GEOGRAPHY. I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED!" Aunt Matilda. "Where's Glasgow?"

Janet. "Glasgow! Oh, we haven't got as far as that. We've only got as far as Asia."

DERBY AND JONES.

(With Convivial Compliments to Mr. James Mollov.)

THE Derby's here, and I'm getting grey, By Jove, I'm fifty if I'm a day; But through dust and sun, I like my fun As the cab rolls on.

As the cao rolls on.

So we, that is Jones my friend and I,
Have each, to our wives, made this reply:

"Yes, we're going,—like two staid elderly men,
But don't mean, my dear, to do it again."

And it's always the same! Serious tones,—

Then a nice little game with my old friend Jones.

A nice little game with my old friend Jones.

Arm-in-arm, after lunch that day, Arm-in-arm,—well, we made our way: And everything spun round and round like fun As the cab bowled on!

Arm-in-arm, we managed to slide,
Though the streets and lamps all took the wrong side;
And we never could quite tell how or when

Each of us got safe home again! Always the same!—Banjo and Bones Always the same with my old friend Jones. Always the same with my old friend Jones.

LEOPOLD IN LEAR.

THE QUEEN has been studying the Bard lately with a view to the performance of King Lear at Windsor. HER MAJESTY has only settled one character in the cast and given it to Prince LEOPOLD, or Prince LEAR-POLD, to whom this line has been graciously addressed.

"And you, one no less loving son of ALBANY."

The title is not derived from the sets of bachelors' chambers in Piccadilly, called The Albany, or we might expect the creation of some other titles such as the Duke of ARCADIA, Baron Flats, Lord Hankeymansion, Sir Clarence Chambers (Haymarket), and so on. A city confectioner said he was delighted at such a graceful compliment being paid to his trade as was implied in the creation of a Duke of All-Bunny. Owners of rabbitwarrens may make the same remark.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A DERBY DAY DRAMA.

Scene I.—House of Commons, shortly before Derby Day.

Conscientious Radical M.P. (warmly). Approve of the House adjourning over the Derby Day? Certainly not! Most ridiculous and wrong. Shall decidedly vote against it if it comes up. We are here Sir (swelling) to do the Nation's business, which is shamefully in arrear—shamefully—and to waste a day in the middle of the Session just because a few thousand fools are going to see some horses compete at Epsom is frivolous, infra dig. monstrous, unworthy in the highest degree. I never go, but even did I desire to do so, I should not think of closing the House and stopping public business just to give me an opportunity of indulging a personal taste which is certainly trivial if it is not debasing. No, Sir!

[Strikes an heroic village-Hampden attitude, with elevated chin, and thumbs in his white vaistocat sleeve-holes.

Easy-going Conservative M.P. (languidly). Aw, think so? Don't pitch it quite so high myself. I never go, never, too low and noisy; but if other fellows want to, I don't see why they shouldn't, I'm sure. Better fun than Bicear, I dare say—and quite as likely to advance "public business." By the way, what's Peregrine's latest price?

Conscientious Radical, M.P. (eagerly pulling out vaner) Why

Conscientious Radical, M.P. (eagerly pulling out paper). Why, hang it, I see—(recollecting himself)—but there, look for yourself. I've no interest in it!

[Saunters out to get later edition.

Scene II .- The Downs on Derby Day.

Conscientious Radical M.P. (on a drag with dolls in his hat). By Jove, this is better than BIGGAR! Pass the Lobster Salad. (Munches.) Champagne with you? (Gurgles.) Ten to one against Limestone? Done! (Books it;) H'm! Wonder whether GLADSTONE could put this book straight. I can't. Stand to win fifty-two—no, three—or is it sixty-three? (Gurgles again.) Or to lose one hundred and—

what the doo ___ Oh, hang it! what's the odds on Geolo ___ I mean so long as you're happy?

Enter Easy-going Conservative M.P. with a cocoa-nut, which he surreptitiously drops under the drag.

Easy-going Conservative M.P. Hillo, PRAG, you here? Why, I thought you never

Conscientious Radical M.P. And I thought you never— Easy-going Conservative M.P. Well, you see, I don't,—as a rule, but—well, fact is I got somehow dragged—that is—a—a sort of a

duty, don't you know—

Conscientious Radical M.P. Ah, yes, quite so. Same here. Bore, but must make the best of it, I suppose.

Easy-going Conservative M.P. By the way, did you vote against

the adjournment?

Four-in-Hand Club. May 25th.

Scene-The Serpentine. WEATHER-" Temps de Demoiselle."

THE Duke of BEAUFORT leads; sans dread of wet, All follow him—a perfect "Summer set."

No Bookworm.—Causte ab homine unius libri. Mind what you are about with a man of one book. Particularly when, as often happens, that man is a Bookmaker.

SEASONABLE (by Our Sporting Botanist) .- Horse-chestnuts come out strong in the Epsom week.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Madame France (to Mr. Bull). "Your old Ticket won't do. THE MANAGEMENT'S GOING TO RAISE THE PRICES."

Monday Night, May 23.—Of our Parliamentary day, whether the first or the sixth, it may truly be written, "And the morning and the evening were Randolph." Our young friend has of late developed a pleasing habit of coming down before dinner and having a little flutter with Her Majesty's Ministers, much in the same way that idle young men in Paris, I am told, cheer their flagging spirits about the same hour by a glass of absinthe. Moreover, just as some other young men of equally loose habits dwelling in another metropolis, are accustomed towards midnight to wind up with a tumbler of soda and brandy, so our young Statesman, representative of an important borough, is good enough to look in at the House on his way home to create fresh discord.

To-night Randolph's absinthe was Lord Hartington; his soda and brandy Mr. Gladstone. The absinthe he found a little bitter. If a man minds being held up to his associates and the world outside as one who eagerly seizes upon a bit of "lying and calumnious gossip," and seriously uses it in the endeavour to damage a political opponent, Randolph could not have been very happy after Lord Hartington had finished with him. Hartington not often roused from his chronic condition of presimpless indifference. often roused from his chronic condition of passionless indifference. RANDOLPH, amongst many other charming qualities, possesses the secret of moving the Marquis to astonishing exhibitions of sledgehammer contempt.

Apropos. Mr. Cotes, who sometimes finds leisure in the lobby to say

witty things, has a little conundrum on this matter of the douceur of Sir Frederick Roberts:—"What is the difference between Randolph's authority and Randolph himself?" "One is Vanity Fair and the other Unfair Vanity."

The Soda-and-Brandy was, regarded seriously, a somewhat sad affair. Lord Harrington is young and strong, and if he thinks it worth while to catch and crush a moth, the effort gives him no trouble. But for RANDOLPH, after spending an agreeable evening



L'Enfant Terrible (reciting). "My name is RANDOLPH," &c.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. "He's a wonderful Bo-o-y! And he's alive, alive, alive!!"

in the service of his country elsein the service of his country elsewhere, to come in at two o'clock in the morning, and begin to bait GLADSTONE, who had been already sitting, with brief intermission, for nine hours, strenuously wrestling with the Committee in moulding his Budget scheme-for RANDOLPH to do this, suggests reflections which perhaps it would not be polite to reflect.

Business done.—Budget Bill considered in Committee.

Tuesday .- Heard somewhere of "the good man struggling with adversity." Saw him this afternoon standing at the Table with legs and arms contorting in fearful fashion. Adversity on the Benches below the Gang-

Bo-o-y! And he's alive, alive, alive!!" way opposite, exceedingly enjoying the struggling. Mr. Forster, not perhaps the most passionately beloved man in the House. A triffe too self-assertive and self-satisfied. At first House not insensible to the self-assertive and self-satisfied. sible to certain enjoyment in seeing him wrestling with the Irish Members. He undertook the post of Chief Scoretary with so mani-Members. He undertook the post of Chief Secretary with so manifestly light a heart, and with such cheery determination to show Great Britain and Ireland how the thing was to be done. Also some secret chuckling at the spectacle of Mr. BIGGAR, with his thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, calmly advising Mr. FORSTER to retire from a post for which he is "notor usly unfit."

Things are past a joke now. The sympathy of the House entirely with Mr. FORSTER, as he makes an indignant stand against the violent vituperation and unmannerly attacks made upon him night after night. They do him no harm in the estimation of those who

riolent vituperation and unmanneriy attacks made upon him night after night. They do him no harm in the estimation of those who hear and see. There may or may not be something in the case which Irish Members desire to present. What is certain is it will never be listened to from the men who assume to represent Ireland under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. They have so often shown themselves incapable of distinguishing between fact and fancy, truth and



Roasting the Police Force-ter.

deliberate lying, that men with other business to attend to cannot spare time to listen on the chance of hearing a few facts.

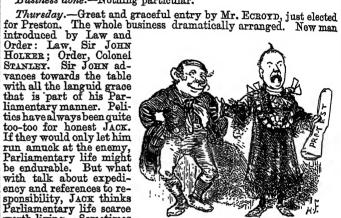
All very well this, and very true. But hard for Mr. Forster to take this philosophical view, and to sit unmoved whilst Mr. O'Donnell slowly gimlets him, and Mr. Healt, lying in wait behind a corner, heaves half a brick at him, and then runs off to shelter himself behind "Privilege." To-day he has it out with them. He trembles in every limb with honest indignation, whilst the Irish Members sit and watch him as the audience in a theatre sit and watch the champion dancer who gyrates for their amusement. The Chief Secretary's will may be law at the Castle; but there is sweet revenge to be taken at Westminster.

Business done.—Mr. Forster baited by Irish Members.

Wednesday.—With twenty minutes to six comes Mr. BIGGAR. He has not been in the House throughout the Sitting, and business has gone on without distraction. The unfortunate Members who have Bills on the Orders which they might get advanced by a stage, know very well what he means. If they didn't, they would soon learn.

As soon as a quarter to six strikes and Debate stopped, Speaker rises and proposes to go through the Orders. Reads out title of Bill. "I object," says Mr. BIGGAR. Another Bill and another objection, sometimes shared with Mr. WARTON, with occasional stray bits for Mr. Healt. But the guiding spirit is Joerph Gillis, by the side of whom Mr. WARTON becomes monotonous and common-place. Many efforts made from time to time to inveigle J. B. from the precincts of the House at this hour. All failures. Joseph's eagle eye flashes through the strategy, and calmly he advances to a seat above the Gangway, placing himself directly under the Speaker's left ear—"just as if he were the knot in the rope," says Alderman Fowler, who in his time has been a Sheriff. who in his time has been a Sheriff. Business done.—Nothing particular.

vances towards the table with all the languid grace that is part of his Par-liamentary manner. Peli-tics have always been quite too-too for honest JACK. If they would only let him run amuck at the enemy, Parliamentary life might be endurable. But what with talk about expediency and references to re-



ency and references to responsibility, JACK thinks
Parliamentary life scarce
worth living. Sometimes
comes down after dinner, Sheriff Thames Water-low objecting to Thames
and if no one on the front
bench, has a little dash in,
taking care to clear out before NORTHCOTE or any of them come
down with their "What's this?" their "Dear me!" and their
"Now, really, don't you think, HOLKER?" Sir JOHN got rid of his
charge as if it were a badly-backed brief, sheering off when he had
come near enough to point out the Mace to the new-comer. Then
strolling off with the look of half-sleepy, wholly ineffable weariness
that is so touching.

Mr. ECROYD simply delightful. Tories cheered like mad. Alderman Fowler kept it up till his face looked like "the purple-headed mountain" of which the poet sings. Mr. ECROYD accepted attentions with due measure of dignity and satisfaction. Advancing with light and graceful step he impartially turned his head to right and left, changing the expression of his face with great skill. He had

"A tear for those who love him, A smile for those who hate.'

Impossible to say which was better done, the smile that he turned towards the silent Liberals, or the softening expression of unalterable regard and friendly protection which he bestowed upon the elated Conservatives.

Business done.—House got into Committee on the Land Bill

Friday Night.—This Government not going to be beaten by the last in anything. Stafford Northcote made a great hit with his Confidence Trick. GLADSTONE determined to show that he is an

equal adept in juggling.
Selected the Hat Trick for the performance. Selected the Hat Trick for the performance. In some respects not quite so striking as the Confidence Trick, which required the andience to produce Six Millions out of their own pockets and hand it to the conjuror. Mr. Gladstone wanted nobody's money. The only article he desired to borrow was a hat, and this was obligingly furnished by the Solicitor General. Performance commenced at six o'clock precisely. House crowded; pit full; boxes bursting; strangers turned away in hundreds from the Gallery. The Premier got up and stood before the table holding out his hand to show that there was no deception. People roared with applause, and demanded an encore. Premier again rose, holding out his hand as before again demonstrating that there was no ing out his hand as before, again demonstrating that there was no deception. Now there were cries of "Hat! Hat!" GLADSTONE sat down again. SOLICITOR-GENERAL handed up his hat. PREMIER put it on his head, or rather on half his head, for it would not go on farther, and then dexterously balancing it as another conjuror might balance a feather on his nose, he said a few words amidst thunderous applause.

Business done.—Committee on Land Bill.



THE BLOCK ON THE ROAD.



GREAT ATTRACTION.

Scene-Derby Race-course.

"Now then, Ladies, here's yer chance! Th' werry 'Oss 'er Royal 'Ighness rode LAST DERBY!

A TRILL TO A NIGHTINGALE.

ONCE more do we gaze upon a Songstress famous in old days; Quite a perfect prima donna, Winning every critic's praise. List to "Dolce pensiero," Altered for her, if you please,
By Rossini. How they stare, Oh!
How the roulades come with ease.
Here's the figure neat and natty,
Bowing to the brilliant throng;
Here's our "Philomela" Patri, Here's the foremost Queen of Song!

Tennis Testimonial.

THE subscription towards a Testimonial to the Inventor of Lawn-Tennis might be appropriately inrestrict in some game of Fives on the Stock Exchange—say American Fives—or Turkish Fives,—the latter being a game depending less on skill than chance. Whatever form the Testimonial is destined to assume, the subscribers have pledged themselves to "stand the racket."

THE HELLENIC START.—On Tuesday last week the convention for the final settlement of the Greek Frontier was signed at Constantinople. May the regeneration of Greece now proceed apace-go on at a gallop-perhaps for one thing to result in the revival of the Isthman Games, to which the late Lord PALMERSTON so happily compared the Derby.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

"ROBERT" ON THE DERBY.

I have bin offered a werry liberal engagement for Epsom nex Wensday, but I don't think I shall except it.

It's all werry well for your young swells with more money than branes, and more sperrits than they can carry soberly and strait, but for respekable people, like myself, who go in for respekablity afore everythink, it's a awful low plaice. Most of the men seems to try and look as low and as horsy and as blaggardy as they can, and many on 'em succeeds admirubbly; and as for the Ladies, no doubt they're as bootiful as Howeries, as I thinks the Turkeys calls 'em, but their conduck is that free and easy, as is rayther astonishing. but their conduck is that free and easy, as is rayther astonishing to a respekable father of seven.

to a respekable father of seven.

I've seen all the fun of the Fare! I've lost my money at Thimbel Rig, which still remanes to me one of the Missterrys of Life. I was once injuiced to put on the Gloves with the Tipton Slasher, outside his Booth, and acshally had the honor of hitting him on the nose, and then of being knoct down as flat as a pancake, and then asked if I should like any more, and all for the small charge of a shilling. I've had my pokkit pikt of every penny I had about me, and had to pledge my dimund pin to a Jew for 1s. 6d. to get home with, but as I had bort it at a Pornbroker's in Witechapple for a shilling, Mr. Moses didn't get much out of that little job.

There was a time wen I used to go as reglar to the Darby as I now goes to the "Albion" or the "London," and for just the same reeson,

perfeshnal engageminx.

Why in my time I've bin on quite intummit turms with most of the principle Jockeys, and have had lots of strate tips from 'em, sum on 'em reel 'uns.

I even remember wunce having quite a frendly nod from the "Demon"! I also remember Custance, I think it was, telling me, in quite a confedenshal moment, that there was one certain way, and

only one way, of spotting the Darby winner.

I never could quite remember it, most likely from its being rather late at night, and after a good deal of frendly confidense and rum Punch, of which we was both partickler fond, but I know it was sumthink like this here.

Take the first letters of the names of the horses, and those that

make up a word are sure to containe the winner.

So as P. I. G. spells Pig, I profesys Peregrine, Iroquois, and Geologist as the first 3 to pass the cheer. (Anyone winning a pot

of money by means of the above tip, will "Please remember the Waiter!"

Waiter!)"
I wunce went down on a Dook's Drag, when it went down early and empty, as I know'd one of the Grooms, and didn't I cock my At, and fold my arms, and wink my eye at the Galls, like the best on 'em. I warn't a bad looking fellow then, tho' not much of a Don Jew'em to look at just now; None on us is, I thinks, much arter 50. I've druv down with my old Gal in a one horse Shay, but that was in my Greens and Sallad days, when I lived with my Father the Green Groser; and I've gone down with four of us on a Koster Monger's Barrer! and I think that was about the jollyist of the lot, sneshally when we had to get down and ease our nice little oss by

speshally when we had to get down and ease our nice little oss by pushing behind up the ills.

Ah, them's jolly times when one's young and harty, and isn't obligated to be so werry pertiklar about aperiences as wun is wen wun gets on in the world.

Putting the 2 thinx together it's rayther doutful witch is best, to be yung and poor and jolly, as I was then, or to be forced to be care-

be yung and poor and jolly, as I was then, or to be forced to be careful wot you does and wot you says and how you looks, as I am now. They both has their charms and they both has their drawbax, like most things in this here rum little world of ours.

Times ain't as they used to be when Prime Ministers like Lord Parmerston and Lord Darby, ran their horses, as all real Gentlemen should. Frame Butler onst told me that Lord Darby onst told him, as that he'd sooner win his Blew Ribbon off the Turf than off his Garter. I don't quite know what it means, but I think it was werry credditabel to his Lordship.

I don't think I shall quite make up my mind 'till the werry last moment, for tho' it ain't wot it used to be before there was not no Rails, still after all, it's a wunderful sight, what I think the Reporter calls a reel Satannailyer! and to me its alleis werry gratifying to see the lower orders, or as my french frend calls 'em the can-oil, injying of theirselves.

ROBERT.

Good for Trade.

On the QUEER's Birthday a party of Commercials at Reading drank Her Majesty's health, and then sent a congratulatory telegram to Balmoral, which was graciously acknowledged by wire. This was displaying a sample of their loyalty. M. Gamberta going to Cahors was also saluted by a Band of Bagmen; but this of course was as a Fellow Traveller.

A DERBY DREAM.

SIR,—A friend of mine knew a Man whose Wife's Aunt once dreamt that a convict had carried off all the plate from Knowsley.

The next day West Australian won the Derby! Of course had the lady but followed the dictates of the course had the course had the course had the course had the lady but followed the dictates of the course had the the lady but followed the dictates of Fate, she would have netted an ENORMOUS fortune. But, such is human perversity, she did not. Now, Sir, strange to say, on Saturday morning last (I believe about 2.30 P.M.) after having consumed 2.30 P.M.) after having consumed a most modest supper of dressed crab and champagne, I also dreamt a dream, which I am certain is nothing more nor less than a certain tip for the great event. I distinctly saw a king waving a red flag, attached to a battle-axe, to an Arab in a Scotch cap. That vision has been a source of drink and desolation to me, for I am neither JOSEPH nor CAGLIOSTRO. My business is neglected, my wife My business is neglected, my wife and children cannot persuade me to eat. I have learnt Mother Shipton's prophecy by heart, and yet I am unable to solve the mystery. In the faint hope that some one of your readers may be more fortunate, I am, Sir,
Yours despondently,
A Gone Coon.

A Site-to be Taken.

THE place said to have been selected by Prince Christian for a house is called The Mount Hanger Hill. But what a ready-made and appropriate name for the residence of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy. The Mount for a picture; and then Hanger Hill—it's perfect.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS .- No. 34.



OUR "ROSEBERY PLATE,"

MORE STATIONERY.

THE House of Lords has asked for a return of the exits from the London Theatres, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has collected this return and presented it. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN does not say a word to the Legislature about a clumsy and restrictive Act of Parliament under which the Gaiety, Criterion, Britannia, and many other theatres are deprived of their most valuable exits, because they are not allowed to communicate with premises used as licensed public-houses. The Managers are supposed to be re-sponsible for exits that are not unbolted, but they can hardly be responsible for exits that are bricked up by legislative folly.

Sum Good from It.

To the Amateur Burlesquers playing in Herne the Hunted, at the Gaiety, Mrs. CECIL-ROSINA-VOKES-CLAY lent her invaluable assistance. The Amateurs did enough to show that step-dancing, banjo-playing, comic-singing, pantomime rallies and leaps, and the power of delivering punning dialogue, are not the exclusive property of the profession. The burlesque cost many hundreds to get up, but the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is to re-ceive £500 from the players, who have done their best to Herne it.

CRICKET INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE is likely to show a bold front adorned with three STUDDS.

FIZZIOLOGICAL FACTS.

THE plea put forward by the accused in a recent libel case, that he had been driven to the commission of the offence by an excessive resort to Zoedone, suggests an entirely new departure in connection with "temperance" and other aërated beverages. Crime has not hitherto been directly associated with soda-water, but if it is to be so, then let us take a sample of the Fiction of the Future:-

The Duke whimpered on the hearth-rug, and once more tried to sharpen the carving-knife on his boots. He had taken the pledge. But still he sharpened that terrible knife!

"I can't do it, Chesterton," he said, swallowing a tumbler of Wilhelmsquelle as he spoke—"I can't do it. When I think of her pretty yellow little neck, reposing in sweet unsuspicion on the blue satin above, I feel I can't do it."

Conscience awoke as with a convulsive wrestle. The Butler saw it, and sneered; then he paled a little, and approached the cellaret.

"Knows your Grace of no friend able to nerve his arm when—"

"Knows your Grace of no friend able to nerve his arm, when—"
"Stay!" thundered the Peer, recalling an orgy with Friedrichshall, and now livid with rising resolution, "and bring it me. I
will have a whole one."

He held out an empty celery-glass as he spoke. The Butler had been drinking deeply of Hunyadi János, and there was an awful glitter in his eye. He poured the hissing contents of a huge bottle into the extended vase. Quick as lightning the Duke gulped down its terrible contents, and, with one last flash of his carving-knife, leapt up the marble stairs—a raving Teetotaller!

There was a cheatly structle for one hour and fifty minutes.

There was a ghastly struggle for one hour and fifty minutes. Then a cry—and then the opening of another bottle! And after that there was silence. The awful work had been done only too well!

Heaven help the Duchess! The Duke had had two Magnums of

Apollinaris!

And so on. What does Sir WILFRID say to it? Local Option can not last for ever.

GUSH ABOUT THE BARD.

DID we say that SHARSPEARE, though the greatest of Poets, "could not write a tolerable play for a nineteenth century audience"? "Why, certainly." We did say it, in a notice of Othello at the Lyceum, and we stick to it. Of course he "could" do so, and would, were he alive now; but that's quite another thing. Is there a single play of SHARSPEARE's of which there is not "an acting edition"? The late Tom Robertson, Actor, Author, and excellent Stage Manager, used to say, "I should like to see a modern Manager's face as he sat listening to Mr. SHARSPEARE (a recently successful Author) reading his manuscript play of Macbeth." The very first lines in the first Scene would stagger him, even though the nervous Dramatist might read it in his most impressive manner. Wouldn't he at once suggest cutting out the "hurlyburly." "Graymalkin," and "Paddock"? Perhaps he might leave this last in, if produced in the Derby week. And when the Three Witches turned up again in Scene iii., worse than ever, wouldn't the practical Manager ask what on earth "the sailor's wife who had chestnuts in her lap" had to do with the plot? And wouldn't he say that the audience would roar at "the rat without a tail" and "the pilot's thumb," and that in fact these Witches would play the deuce with the piece?

Mr. WILLIAM SHARSPEARE, Poet, Dramatist, Actor, Manager, and the greatest Genius of his own or of any other age, feathered his nest very comfortably by writing for a sixteenth century audience, and he would year seen reserves his always east on it them to the taste DID we say that SHARSPEARE, though the greatest of Poets, "could

the greatest centus of his own or or any other age, feathered his less very comfortably by writing for a sixteenth century audience, and he would very soon re-arrange his plays so as to suit them to the taste of "a nineteenth century audience," which, having scenery, costumes, and attractive heroines, wishes that as little as possible may be left to its imagination—as was nearly everything in Shakspeare's time—and that the whole "Show" should be compressed into three hours' entertainment at most.

RE-VIEWING IT.—"Lord SALISBURY," says the World, "is the ideal of a Quarterly Reviewer." We should rather have said that his Lordship is a Give-no-Quarterly Reviewer.



Our Bus-Driver. "'Stonishin' the amewsment the Arry-Stochacy finds in it, Sir! But p'rhaps it's a good thing, y' know, Sir—gives 'em Fresh Air, an' occupies their Minds, an' keeps 'em out o' the Public-'ouse—leastways the Clubs, I mean, Sir!!"

AN IMPROBABLE STARTER.

A Horse has been named for the National Prosperity Stakes, against backing which we caution the public. This horse is an animal now called *Reciprocity*, and said to be by *Depression* (or *Emergency*) out of the foreign-bred *Tarifi*. The market is being insidiously but assiduously rigged in its favour by a certain "ring," of shady antecedents, who believe they see a chance of landing a nice little stake at the public expense. Without being exactly a popular favourite, *Reciprocity* is not altogether without genuine support in some questions and many who have a speaking resultant support in some quarters, and many who have a sneaking penchant for the discredited stock, rather fancy its chance, and are backing it quietly. We are convinced, however, that the animal is a rank impostor, and sailing under entirely false colours. In fact, we have reason to believe that this so-called Reciprocity is none other than reason to believe that this so-called Reciprocity is none other than our old friend—or enemy—Protection, under a new name. Protection at one time was a great favourite, but proved to be a non-stayer and an arrant rogue, and having broken down badly, was scratched at the last moment for the race ultimately won by that "horse of the century," the stout and speedy Free Trade, by Bobby Peel, out of Political Economy. Since then we have heard little of him, but we more than suspect that the discredited Protection turns up again "with a fresh coat of paint" in this dark Reciprocity, about whose antecedents there seems so much mystery, and the proceedings of whose stable are open to such strong suspicion. Even if the brute should start, he could not possibly win, as his stock never show staying powers over a long course, and invariably "out it" at the pinch. But, beyond this, we believe that he will be disqualified before the day of the race, and we strongly advise backers to have nothing to do, on any terms, with the horse or its supporters. Verb. sap. sap.

"A HORSE," observed a Scotch Vet., "may have a very good appetite, and yet be unable to eat a bit." "Ah," said 'ARRY, "there's the difference between a 'oss and a ostridge, which could eat bit, snaffle, ourb and all."

A WARNING TO THE WAGS.

A WARNING TO THE WAGS.

This being the Derby Week, it may not be out of place to point out the fact to the Waterloo Wags. That a race-meeting was about to occur would of course be self-evident to any other Railway Company interested in the transport of holiday-makers to the great Equine Carnival; but judging by past years, this event (and indeed all others of a like description) comes as a complete surprise to Mr. Archibald Scott and his merry Masters. The London and South Western ought perhaps to be accustomed to a pressure upon its traffic, for it is directly occupied in providing trains for meetings at Epsom, Sandown, Kempton, Ascot, Egham, Windsor, Stockbridge, Hampton, Salisbury, Weymouth, Southampton, Winchester, and Aldershot, and also for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race.

In the matter of raising prices the L. & S. W. R. is sufficiently alert, remembering the good old adage, that "None but the brave deserve the fare." Here, however, the valour ends, as the Wags consign the entire management of their manœuvres on these favourite and field days to their favourite commander, General Block. And, strange as it may seem, there are those who, ignoring the advantages of communism in compartments and tickets, of stoppages at Nowhere Station, and of unutterable confusion at Somewards and the confusion at Somewards.

pages at Nowhere Station, and of unutterable confusion at Somewhere Station, do not appreciate this particular Block System.

The Aye has It!

"Pronounced as one letter and written with three" "PRONOUNCED as one letter and written with three"
Is the place that he sits for, pert Lord RANDOLPH C.

"All my Eye," he may call it, young cock o' the walk,
And in that it extremely resembles his talk.
The Member for Eye has some sparkle and flash,
But he doesn't look pretty when under the lash.
Becoming his perch ill and bearing the birch ill,
"Ware HARTINGTON!"'s surely the "tip" for Lord Churchill.

A RACING REFORM MUCH NEEDED. - Scrutin de List.



"BEEN TO BOARD-SCHOOL, MY BOY?"—"YES, SIR!" "PASSED OUT WITH CERTIFICATE?"—"YES, SIR!" "WELL, LOOK HERE! FOUR POUNDS OF SALMON AT HALF-A-CROWN A POUND—WHAT WOULD THAT BE?"—"TEN SHILLINGS, SIR!" "QUITE RIGHT, MY BOY. HERE'S SIXPENCE FOR YOU. BUT STOP A MOMENT! WHAT WOULD TWENTY POUNDS OF SALMON AT FOURPENCE-HALF-PENNY BE?"—"WHY, STINKING, YER JOLLY OLD STUPID! "OLESALE IT'S EIGHTEENPENCE!"

THE DERBY.

(By the Veteran's Uncle.)

"He who goes once to the Derby by road, does so as an experiment; he who goes twice is a fool," did not some maundering dotard say with no go or fun about him? He who would go by road when he can go by rail, deserves to be treated in the American fashion, and "rode on a rail," as I remarked once at Delmonico's, in New York, a real snappy restaurant; though for a fourteen-year-old-mutton-cut-and-come again-old-port-and-carried-up-to-bed-by-the-Boots sort of house, give me the "Old George" at Ranksborough Gorze. I like the road with its quaint ways and antiquated tricks. Give me the pea-shooter-didn't the Bishop—he and I were "boys, merry merry boys" at Eton on the Hill together—just jump when I pinned him with a real stinger on his off calf? Give me the bags of flour—you should have seen the Duke's face when I landed him one on the near optic. But he and I have heard the chimes at midnight, when we haven't been asleep, often together, and after a quarter of an hour's hearty, genial swearing at me, and threatening to break every bone in my body, he went off as if nothing had happened. But there, where can you match our British Aristocracy?

Once more in the Paddock. The prettiest sight, after all, is to see the horses paraded. What have we here? Why, the favourite! "Any good?" asks our popular Prince, who always comes to the Veteran of Veterans for the straight ity. "How about his feet?"

"Sir," I said, "though ridden by WEBB, he is not web-footed."

H.R.H. took the tip, and went off screaming with laughter.

"You are up on Geologist," I replied. "Well, a geologist breaks stones, and if you get stone broke, why—" But he wouldn't stop for the finish; and why he didn't fall off with laughing, puzzles me now.

"Ha, ha!" I say, as I recognise Mr. LEGH. "You are the best dressed man on the course; but with a Teddy Weever to train, and a Tommy Glover, Six Buttoned Grover to ride, you ought to be well groomed." When he had recovered I said, "Be careful about your horse Sir Charles, he is out of Prosperity, and if he don

"Dane Durden is an old catch, my Lord," says I, "and if Cameliard or Town Moor wins, it will be a great catch for the Durdans," but though I hit "Rosey" in the ribs with my umbrella, he did not see it. He is a Sootchman.
"So you are going to pink us Britishers." is my "So you are going to pink us Britishers," is my cheering remark to Pincus, the American trainer.
"We are going to court fortune with Iroquois and

"We are going to court fortune with Iroquois and Barrett, and —,"
"You are right! Court fortune? Why WILSON BARRETT'S fortune at the Court—," but he was off, and has probably telegraphed my quip to the New York Herald by now. Hats off to the Duchess of Montross! Hooray for the All Scarlet!
"Duchess, what is the mystery about St. Louis?" I ask. "What is the secret?"
"Lady Audley's Secret," replies her Grace. "Lady Audley, I may as well say, is the dam of St. Louis."
"Your Grace," I said, "I don't think St. Louis ever said such a word in his life."
She was about to reply when—

She was about to reply when—
They're off! They're off! Capital start! Firstrate! Now Gentlemen! Hats off, hats off! Archer
close to the rails! Bravo pink and black-cap! No;
chocolate and red cap wins! Orange jacket, purple
belt and cap romps in! Why blue straw facing, blue
cap simply rolls in! It is a hay-stack to a hen on cherry,
black hoops on sleeves, black cap and gold tassel!
White and blue spots wins in a canter! Primrose hoops,
rose cap wins for a million! All scarlet wins. All
soarlet wins! And the great race is over, and the first
to congratulate the Duchess on winning another Derby
is the Veteran of Veterans, the first to shake hands with
Lord Roseber and say how glad he is that "Roser"
has done it at last, is the V.V., the first to embrace Mr.
Legh upon having effaced his Sir Joseph flasso, is the
Veteranest, the first to cry "Bravo, Mr. Grettor!" is the
V.V., the first to cable to America giving the glad news
that the Yankees have won their first Derby is the
Veteran of Veterans, if his nephew hasn't got there
before him. before him.

THE MEETING OF THE "WATERS."

How do the Waters come down on the Public?

Here they come bouncing,
All rivals denouncing,
"Untradesmanlike falsehoods" tremendously trouncing.
Swearing that hurt is meant
By fee's advertisement;
Public our draffing.

By fee's advertisement;
Public ear stuffing,
And rubbish be-puffing.
Greek meeting Greek—in the crackjawish names of 'em;
Polyglot rot setting forth bogus claims of 'em.
Loquaciously gassing
Of merits surpassing,
Phosphates and carbonates, jargon empirical
Blazoning each pseudo-medical miracle,
Taunting and younting

Taunting and vaunting, Their praises loud chaunting, And bothering and pothering, And boasting, and posting On hoardings and boardings Their pictures and strictures, And much advertising,

And circularising;
And circularising;
Till one wishes the roar
Of these Waters were o'er,
And votes the whole business no end of a bore.

Name!

The religious world has been again lecturing the theatrical world, evidently under the impression that they are converting the Heathen; and the theatrical world is rather offended at this want of respect for their calling. The theatrical world might probably command more respect for itself if it showed, in one important point, a better expended to the state of the st ample. While eminent actors and actresses are ashamed to play except under assumed names, the profession they follow so ably but timidly must not grumble if it is occasionally misunderstood and misrepresented. The alias is generally used only by the criminal classes.

CON. FROM TUNIS. — Q. What colour would French sport-men bet against just now?—A. The BEY.

ROO-"TOO-TOO"-ING IT.

"G. A. S." in his Echoes tells us an anecdote of what two little black-stockings said when seeing the Æsthetes at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Here's an-Mamma and other nannygoat. Mamma and two daughters, all quite too utterly Too-Too, sat in the Stalls, and after expressing a languid monosyllabic interest in the play, said, one to the other, "Such too absurd people can't possibly exist in what we know as 'real life.'" Mamma observed that Mrs. Murray as Lady Tompkins, was a "monstrous abnormalism." The youngest ventured to remark that other nannygoat. youngest ventured to remark that she had heard of a certain desne had heard of a certain designing person called Mr. Du MAUBIER, who caricatured "The Beautiful" in a Philistine journal called *Punch*; and then the three having settled, during the emtr'acte, that the entire dra-matis persone were but "the gro-tesque reflections of a deformed, cracked, and blurred mirror," composed themselves to listen to the remainder of the piece with painful, joyless pleasure.

The Bee-Division.

A SWARM of bees appeared in the Strand last week, and collected close to the stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. TEGETHEIER was sent for, and he succeeded in hiving them with little difficulty. Later on in the evening the usual swarm of stage-door loungers assembled at the same place, obstructing the traffic and causing a public scandal. The police authorities were sent for-not for the first time-and they declined to remove the nuisance. Negotia-tions are pending with Mr. TEGET-MEIER to restore the bees, mixed with a few wasps and hornets.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 35.



THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

AND did you never hear of a jolly young WATERFORD?
Ask at the Carlton, and then you will know; A thorough good sportsman—he can time and thought afford
As Judge of the horses at Islington Show.

"A HALL! A HALL!" Romeo and Inliet.

QUOTATION from the Bard applicable to Mr. CHARLES HALL, the Prince of WALES'S Attorney-General for the Duchy of Corn-wall, lately added to the splendid collection of Legal Silk Worms, and made a Q.C. Aha! "How dost thou, CHARLES?" vide the Bard-toujours the Bard-in As You Like It. But WIL-LIAM did not write the following lines, which just now are far more appropriate:

" And ye shall walk in silk attire, And siller ha'e to spare.'

Would that, for the sake of the Bar and the Duchy, the author of this had been BAR-RY CORNWALL. That would have been perfect. But it cannot be so-'tis too late —hé bien, voilà tout! c'est à dire,—That's HALL!

Elegance with Economy.

THE Rational Dress Society has great raison d'être. What can be much more reasonable than trying to promote individual taste, in the choice of attire; to improve feminine costume with respect to health, comfort, and beauty; and to limit the fashions to changes requisite on those grounds alone? Fathers and husbands, and bachelors also of moderate means who lors also of moderate means who would fain marry but fear to, think how considerably domestic happiness would be cheapened by the success of the Rational Dress Society—granted its real rationality and the entire difference of its Associates, in that point, from those ancient Bloomers whose grotesque attempts at Dress Reform were as blossoms nipped in the bud in the bud.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

ROBERT ON THE THAMES.

I Don'r think I was ever so thorowly disapinted and disgusted in all my life as I was last week, and I reelly was not so shoot as I no doubt ought to ha' been, when I herd a werry rispectable but egsited Waterman observe, "if this sort of thing's a going to be aloud, the sooner we has a sangwinary revolution the better!"

A werry old friend of mine is what I should call a reglar desperate fishmonger. I don't mean a Billingsgate cormorant nor a Charing Cross Grove, but a man who gives hisself up art and sole to catching fishes in the water. Well, he asked me the other day to go and have a day's fishing with him, witch of course I was only too glad to except, as a change of life is always agreeable.

Well, we went by train to a nice clean little plaice quite beyond Stains, and there we hired a Punt, and off we set, and my friend having arranged all the tackling, there we sat for about 2 hours, watching the flotes, I think they calls 'em, bobbing up and down in the water, and 'tho' it warn't howdashusly egsiting, as we didn't get more than 2 nibbles and 1 bite, yet still, as the sun was a shining like one a clock, and the banks of the river was that lovely that you might clock, and the banks of the river was that lovely that you might

clock, and the banks of the river was that lovely that you might almost think that it was just a little bit of Paradise left out as ample, specially as Neo hadn't forgot to put an Amper on board with lots of cold beef and a gallon of beer, I enjoyed myself quite as much as if I'd din a dining off the Poultry near Cornhill.

Well, about 4 o'clock it begun to cloud over, and then it begun to mizzle, and I natrally thort that, as the wulgar say, we should mizzle too, but Neo said oh no, that was just wot we wanted to make the fish bite, for it seems they are such precious fools that they think that no sensible fellow would ever be such a Ideot as to set in a wet boat in the pouring rain just for the chance of catching a few her-

rings, and a moral certainty of catching cold. And so it turned out, for by the time we had both got jolly well wet through, the fish began to bite like fun oh, and I had just hooked my first 'un, quite a beauty, nearly 6 inches long I should think, when a Gent, on one of the lawns that runs down to the river, shouts out to us, "Now then, you fellers, just you be off with you, or I'll spile your sport for you." Of course we treated him with all the contemp one can manage to show when one's wearing a Sow Wester and is wet through. So what did he do but calls up a large New Foundling Dog, and throwing a stick into the water close to our punt, sends in the Dog to fetch it out!

it out!
Well, to shorten my tail, there was no use our fishing no more after that, so, wet as we was, we just showered a few blessings on that Gent's honerd head, to which I added a pious ope that I might some day have the homer of waiting upon him at dinner, wen p'raps he'd hardly know which was the reel waiter of the 2, and so to town, just in time for a grand Bangwet at the Fishmongers Haul.

This is a plane unlackerd tail of wot took plaice only last week, and now comes the only little bit o' consolashun I has in cluding to it. and now comes the only little bit o' consolashun I has in eluding to it.

I sumtimes hears, but oftner reads, a tax upon the old Copperation; with that of course I 've nothink to do as it isn't in my line, and I'm naterally predejuiced in their favour from my perfeshnal avacations. But I'm axshally told by Brown, who has it from a Mr. Ledger (he ort to be a Marchant or a sporting man with that name he ort) that the Copperation has promised as they'll look into this matter, and if any amount of trubble, or money, or law, can put a stopper on it, or rayther as I should say in it, it shall be done.

Well, if that's how they spends their leisure time and their surplice cash, fust in saving open spaces and then in saving open rivers, why all I can say is, I believes there are tens of thousands of Loudoners who will jine me in saying, "More power to their elbow!"

(Signed) Robert.





neatest possible jacket, and an undeniable tall hat. Were ever turn-down collars, tall hats, and short jackets brought to such perfection as they are at Eton? Never. But taste this lovely cold water from the College Pump! Ah! how often have I been "fagged" to fetch water from this pump for my master's butter and refreshment! Hark! the Guards' Band is discoursing Olivette in the Playing Fields—the Music-playing Fields. Let them throng thither. I have something to show thee, my dear—something mysterious! Come! Come!

Ah! the School-yard!—the boys with their admiring sisters! Here's Henry's Holy Shade in the centre, surrounded by iron railings. "Which Henry?" Let me see I ought to know; but I confess I don't, unless

see . . . I ought to know; but I confess I don't, unless see 1 ought to know; but I confess I don't, unless I first look at the inscription, which, I regret to say, is in Latin. "But you learnt Latin!" Of course I did; and Greek, too . . . and "what is the result"? Why, my dear, I 'll show you, entre nous, what often was the result, if you'll just step—nobody's looking—inside here—this little door. This is "Chambers." No, not where Chambers Journal was first brought out. A very different cort of insural was kept here. But etch up string softly sort of journal was kept here. But step up-stairs-softly,

bers' Journal was first brought out. A very different sort of journal was kept here. But step up-stairs—softly, quietly Do you see that cupboard? hush you tremble? Yes, we are Fatima and Anne—and I'm Fatima with the key—and—you don't see anyone coming, do you? Good—so—hush!—"What am I doing?" You shall see—there——There is the Blue Chamber!! "It's only a cupboard." No, it isn't. Peer in. Closer—closer—don't be afraid. Horror! You faint! Ha! What have you seen? Fifteen birch-rods, all in a row!!! . . . Hush . . . Shut it—quick!—Has the key changed colour?—No—

There—we breathe and smile again; and now—one step more . . . to the Block. "I've seen the Block in the Tower;" and you've read of the Block in the House of Commons, and of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Axe. This is something more terrible. The punishment for the full-grown traitor on that historic block was the exact opposite of the punishment of the youthful villain on this. Do you understand me, Madam? In Elizabethan days the executioner with one cut on the neck . . . I see I need not explain any further. "Who is the Executioner here?" The Head Master. . . My dear, there is a deep irony in the name . . . Come, let us through this door. We are in the Upper School. . . . Look—come quick, or there will be thousands crowding round the spot, and you will never be able to see what now you can behold at your ease—your husband's name arrayd on the will the you will never be able to see what now you can behold at your ease—your husband's name carred on the wall the night before his being led to the Block!! See, 'tis on the Middle Desk!... To that spot there will be pilgrimages, and cheap trains for New-Zealand excur-

Now for lunch. Open House everywhere. Hospitality, thy name at this present moment and for us is James. Then we will lounge, and I will tell thee more stories of my boyhood. Here is "The Wall." Here is Barnes Bridge. "Why Barnes?" I don't know, except that I always connected it with a pastrycook of that name, who, having a shop within the precincts of Eton College, built this bridge to connect his business with the town. It may not be spelt "Barnes," it may be "Barns," or it may be "Bairns Bridge;" i.e., the Boys' Bridge. I know not. Here are "Sock" Shops. "Sock" means sweeties, and stuffing generally. The verb "to Sock" is

sweeties, and stuffing generally. The verb "to Sock" is active and passive: never neuter, and seldom reflective. You and I have "Socked" at James's.

Here is "Tap"—where we weren't allowed to go, and went. Here is the "Christopher," in an excellent state of preservation. No—I have nothing to tell you about this—there are no Tales of my Landlord (or my Landladies) just now—as we must hie to the Brocas, and see the splendidly-attired boys start in the boats for Surly Hall. "Why 'Surly'?" Don't know, any more than I did about Barnes, as there is nothing surly about the place, as everything is jovial there, and it is only associated with festivities. There was a sulky waterman on the Thames called Hall, invariably chaffed by the boys as "Surly Hall"—but I don't think he gave his name to this property; indeed I fancy it must have been the other way. Off they go! Off we go! Fireworks to finish a glorious day, the last of a glorious week! Back again to Town—and alas!—to worse "Fagging" than ever one went through at Eton. So—Floreat Etona!

PLACE FOR ÆSTHETES TO LIVE.—Too-Too-ting.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS-THE WAY TO PLEASE THEM.

Miss Lavinia Sopely (to the Hon. Fitz-Lavender Belairs, who, at her urgent request, has just been explaining how, in spite of his tender years, he has come to be—in her estimation at least, the greatest Painter, Poet, and Musician of his time). "OH, MORE, MORE, MORE ABOUT YOURSELF!"

PROFESSIONAL UGLIES.

A CONTEMPORARY—we need not mention its name, but when we state that it is generally acrid and spiteful, we have said enough—in speaking of the Anti-Bradlaugh Demonstration at Exeter Hall, says that "the followers of Mr. Bradlaugh were at once known by their demoniacally ugly faces." Mr. Bradlaugh's warmest adherents cannot claim for him the possession of beauty, and in that respect his comparing himself to John Wilkes was singularly felicitous. But we trust that when we pick up open papers in future, we shall not read :-

Mr. Gladstone entertained a party to dinner last night, composed solely of Radical Members of Parliament. This could easily be told by the greedy, hungry faces of the guests, their unbrushed hair, and their badly made trousers.—Standard.

Lord Salisbury entertained a party of Conservative Politicians at Hatfield yesterday, who were generally mistaken by the intelligent for a private lunatic asylum out for a holiday, so vacant and vacuous were their faces. Of course, Lord Salisbury knew his guests, and his guests knew Lord Salisbury; but for our part, if Lord Salisbury were to ask us to Hatfield, and substitute for the well-known silver, electro-plate, use should knock Lord Salisbury down.— Daily News.

"HEADS, WE WIN!"

In looking over the Metropolitan figures of the last Census, it is satisfactory to find that "slums," if not absolutely abolished, have been much reduced in number and population. St. Giles's, Holborn, the Strand, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, St. George's-in-the-East, and Westminster show a considerable reduction of heads compared with 1871, while the half-rural suburbs of Hackney, Bethnal-Green, Mile End, and Poplar, show an enormous increase in this direction. London has grown a round million during the last twenty years, and has over three millions and eight hundred thousand inhabitants. With a population nearly equal to that of the whole of Ireland, it has hardly one-tenth of the Irish Parliamentary representation, and on every question affecting its the Irish Parliamentary representation, and on every question affecting its domestic comfort—the hours of closing and opening its taverns, the licensing of its amusements, and the brightness or gloom of its Sundays—it is out-voted by every miserable puritanical Little Peddlington, which returns one, and in some cases two Members for a few hundred voters. This is what is called Legislation in the English language—a language that has no equal for elasticity on the face of the globe.

IROQUOIS.

THE Yankee came down with long FRED on his back, And his colours were gleaming with cherry and black. He flashed to the front, and the British Star paled, As the field died away, and the favourite failed. Like the leaves of the summer when summer is green, The faces of *Peregrine's* backers were seen; Like the leaves of the autumn when autumn is red, Flushed the cheeks of the Yanks as their champion led, IROQUOIS!!!—then the shoutings shook heaven's blue dome, As the legs of the Timman safe lifted him home. Oh, A was an ARCHER, A 1 at this fun. Oh, A was an Archer, A 1 at this fun.
And A was America too,—and A won!
And B was the Briton who, ready to melt,
A sort of a je ne sais (Iro)-quois felt,
To see his Blue Riband to Yankeeland go,
B too, none the less, was the hearty "Bravo!"
Which, per Punch, he despatched to "our kin o'er the sea,"
Who, for not the first time, get the pull of J. B.
The Brokers of Wall Street are loud in delight,
And the belles of New York grow more beamingly bright;
Fizz creams like the foam of the storm-beaten surf,
To JONATHAN's triumph on JOHN's native turf.
And Punch brims his beaker in Soarkling Champagne. And Punch brims his beaker in Sparkling Champagne, Your health, Brother J.! Come and beat us again! And cold grudge at a victory honestly scored Melts away like the snow when the wine is outpoured.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"SIR WILFRID is quite right. It is demoralising, it paralyses the business of the country, it provokes thirst, it encourages intoxication." Such were our old friend JONES'S sentiments on the Monday before the Derby, in the presence of his dear wife—who had brought him a fortune and was a trifle older than himself, which had brought wisdom; she was also a member of a strict Scotch Presbyterian Temperance Society, which suggested prudence. "Besides, my dear," he added, "I have business of the utmost importance to attend to on that day, and so," &c., &c.

We saw him again-only once. "We saw him for a moment, But methinks we see him now,"

with a false nose on, three dolls in his white hat (smashed), and trying to play a tin trumpet as an accompaniment to two other idiots similarly attired, in a broken-down fly, lying by the roadside on the way home from the Derby, June 1. The nose fell off, and we recognised our old friend Jones. "Always the same—Banjo and Bones!—always the same—with your old friend Jones!" he tried to sing out as we passed and left him under the watchful eye of the turnpikekeeper and a policeman.

GOING TO THE BARD-IN GERMAN.

THE Theatrical Event of the past week has been the appearance of the Meiningen Company at Drury Lane. The mise-en-scène of Julius Cæsar was very nearly perfect: marred only by the two interiors, Seene 2, of Act II., in Cæsar's House, and Scene 3, Act IV., in the tent of Brutus, the latter especially belonging to that peculiar branch of theatrical art known as Skell's Scenes for Toy Theatres, twopence coloured, familiar to childhood's days. Had it been the Dutch Company instead of the German, the taste for "the Skell" style would have been intelligible—at least, such is the opinion of his Excellency Le Beron Osy NANYES, who may be considered a thoroughly im-Le Baron Osy D'Anvers, who may be considered a thoroughly im-

In the scenes where what the Bard calls "the rabble" are shown, the Meiningen stage-management is simply admirable, and the effect in the celebrated funeral-oration situation was really thrilling. Great praise is due to Herr Barnay (is he an Irishman in disguise? there's a sort of bedad twang about "Barnay" that sounds supicious) for his acting throughout this scene from first to last. Casar (Richard), and Cassius (Teller), were both good, specially Cassius. The one idea of these Actors in this piece, excepting always Misther Barnay (more power to his elbow! though the wish is superfluous) is evidently—Happy Thought—"when in doubt, strike an attitude. We are nothing if not classical and strictly correct."

The assassination of Casar was very impressive. It had the appearance of each of the conspirators wishing to whisper a good joke to Casar, and separately enforcing the point with a dig in the ribs from a stick or an umbrella or whatever might come handiest. But all the killing and suiciding—and there's plenty of it in Herr In the scenes where what the Bard calls "the rabble" are shown

But all the killing and suiciding—and there's plenty of it in Herr SHAKSPEARE'S play—is awkward and ludicrous.

Where every detail is supposed to be fixed by the weightiest authority, we confess we were very anxious to see what the Meiningen School made of Shakspeare's direction for Scene 2. Act II., "Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar in his nightgoom." The very first lines show that the Bard meant that Julius—we had very nearly written Sir Julius—had just got out of bed hurriedly, his rest having been spoilt by *Calphurnia's* talking in her sleep—so very annoying; granting, however, that the "night-gown" was the robe de chambre, yet to our eagle eye there wasn't much difference between it and his day-gown, and it was of such a brilliant colour as must have given *Calphurnia* fits on seeing it for the first time. But why did Julius Casar go to bed in his crown of golden laurel-leaves? Was he such a conceited snob that he couldn't bear the idea of being taken at a disadvantage by some indiscreet domestic, and of not being taken at a disadvantage by some muiscreet domestic, and or not being always a hero, even to his valet de chambre? Why did he sleep in that crown? Hasn't the Bard expressly said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and no wonder Julius couldn't get a wink of sleep with that stupid thing on his head, let alone Calphurnia talking blank-verse in her sleep.

The finishing scenes were weak, and actually people vawned over



The fine bold Roman Hand.

the Bard!! Positively some left soon after Mark Antony's great scene, but these were evidently among the poor uneducated occupiers of the Stalls who shouted enthusiastically for "Author! Author!" And in response, Herr Barnay—a broth of a boy, this Barnay, and ready for any divilment, begorra !—brought in a small gentleman in evening-dress, being the nearest approach to Shakspeare who could be found handy and without a costume at the shortest possible.

notice. Those who did not believe that this was SHAKSPEARE himself —who had been translated—asserted that it was the Duke of SAXE - MEININGEN, and cheered him to the echo. For ourselves, we frankly confess to not having the remotest notion who it was, and we didn't care—but we applauded wildly.

In the last Act, when there was ridently going to be some nasty fighting at Philippi, an elderly lady sitting just behind us, seeing the soldiers rush out excitedly, put both her hands to her ears as she "Author! Author!" The gentleman, a well - informed person evidently, tone was peither confident nor recognized.

replied that "he didn't think there would be any firing,"—but his tone was neither confident nor reassuring.

We saw Twelfth Night performed by the Meiningens, but, as we didn't think anything of it, we shan't say anything about it.

A propos of Authors, a new one made his debut, M. CHARLES BUET (who made his de-but, eh?) at the Porte St. Martin last Saturday week, with the drama of Le Prêtre, which is within an ace of being a very great success on account of the telling situation in the last Act but one, and the powerful though somewhat exaggerated acting of MM. TAILLADE and LARAY, as Patrice the Priest, and Robert

Passassin du père de Patrice. The female interest is, however, weak, and the comic portions should be cut out wholesale.

Mr. Byron's Punch at the Vaudeville is disappointing. When he

got this Punch in his eye, our clever and popular Author was expected to do something with such a favourite subject that would surpass or at least equal his Our Boys, Upper Crust, and so forth. But, good as Mr. DAVID JAMES is, and Capital as is much of the

dialogue, there is really so little story, so little interest, and so little distinctive "Punch-and-Judiness" about the Judiness" about the play, that, except for the title, the hero might have been a "galanty-showman," the proprie-tor of a "peepshow," a conjuror, or a provider of fireworks fireworks.

Mr. James as Professor Mistletoe—with his delightfully character-istic "Mistletoe bow," which he makes with a jerk of the head and a kick of the leg,—and Mr. FARREN as the self-



Professor Mistletoe saluting his Brother without the politeness of a "Mistletoe Bow."

Mr. Farren as the self-made man, are simply
Mr. Middlewick in two—a split B. and S.—only the soda is in excess of the spirit. The tour de force at the end of Act II. shows Mr.

James at his best, and this is the success of the piece.

La Boulangère is bright and sparkling at the Globe. Miss Amadi good as the Bakeress; Miss Wadman (from the Gaiety) coming out strongly as a singeress; and Miss Madd Taylor the most perfect little Louis Quinze, about whose performance there is something so fresh,

formance there is something so fresh, graceful, and refined, that it is well worth a visit to *La Boulangère* to see a small part played by a small person of whom there is so little that an audience







Toinette and the pretty little King; or the Fifteenth Loo, and ready to take

can't make too much of her. She has a dangerous rival, in Paris at the Folies Dramatiques, who also plays the same little King in Les Poupées de l'Infante, an opera which, we suppose, will be produced here in the course of the year.

Mr. Toole is amusing teut le monde—"Toole monde," of course—at the Folly with his new absurdity, Welsh Rabbüs. A propos, as we have a French Company, a German Company, and two Italian (Opera) Companies, why not a Welsh Company? Shakspeare in Welsh!

Now, Mr. Ap-Harris, advertise that for 1883, and we may be 'Appy vet!

Whether in German or English, if Julius Cæsar were a modern play by a modern Author, would it stand a chance of any Manager undertaking its production? Is it a play "for a nineteenth century audience?" No; it is a Chronicle in action for a sixteenth century audience?" No; it is a Chroniele in action for a sixteenth century audience. And a nineteenth century audience. And a nineteenth century audience says with Christopher Sly, "A very excellent piece of work, Madame Lady, would 't were done," and then nods in his Cobbler's Stall. Well, perhaps it's "Bard taste" on the part of the nineteenth century.

A SELF-EVIDENT SELL.

On the Derby Day was laid the foundation-stone of a College at Cambridge in honour of George Augustus—Yes! the surname begins with "S." Of course everyone who reads the *Illustrated London News* guesses—eh?—the name is . . . Selwyn!

A SENATORIAL DIARY.

(Very much in the Future.)

VARIOUS London Correspondents of provincial newspapers have been lately publishing "rumours emanating from authentic sources," to the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE contemplates resigning the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. CHILDERS or Sir W. HARCOURT, and accepting a Peerage. In profound horror at the thought, Mr. Punch reels bound to publish a prospective page from the future diary of the PREMIER in the Senate.

Monday.—Go down to the Peers for the first time. Brimful of subjects; have just composed a capital Peroration to my speech on Thames Water Bill: also evasive and diplomatic answers to (probable) questions on Transvaal, Afghanistan, Ireland, &c.: also my list of arguments for the new scheme for making repentant burglars eligible for election to the Upper House of Convocation.

eligible for election to the Upper House of Convocation.

6 P.M.—Arrive at House. Doors shut! Ask policeman why. Policeman very respectful: says House has risen an hour ago: and it only met at four! I ask, what has happened to Thames Water Bill? Policeman doesn't know, but rather thinks Lord Redesdale "put it under the Woolsack:" offers to lend me evening paper to see what did happen to Bill. Accept offer with thanks. Bill read a Second Time without discussion! And this is called a Deliberative Assembly! Wonder if Granville did the diplomatic and evasive answers. Drop into Peers' Gallery of House of Commons. Splendid and refreshing shindy going on. RANDOLPH more perky, if possible, than usual. Parnell badgering Forster. Hartington hitting out splendidly with his left. Wish I were there! Find myself constantly catching Speaker's eye: must really get over this habit. Leave House, and go to see Irving in Othello instead.

Tuesday.—Take luncheon down to House, as I am determined to

Tuesday.—Take luncheon down to House, as I am determined to be in good time to-day: old lady sweeping out the Gilded Chamber,

Tuesday.—Take luncheon down to House, as I am determined to be in good time to-day: old lady sweeping out the Gilded Chamber, seems surprised to see me sitting here.

4 P.M.—Question-time, but no questions! Feel inclined to ask myself a lot. This comes of there being no Home-Rulers in Upper House. Who is it who says, "Oh, for one hour of Dandolo!" Don't know, think it was Byron. Oh, for only half-an-hour of Healy! Wonder if Healy would accept a Peerage on condition of coming down here and badgering me with questions every evening. Must sound him about it. Is that a Bishop that I see fast asleep a long way off at the end of that empty bench? Am just thinking of making a personal explanation, or asking a few questions (without notice) of Lords Salisbury, Crandrook, Lytton, &c., when—House rises!

I ask Granville, bitterly, if Peers are always like this. He smiles, and says something about "a pleasant change after worry of Lower Chamber." Hopes it will give me "mental repose!" To Peers' Gallery of Commons again. Dear old Chaplin making no end of a shindy. Should hardly have known Sir Stafford: he has become ever so much more vivacious since I left House. Find myself crying silently several times when I think of my House of Commons days. Can't stand it any longer. Go off to Exeter Hall, and preside over a Children's Tea-Party: "to such base uses," &c. Several times on the point of calling the Superintendent of the children "the Right Honourable Lady!" Must really conquer this habit.

Thursday.—Note from Editor of Nineteenth Century: another from Editor of Contemporary. Both say "my articles very good, but too many of them." Ask me to send them "not more than one article a week," as their space is limited. Happy Thought—Write a Novel. Will think about it, and try.

Another letter—from Lytton. Promises to ask me a question tonight about Quettah! Good fellow, Lytton! Wish I hadn't opposed him so about Candahar, &c.

5 P.M.—House. Attendance as usual—scanty, but dignified. Thanks to dear old Lytton, have got out my dip

tening to it,—a more than average audience, GRANVILLE assures me. We all three then go off to dinner, and House rises for another fort-

night.
7 P.M.—Can't help it. Back in Commons—Peers' Gallery—as before. Fancy Hartington doesn't like my being here and sending him constant tips as to what answers to give, arguments to use, &c. Does he feel in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility when I'm not here, I wonder? Don't know. CHAPLIN sparring with HARCOURT to-night. Does it gloriously. Find myself saying, "Go it, CHAPLIN!" aloud every now and then. Usher doesn't seem to like it. Know I shall get up and address the House before long. Query, would Gosset turn me out if I did? Listen to CHAPLIN for two happy hours. Never thought I should get to like CHAPLIN as much as I do. Would he accept Peerage, I wonder?

Next Morning, or soon after.—Have resigned Peerage! Hurrah!
Never felt so happy. Couldn't stand it any longer. "Better fifty hours of HEALY," than any amount of the Upper Chamber. Pass on title to HERBERT, go a trip in Grantully Castle, give up Nincteenth Century and Contemporary, stand for Northampton, and there I am! him constant tips as to what answers to give, arguments to use, &c.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(Dinner has just been announced,)

Hester and Billy (sadly). "Good night, Sir. WE'VE got to go to Bed." Distinguished Professor (who is taking down the Hostess). "AH, MY DEARS, THAT'S WHERE WE'RE ALL WISHING WE WERE!"

THE "BETTING" LAND.

(New Version of "The Better Land.")

I HEAR thee speak of the "Betting" Land,—Thou callest its dwellers a sportive band. Is it where the turf is all worn away, Is it where the turf is all worn away,
And they stand upon stools and shout numbers all day?
Is it where all the crowd carry bags and books,
Are so loud in their dress and so wild in their looks?
Where the men, like the legs of their trousers, seem "tight,"
And the language is much the reverse of polite?
Where they blend manhood's favourite "big big D,"
With that friend of our infancy "bouncing B"?
Is it where they all talk—be these "figures of fun"?—
Of "fifties to fives," "two-to-one-bar-one,"
And other obscure arithmetical larks? Of "fifties to fives," "two-to-one-bar-one,"
And other obscure arithmetical larks?
Where one's fogged by their idiomatic remarks
About "welching" and "roping" and "putting the pot on,"
And "laying their shirts," which all seem of striped cotton?
Is it where rustic joskins and shop-boys crowd,
And where even the women for "tips" are loud?
Where, in fact, all the world appears utterly mad,
Whether frenziedly joyous or savagely sad?
It is there, it is there, my child!

Derby Dialogue.

"BEAUTIFUL view?" exclaimed a novice at the Derby as he stood on the hill-side, "but it's curious that one doesn't see any gentlemen's residences about; no country seats, no—" "Take my glasses, my boy!" interrupted his sporting friend; "look straight across, and you'll see Archer's Seat and Archer's Mount. That's good enough for me."

PAID JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.

IF Mr. VAUGHAN, the Police Magistrate of Bow Street, were to go to EVANS'S, which is absurd, as EVANS'S is closed, and while eating his supper there was called names, pulled by the nose, and playfully tapped over the head with a walking-stick, what would happen? This. If the Proprietor of EVANS'S were to take Mr. VAUGHAN'S part, and on behalf of quiet and order were to eject himself or command his servants to eject the bullying disturbing person or persons, the reward he would meet the next morning at Bow Street would be a severe reprimand for taking the law into his own hands, and for not having called the police in.

a severe reprimand for taking the law into his own hands, and for not having called the police in.

If Mr. Newtor, the Police Magistrate of Marlborough Street, were to go to the Restaurant du Globe, in Coventry Street, which is absurd, for all Magistrates go home to their tea as soon as their work is done, and, while eating his supper there, was seized by his whiskers, hit in the eye, and kicked over the shins, what would happen? This. If the Proprietor of the Restaurant du Globe were to take Mr. New Tox's part and on babel of quiet and order were to ask the police to If the Proprietor of the Restaurant du Globe were to take Mr. New-ron's part, and on behalf of quiet and order were to ask the police to eject the bullying, disturbing person or persons, the reward he would meet the next morning at Marlborough Street would be a severe reprimand for calling the police in, and for not having taken the law into his own hands.

The above are deductions from facts reported in the columns of the Daily Telegraph of May 8, 1879, and May 25, 1881, respectively.

Moral.—Is there one? Well, to be kindly after the Derby, suppose we say that the moral is not to be too hard on unpaid Magistrates while two such instances of self-stultification on the part of Stipendiary Justices are on record. Let us be charitable!

FASHIONS NO RATIONS.—Certain battalions of the Militia are about to "be assimilated to battalions of the regular Army as regards lace and frogs." Are "frogs" to be on the *menu* of every mess? Ah! Waterloo is avenged—or nearly.

THE LATEST "TRICK."

(Scene in the " Cirque Français.")





"VACCINATION."

(A Derby Week Reminiscence.)

City Clerk (reading letter to Office). "SORRY TO SAY THAT, HAVING BEEN VAC-CINATED, I AM COMPELLED TO KEEP MY ARM IN A SLING. THE DOCTOR HAS RECOMMENDED PERFECT QUIET, AS FEVERISH SYMPTOMS HAVE DEVELOPED. SO IT IS WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE, &C., &C.

Friend. "ALL RIGHT! THAT 'LL DO. WE'LL BE OFF BY AN EARLY TRAIN!" I 'LL CALL FOR YOU EARLY, AND

"A WORM AT ONE END, AND A-(Vide Dr. Johnson.)

WE read in the columns of a suburban—not to say country-contemporary:-

"Those who have the patience to angle for trout can now have an opportunity of exercising their skill, as there are two very nice fish to be captured, one opposite the Eel Pie Island Hotel, and the other, the larger of the two, opposite Poulett Lodge, the residence of Mr. J. E. Meek."

This is a practical carrying out of the old tale— "No use your fishing in that river, Sir; it was caught yesterday." And if, thanks to Billingsgate and other idiocies, our fish continue to decrease as rapidly as they

are now doing, we shall soon have the sorrow to read:

— Brighton.—A fine sole was seen off here this morning.

A special train will be run to-day for the convenience of Anglers. So good a chance of sport has not been known for years, and the ardent fishermen of the town

are in high spirits.

Bournemouth.—Bill Stokes, the fisherman, says he saw a conger-eel off the Pier yesterday; but as he has not been sober for six years, and is the most mendacious person in this town (which is saying a good deal), very little trust is placed in his assertion.

Ramsgate.—Messrs. PATERNOSTER AND PLUMMETT, the

celebrated tackle-makers, declare that while sailing off celebrated tackle-makers, declare that while saling on the North Foreland yesterday, they disturbed two whiting pout. A whole flotilla of boats has set sail, and Messrs. P. & P. have sold out their stock-in-trade at a handsome profit. (*Later by Telegram*.)—Nothing having been seen of the two fish, a suspicion is growing abroad that their existence is entirely due to the men-dacious statements of Messrs. P. & P. We hope, for the honour of Ramsgate, that none of her tradesmen would have resorted to such a strategy to promote business. (Latest News.)—The mob have wrecked Messrs. P. & P.'s shop, and are now proceeding to duck the proprietors in the harbour

Tenby.—This town has been thrown into a state of wild excitement by the fact of one of our summer visitors having captured a splendid dab weighing at least 3 oz. The church-bells were set ringing, and the Vicar made a touching allusion to the event in his sermon on Sunday, and the vicar made at the constitution of the control of the c an allusion he will probably consider premature when he discovers that the visitor, whose name is unknown, has quitted Tenby without paying for the beer of the bell-

RUM REFLECTION ON THE RUM TAX. -Ah! we lead an Exchequered existence!

NET PROFITS.

Something about them—from a Turbot's Diary.

"Mr. J. T. BEDFORD contended that Billingsgate was a melancholy failure "Mr. J. T. Bedford contended that Billingsgate was a melancholy failure from a public point of view, and said that when originally created a market there was no railway, or it would never have been erected at the river-side. He cited instances of deliberate tricks and artifices on the part of the trade to enhance the price of fish, and as an instance of how cheap fish was, he mentioned the fact that a public orphanage in Kent was supplied direct from Grimsby with assorted fish in season, including cod, at a price of less than twopence per pound."—Report of Meeting of Court of Common Council.

3 A.M.—Like a fool, came up for a spin in the upper current this morning, and managed somehow to get into a net. Hauled in with a large take, and was tumbled with the rest of them into the bottom of a smack, and kept there while they wired up to London to know how many of us were wanted to rig the market properly. Heard someone say, "Why, Bill, if the Guv'ner wos to send up this 'ere haul, the whole of it,—bless me if they couldn't sell the finest fish you like to pick out at tuppence a pound, and make a good thing of it, too, at the figure." Wonder whether they 'll do it.

4 A.M.—Telegram arrived. Four-fifths of the take to be pitched back into the water. Well, whoever does go back won't get over it, that's all I know about it. Feel melancholy. Catch someone saying, "Well, a wicked waste I calls it; with meat at elevenpence a pound, and thousands a-starving, to throw away good food like this 'ere!" Say good-bye to my great-grandfather, fifty stray uncles, and the rest of my family (all of 'em done for), and am suddenly packed into a basket and hurried off to a railway-station.

7 A.M.—Find myself in a two-horse waggon, jammed up in a dirty back street, blocked up with carts, barrows, trucks, and vehicles of

back street, blocked up with carts, barrows, trucks, and vehicles of

all kinds, the proprietors of which are all struggling and swearing at each other. Am landed at last opposite a red-brick bazaar. Never was in such a pandemonium before. Pick up from a Stale Sole that

was in such a pandemonium before. Pick up from a Stale Sole that it's Billingsgate. Immensely disappointed.

8 A.M.—Am wondering, in low spirits, what I'm going to fetch a pound, when I find I've been bought up already with a lot of other fellows, by a sort of recognised brigand, that they call in these parts a "Middleman." As far as we can make out, he has managed to collar the whole lot of us at about threepence a pound, and has sold us to a leading West End tradesman,—no doubt, at a profit. Still keep wondering what I shall fetch ultimately. On my way West, go up Bond Street, and am chaffed by a lobster in tremendous spirits, who says that he has nearly split himself with laughing at the thought that when he's boiled, he'll fetch seven-and-sixpence.

3 P.M.—Arrive at my destination. Hope I shall cut up well. Am about to be sliced, when I'm sent off to "Stucco House," wherever that is, for an eight o'clock dinner. Get out of a red mullet, who says he ought to be "three a penny," but has just been entered in the book at one and ninepence, that I am supposed to be "scarce" to-day, and figure at half-a-guinea. Proud, but sad. Pass a hungry beggar on my way, and wish I could let him have a couple of my uncles for fourpence.

8 P.M.—Come to table. Am well walked into by highly distinguished company.

8 P.M.—Come to table. Am well walked into by highly distinguished company—mostly City men who think that, though 85 per cent. of all the fish that comes to London is conveyed by train, "Billingsgate does very well where it is." Am put into the larder and finished suddenly by the cat. Curious. A highly instructive day. To Cheer reflecting day. To Chaos reflecting.

IRISH PARADOX .- Guilt de fucto, and acquittal de jure.

INA VOBUAZ

THE DERBY OF 1881.

(To a Melody popular with the Winners.)





Spectators (delighted). "Beautifully Painted, isn't it! Look there! Who is it? Why, it's the—of course—what 's-his-te—the Times Correspondent!!" [Pa's new Hat had fallen down, and he would go and get it! NAME-THE TIMES CORRESPONDENT!!'

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, May 30.—MITCHELL HENRY not usually reckoned among the dangerous classes of Members of Parliament. He is too plump in person and too uncertain of his grasp on sentences to be formidable. Not infrequently comes down in his war-paint, and makes ready to run amuck at somebody. But usually very little bloodshed, and much good-humoured laughter owing to his jokes breaking out in the wrong place. To-night showed that it is never safe to disregard an adversary. Mr. Parnell little thought MITCHELL HENRY would bring him to grief. But he did, hitting out some very smart raps at the proprietor of the Irish Vote. Delightful air of innocence and absence of intention to mean anything particular by his reference to "gentlemen who, in moments of particular by his reference to "gentlemen who, in moments of danger, hide in London and give out that they are in Paris."

danger, hide in London and give out that they are in Paris."
All about PAT EGAN, who has been writing a letter denouncing O'CONNOR POWER and other Members as blacklegs, because they did not do as bidden by Mr. PARNELL. So ridiculously sensitive, Irish Members! This is only PAT's way of expressing a difference of opinion with his countrymen, and marks the advance of civilisation. A few years ago PAT would have brought his shillelagh down on the head of Mr. O'CONNOR POWER. Now he is content with calling him a blackleg; and still MITCHELL HENRY is not happy.

O'CONNOR POWER made a fine manly speech, creating some consternation in the Land League camp by the production of telegrams, showing how prominent Land Leaguers, whilst abusing the Government at the top of their voice, whisper solicitations for appointments to Government offices.

to Government offices.

Curious to notice how the end of it all was that Mr. PARNELL posed before the House and Ireland—particularly Ireland—as a downtrodden martyr. Accusations had been made against him, and he had been refused a hearing; this after making two speeches, in which he said very little about Mr. PAT EGAN, but lamented the untruth-

fulness of the Home Secretary. Very clever device this, though

Business of the Home Secretary. Very clever device this, though growing tedious by reason of repetition.

Business done.—Private Bill one hour. Questions two hours. Irish row two hours. Land Bill three hours and a half. More Irish row with incidental voting of Supply two hours.

Tuesday Night.—House getting a little aweary with RANDOLPH.
Beginning to doubt whether his humour is anything more than impudence, and asks whether, if his father had been a butcher instead of the titled descendant of a great soldier, he would have been tolerated so long. To-night the House hailed with great delight the temporary extinction of his lordlingship by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. All the more welcome, because unexpected. Mr. JOHNSON like all his official collegues who have anything to do with GENERAL. All the more welcome, because unexpected. Mr. JOHNSON, like all his official colleagues who have anything to do with Ireland, has a subdued manner indicative of much mental suffering and reminiscent of many encounters with Mr. Healy and Mr. CALLAN. Therefore, when to-night JOHNSON showed that he had in his Dictionary materials for a smart retort, the House surprisingly elated.

RANDOLPH had come down to talk about potatoes on a matter-of-fact and well-meant Motion by Major NOLAN. Talked for an hour, but chiefly used up the potatoes to shy at Ministers. House bored to death. Tried once or twice to get itself counted out. Speaker interposed with dignified rebuke. RANDOLPH having been chattering for half a hour in phrases connected only by vituperative denuncia-tion of the Government, the SPEAKER observed with touching dignity, "I understand the Noble Lord rose to Second the Motion; he has not yet approached it." Enough this to shut up an ordinary man. yet approached it." Enough this to shut up an ordinary man. RANDOLPH not an ordinary man. So long as he can keep clear of the penalties which the SPEAKER may enforce, doen't care a copper for his rebuke. But he winced when the ordinarily down-trodden SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND "regretted that the Noble Lord had not taken advantage of his travels about Ireland at other people's expense to acquire that knowledge of the subject of the potato which he had taken upwards of an hour to show that he did not possess." RANDOLPH begins to think he must keep his eye on the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND.

Another nuisance of the House's own creation put down to-day.

Mr. WARTON getting a little too noisy of late. No one to blame but the House, which has a tendency, derived from ancient monarchical



Extinguisher and Snuffer.

institutions, to keep its butt on the premises. Mr. Warton is a not very intelligent and not always good - mannered person, whom the House tolewhom rates because he sometimes makes it laugh. But there is laughter and and The laughter. The with some peo-ple, at others. The Member for Bridport in the

Mistaking his precise position, he sometimes attempts to be funny, with disastrous consequences. Interposed to-day with a wooden joke about Wilfeld Lawson having a bet on the Division about the about Wilfrid Lawson having a bet on the Division about the adjournment over the Derby Day, and therefore incapacitated from taking part in the discussion. A most elaborate joke. Doubtless cost him several hours' labour. But the House didn't see it, and the Speaker warned the saddened humorist that there is, after all, a limit beyond which the dignity of the House may not fall.

Business done.—Committee on Irish Land Bill resumed. House adjourned over Derby Day.

Thursday Night.—If there is a man on whom Mr. GLADSTONE thought he might count for orderliness and general good conduct, it is JAMES HOWARD, Member for Bedfordshire. Not without a pang the PREMIER discovered him at half-past five this afternoon beaming upon the astonished House with a Motion for the Adjournment at Question Time! These irregular Motions always moved "in consequence of unsatisfactory answer received from Ministers." Odd thing that the Member invariably knows in advance that the answer will be unsatisfactory, and is able to produce a sheaf of notes, or will be unsatisfactory, and is able to produce a sheaf of notes, on which he has written down what he shall say thereupon.

Mr. Howard had a dreadful story of murder to tell, and opened in quaint old-fashioned style. "Some seven years ago," he began with

the increasing sunnyness of his countenance as he dwelt upon the horrors of "life under the Crown;" the way in which, in the excitement of the moment, he gradually worked himself out on to the middle of the floor, contrary to all rules, and was relentlessly dragged back by Mr. DILWYN, only to begin again his advance; the way in which he took the Irish Members into this confidence, when they waggishly called out "Shame!" and "Scandalous!" at



"We must dissemble." (A Scene at Epsom.)

"Scandalous!" at "We must dissemble." (A Scene at Epsom.) portions of his recital: the way in which everybody living on this down-trodden estate, dies at ages varying from seventy-six to eighty-five, including the murdered man; the thrilling nature of the biographical
details of Mr. Howard's connection with the Bural Sanitary Authority; the way the House incredulously oried. "No! No!" when he
mentioned how somebody had "pulled down (or up) twenty or
thirty oottages;" and the burst of cheering which rose when planting his knuckles on his hips, and thrusting his right leg forward,

he asked "whether tenants were to be treated as vassals, and, forsooth! by a Liberal Government," were all delightful to see and hear and almost compensated for the loss of half an hour. Business done.—Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Friday.-Quite a cheerful afternoon before the holidays. Friday.—Quite a cheerful atternoon before the holidays. The O'Donoghue began with further interesting inquiries about Lord Kenmare and his tenants. Wanted to make a speech in extension of his question. Speaker objected; so he moved the adjournment of the House, and got his way. Then Colonel Tottenham appeared on the scene, and brought his shillelagh down on the head of the Land League. Wanted to know whether there had not been three Land League. Wanted to know whether there had not been three attempts to murder in the same locality, all attributed to the action of the Land League. Mr. T. P. O'Connor rose to order. No one so anxious for order as an Irish Member. Trembles at the slightest breach. Strong language shocks him, especially and indeed exclusively in the mouth of an English Member. Of course it is different with an Irish Member: so T. P. denounced Colonel Tottemam as "mendacious;" obligingly substituting "inaccurate" in deference to the unaccountable scruples of the Speaker. The O'Kelly shocked at this weakness, rose and substituted, for "inaccurate," "lying and calumnious." The O'Kelly straightway suspended. Room thus made for the gentle Gorst and the rampant Randolph, who danced a wild fling on the floor, dragging the patient Sir Stafford round and round, till they made him, too, say bad words. Randolph called the Attorney-General for Ireland a "log," but subsequently explained that he had not meant anything person-

but subsequently explained that he had not meant anything person-

ally offensive.

A pleasant, useful, dignified sort of an afternoon, ending up at night with some dreary denunciation from Irish Members, and so adjourned for the Whitsun Recess. Business done.—None.

Pro Bono Publico.

Err yet you legislate on Local Option
'Tis well to pause. In Westminster, suppose
A case which might result from its adoption, Were every Public House compelled to close.

High o'er each House of Call, wherein carouses The Working-Man, the House of Commons towers; That biggest of all British Public Houses, The Public House which keeps the latest hours.

The Fittest.

A LISTENER to Sir John Lubbock's last lecture at the Linnæan Society, said that the Honourable Entomological Baronet ought certainly to be the next Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pressed for a reason, he replied, "Because he is plainly the greatest living authority on *fine ants!!!*"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRUTUS.—"You are wrong," writes BRUTUS, "in quoting 'The harmless necessary cat' as out of Othello. It's from The Merchant of Venice. Every idiot knows that." One does, evidently.

Toto.—"The harmless necessary cat"—is undoubtedly to be found in The Merchant and not The Moor of Venice. It is almost certain, however, that SHAKSPEARE himself went to Venice and there became acquainted with both the Moor and the Merchant, which, as is suggested by the fragments of the Half-Folio, was in all probability the title of his first series of Venetian Plays—(1) The Moor and the Merchant; (2) The Moor; (3) The Merchant, of which only the two last have come down to us. Now in these fragments, with which it is a pity students are so imperfectly acquainted, The Moor and the Merchant, the "tail-less [not harmless] necessary cat" is mentioned by the Moor who wishes to obtain a high price for such a rarity, as was one of the Manx species in those days, from the Merchant Shylock who would have given anything to his favourite daughter Desdemona, while he was cruel to his younger child Jessica. The Moor had brought the cat straight from Barbary, into which country its ancestor had been imported by an Englishman, one Richard Whitten Whitten animal in question is "harmless," and repeats the remainder of the line. The subject is interesting, and when there is so much Moor about just now, we are not surprised at a little wandering.

Tommy Toddles.—"The Member for Woodstock is not Ashmead-Bartlett, and Lord Randolph is not the Member for Eye, as you said he was last week. Was there a little muddle about on the Hill-side on the Derby Day, eh, Old Man?" We repudiate Tommy's insinuation with scorn. The Epigram in question came out before the Derby Day, and our excellent epigrammatist, who went for two fish instead of one, got his lines entangled somehow, and being annoyed with the obstruction caused by the Member for Eye and Woodstock, evidently lost his temper, and confounded them both. They deserved it. Arcades



SUPERFLUOUS!

"AND SO YOU LEARN DANGING, BOB! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE VALSING ?"

"OH, IT'S NOT BAD! I CAN MANAGE VERY WELL BY MYSELF; BUT I THINK A GIRL'S RATHER IN THE WAY!"

ASCOT IN THE CAMERA.

(By Our Scientific Reporter.)

(By Our Scientific Reporter.)

Acceding to the request of thousands that I would try the effect of my Nitro-Galvanic Telescrophone instantaneous portrait-taker at Ascot, I took my stand on the Race-Course.

The reader must know then, that the Nitro-Galvanic Telescrophone (as, indeed, its name would denote) is a machine for producing historical scenes in their true colours—material and mental. By a simple contrivance I have avoided that air of repose which spoils so many sun-pictures, and substituted for it a kind of artistic vivacity which must be seen to be appreciated. The frame of my machine is constructed exclusively of ivory, steel, ebonite, pewter, walnut wood, glass, papier māché, iron, buffalo hide, and bamboo canes. With these simple materials I have made a kind of casket, which resembles something between a beer-barrel and a balloon. It has all the strength of the former, with many of the characteristics of the latter. It can be easily transferred from place to place, being extremely portable. All that it requires in ordinary circumstances is a few waggons and a couple of traction-engines. Of course common prudence would dictate the choice of a fine day for one of these journeys, as the mixture of gun-cotton and paraffin (used in the preparation of the sensitive plates) is apt to get a little out of order when exposed to untoward atmospheric influences. However, with proper care the Nitro-Galvanic Telescrophone is as easily managed as anything else requiring a trifle more than ordinary attention—say a rogue elephant, a wounded tiger, or a damaged fish-torpedo. It is worked by electricity and portable hydraulic pumps.

Arrived at Ascot, I selected the turf in front of the Judge's chair, as the scene for my instantaneous picture, as it occurred to me that the portrait of the winner of the chief race would be more interesting than any other memorial. I therefore rejected the causerie on the lawn, the Royal Procession up the Course, the group of drags at the luncheon-hour in favour of the incident I have

The salient features of Ascot are so well known that it is unneces-

sary to refer to them. Charming toilettes, lovely faces, well-appointed turn-outs were to be seen as much this year as on any of its predecessors

predecessors.

The crowd assembled; some of the smaller events were settled; lunch was commenced,—and then came the race of the day. It was an anxious moment for me. I had arranged the apparatus with the assistance of the police to keep off the crowd, but my sensitive plates were rather behind-hand. Although prepared on very simple principles, they have to undergo several processes, and in their manufacture there had been several mishaps. For instance, one had been broken by a steam Nasmyth hammer, acting with rather too much force. Another had suffered from inferior bronze being used in one of the castings, and a third had been ground to dust in the Marble Polishing Department. In spite of these and many other little accidents, I was able to secure one plate which was many other little accidents, I was able to secure one plate which was in tolerably good order.

in tolerably good order.

The supreme moment arrived. Built up on its portable iron and granite pedestal, the Nitro-Galvanic Telescrophone was certainly a striking object. I stood just under the principal lens, with the chain in my hand, ready to pull the lever. All was ready. I saw a flag fall in the distance. On came the horses galloping at full speed. I could hear the cheers of the spectators. There was a shout. The winner was passing me! I pulled the chain!

There was a loud explosion, a flash of light, and I and the Nitro-Galvanic Telescrophone went up into the air together!

After some little trouble I have found the result, which I ferward



to you. It is not quite what I intended, but there are all the mate-

rials in it for a good picture.
On second thoughts, I select some of these materials, and compile what evidently must be a portrait of the winner. Here it is. I should have sent it to you before, if I had come down earlier.

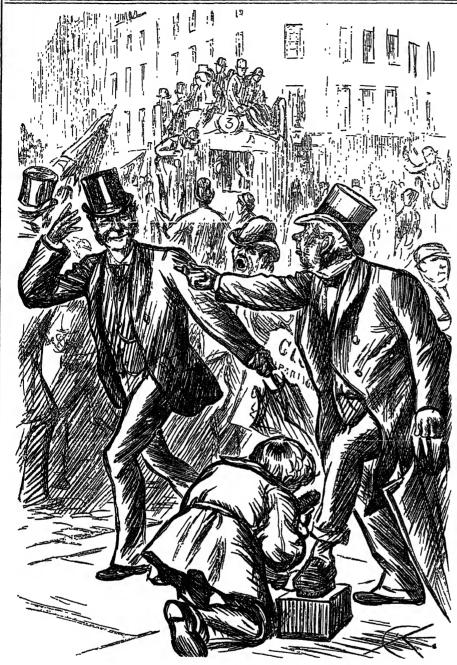
I am now staying a few days with the Great Panjandrum, who

is not allowed to bet in his own country, which, strangely enough, is called Thibet. He is over here in disguise, and we have rooms together at the Grand Hotel, Hanwell.



THE WINNER. (By new Instantaneous Process.)

ILLUSTRATION OF AN EXPRESSION .- "Reading between the Lines." —This must be Reading (Berks), which is between the Great Western and South-Western Lines.



AN ESCAPE.

. Barnickle (the most adhesive old Bore in Town). "Oh, stop a minute, my Boy"—(tries to clutch him)—"I've something particular—"

Brown (just clearing him). "AH, BARNY! CAN'T STOP! JUST LOUNGING DOWN BOND STREET. TA-TA! SEE YOU SOON." (Aside.) "How lucky!"

[Saunters to next turning, and off like a shot!

He Three Sham Bayes of Olde.

(A Lay of Modern London.)

Some energetic persons
Resolved—perhaps they swore—
That their new block at Chelsea
Should want for funds no more;
Resolved—more likely swore it—
And, one ten-shilling day,
By putting all their powers forth,
They startled East, West, South, and North,
In quite a novel way.

For, staring, East, West, South, and
North
Poured in,—almost too fast,
As canvas tower and village
Absorbed the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the shy patrician
Who rather stays at home
Than comes to flit about in silk
Beneath the Albert dome.

The smiling British public
Is pouring in amain,
And, in the in-door "market-place"
Though jammed, does not complain.
For round about fair ladies,
Whose heads it scarce divines,
Display their wares,—and so it stares,
Gets hot, but not repines.

For names and titles work a spell,
The British heart to sway;—
And where there's dressing up as well,
There's nothing it won't pay.
And if 'tis asked, fresh butter, mats,—
Live porcupines "to try,"—
And asked, in satin, silk, and smiles,
What can it do but buy?

Then growled the ancient May-pole,
That sulked above in state,
"I wonder if these swells are bored
As I am by the fite!
Yet, how can they work better
Than selling ends and odds,
Stared at for hours in stage get-up,
By tiers of shilling gods?

"But talk of the 'ryghte merrie' dance,
We once had in the Strand?
Why, just about my gay-decked feet
There's scarcely room to stand!
And British snobs are struggling
To part with all their gold,—
And might, with wife, or limb, or life,
Such is 'Ye jamme of olde!'

"And though some stoutish parties
Get now and then irate,
And the great men snub the small,
And the small men kick the great,
Though not one useful thing is bought,
And everybody's sold;
Yet, duped and done, they like the fun
Of the three sham days of old.

"For Briton jostles Briton
Quite freely at the show,
And Putney stares at Eaton Square,
And Mayfair cheats Soho:
And though, with glass at forty-five,
'Ye anciente frocke' is cold,
A bright idea, 'tis pretty clear,
Are the three sham days of old."

What though old English diction
Gets hard up for a word,
And Tudor times embrace with ease
The reign of George the Third;
What though, spite several yards of street,
The Albert Hall's "all there,"
You've but to close your ears and eyes
To realise a "Fayre."

Then let the Maypole grumble!

He won't abash the crew

Who, for a Charity, would start

A "Fayre" at Timbuctoo!

For, in the name of Charity,

The mildest "Knyghtes" grow bold,

And "Dames" do things they didn't do

In the grave days of old.

So now the "Fayre" is over,
And everyone is hit,
And people have bought lots of things
They'll never want a bit;
When in suburban circles
Their wares they still disclose,
And kittens, cups—weird things of wool—
Are ranged in endless rows;

When the goodman from his office Comes home to five hours' doom, As his goodwife's chatter ceaselessly Goes flashing round the room; With much Court Journal gossip The story still is told, How Chelsea had good cause to bless "Ye three sham dayes of olde."

'FISH ALL ALIVE OH! SEVEN FARTHINGS A POUND!"



That would be something like news for poor Londoners! but unfortunately London has a magnificent Fish Market, erected lately at a cost of £270,000, at a place in the very heart of the City, called Billingsgate, perhaps, all things considered, the worst possible place that could be now selected for such a purpose.

But from a letter read by Mr. Bedford at the Court of Common Council on Thursday, it appears that at Farningham in Kent, where fortunately there is no Billingsgate Market, the "Little Boys" at their admirable "Home" there, are supplied weekly with beautiful fresh fish from Grimsby, at an all-round price of seven farthings per pound, including carriage by passenger-train!

This letter, which, in the classical language of Billingsgate, may be fairly called a staggerer, produced such an effect, combined as it was with other statements as to the astonishing and almost incredible scenes of muddle and confusion to be witnessed daily in that locality, that the aroused Common Councilmen at once took the Bull by the horns, or rather perhaps one should say, the Codfish by his head and shoulders, and referred the whole matter to a new and independent Committee, independent, that is to say, of Salesmen whose interests are in direct antagonism to those of the Public, and of loud-tongued Patriots who may possibly have pecuniary interests in the locality in question.

Mr. Punch bestows his cordial approval on this wise step, and wishes every success to the new Committee in their Augean labours.

From an Æsthetic Correspondent.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

What about those people who say that the endeavours to implant a love of the "Intense" in the breasts of the humbler beings in this land will be wasted? How utterly wrong are these Philistines! Why, only the other day, while gazing on a lily in a glass of water at a wayside hostel, I heard a couple of men, of the coster
Fair. Real "Old Englyshe Fayre" is Beef and Plum-pudding.

monger class, call for "Two-Twos" of some sweet spirit. The landlord informed me afterwards that formerly (before the existence of the Kyrle Society, of course), these same individuals always used to ask for a "quartern." Yours diaphonously, GWENDOLINE.

"IL SERAGLIO;" OR, PITTMAN'S PEGASUS.

No form of entertainment ever tickles our sense of humour so thoroughly as genuinely serious Italian Opera, specially when interpreted by Italians. Taken from this point of view, comic Italian Opera, being intentionally funny, fails to amuse us in the same way; and so, while delighted with Mdme. Sementon, pleased with Mdlle. Valleria, charmed with the melodious Mozartiness of this thoroughly Mozartian opera, Il Seraglio, and sufficiently entertained with the conventional humour of M. Guillard, we should have had only a mild evening but for the English khrette supplied by the with the conventional humour of M. GUILHARD, we should nave had only a mild evening but for the English libretto supplied by the present Poet-Laureate of the establishment, Mr. J. PITTMAN, whose work, far from being a mere servile translation, evinces much original thought and rare poetic power occasionally rising to the reckless freedom of true genius.

The story of Il Seraglio—as the advertisements spell it, or Il Seraglio—as Poet

An Eastern Question to a Partial Pacha.

Serraglio as Poet PITTMAN'S book has it--is of the simplest and weakest kind. Two ladies of uncertain nationality called Constance and Bionda are in the power of Pacha Selim and Osmin, his Gardener!! Why the Gardener? Is there hidden some joke about "guardin' her"? However, joke or no joke, this Osmin acts as the Pacha's chief adviser and major domo, but it is evident to everybody, except the amiable though misguided

Mahommedan, that this Osmin is merely a Pantaloon in Turkish trowsers. The Pacha never having seen a pantomime, is easily imposed upon, and does not discover a fraud which is so palpable to an English audience.

These two ladies are about to escape from Pacha Pittman's Serraglio with one Belmont, a fat French lover, looking like Raoul out of The Huguenots after a course of indolence and cod-liver oil, and Pedrillo, his Spanish servant, who, in Turkish costume, has also imposed on the credulity of this weak-minded Selim Pacha—what a Imposed on the credulity of this weak-minded Seism Facha—what a set of characters!—when they are intercepted by the Gardener, condemned to death by Selim, and immediately afterwards pardoned by the same amiable autocrat. Instead of "I Seraglio, the title of the story should have been, in true Eastern language, "Bosh." However, something like a century ago it furnished Mozarr with opportunities for the display of his genius, and so let us be thankful. The rando in Act First, the quartette the drinking duet. Constance of the cons

The rondo in Act First, the quartette, the drinking duet, Constance's solo and Bionda's sparkling song in Act Second are the gems of the music. Now let us leave these gems, and descend with our Prin-MAN into the mines of Librettist ore. Osmin, speaking of Pedrillo to Belmont, exclaims violently

"That scoundrel! may his neck be broken!"

Whereupon Belmont, the fat French lover, remarks, aside-"How rude! His tongue he won't unfetter."

Isn't "how rude" delicious? So mild!

Pedrillo says to Belmont, who is anxious about Constance-

"Be patient. Shortly your Constance, With the Pacha, will return home From a sail on the water.

Belmont. Great Heav'n! With him, she?"

There's fire for you! The Italian is "Con lui, oh pena!" but Poet PITTMAN's Pegasus bore him above mere commonplace rendering. Osmin asks Pedrillo about Belmont-

"Who's this stranger?

Pedrillo. By permission of the Pacha, he's admission." And Osmin, instead of prosaically returning "Is he?" replies, poetically-

"That I care not, out must stay you."

Constance, the heroine, thus grandly rejects the Pasha's suit :-"I'll yield thee ne'er, in vain thou wouldst dismay me!"

and continues apostrophising her absent lover-

" Love knows no transgression, My heart's full possession
Thou, Belmont, shall have!
Constance doth swear thee
By Heaven above," &c., &c. This is very fine. The comic scene where *Pedrillo* makes old Pantaloon *Osmin* drunk in less than half a brace of vocal shakes, finishes with these two lines, which are quite worthy to rank with any "exit couplet" spoken by either of the *Dromios* in The Comedy of Errors or by the burlesque lowcomedy characters in The Taming of the Shrew:

" Pedrillo. Let's go, lest the Pasha, our master, Might see us, to us would hap disaster."

All hail, great PITT-MAN! for these are absolutely Shakspearian.

Pedrillo and Belmont venture to hint their sus-

picions as to the fidelity of their sweethearts while

in the Pasha's Seraglio, whereupon the energetic Bionda replies to her lover-

"Viva Backo!"

"Thou rascal, durst to throw Such stain upon my virtue?"

while the gentler and more lady-like Constance, addressing Belmont, reproachfully adds—

"Belmont, you hardly know My feelings how now hurt you!"

Aha! There's rhyme and reason, too, for you! Then, all being forgiven, they sing this quartette :-

> " Now that love prevails again, May jealousy never Our sweet union sever, May love live for ever, For e'er on us reign.

Hooray! PITTMAN on Pegas second! TENNYSON nowhere! PITTMAN on Pegasus wins in a canter!! SHAKSPEARE

Space forbids our heaping up more treasures from the PITTMAN diggings, so we will give Selim Pasha's concluding benison on the happy pairs, and drop the curtain on the brilliant finale:—

" Selim. Go hence in freedom. Be happy you for ever! Your friend, SELIM PACHA, forget you-Never!"

And then the chorus, commencing "Great SELIM," for which, however, we venture, with the utmost deference, to substitute Great



Harem-Scarum Finale.

Poet—meaning, we need hardly explain, the Covent Garden Laureate, and dedicating his own lines to himself—

"Great Poet, we, grateful bending, Hail thee e'er, thy praises sing; Far and wide thy name's extending Through the world on Fame's bright wing."

We trust the sale of the "book of the words" may be largely increased by our present notice. Poet and Profit should go hand in hand. Should anyone rashly imagine that he can rival our Laureate Librettist, we warn him-

"Poeta nascitur, non fit," man; Which is quite true of Mister PITTMAN.



HARMONY.

Brown (Philistine). "I HEARD IT WAS ALL 'OFF' BETWEEN YOU AND MISS ROWESHETT.'

Wobbinson (Æsthete). "YA-AS. INCOMPATIBILITY OF COMPLEXION ! - SHE DIDN'T SUIT MY FURNITCHAR !!"

"THE NEW DEPARTURE."

ARCHBISHOP CROKE has made a great sensation By teaching the Land-Leaguers moderation. He warns "the Boys" in serious solemn tones 'Gainst "dangerous pastimes"—"hooting," "throwing stones.

And you did not prefix, good Dr. Choke, An "s" to "hooting"—that's beyond a joke. Your Grace is right, let "dangerous past-times" cease, And we may welcome present times of peace:
Treat dangerous past times now with such severity
As will yield future times of safe prosperity.
Could Celt and Saxon but go hand in hand,
This true Land League would benefit the land.
None but a foo graph wind dangerous past-times of None but a foe such union dare sever— No Croaker, Croke! Old Ireland for ever!

A DISGRACE TO THE METROPOLIS.

LET anyone in a hurry to reach Waterloo Station between eight and eleven on a Saturday morning, attempt to do so vid Bow Street—supposing this to be ordinarily his shortest and cheapest route, as it would be for anyone his shortest and cheapest route, as it would be for anyone from St. Pancras and the Bloomsbury district—and he will then experience what the word "obstruction" really means. The street crammed, jammed with vegetable, fruit, and flower-carts, while the police look on as amused but uninterested spectators of the scene, with an it's-nothing-to-do-with-me and monarch-of-all-we-survey-in-this-neighbourhood sort of air which is to the left

nothing-to-do-with-me and monarch-of-all-we-survey-in-this-neighbourhood sort of air which is to the last degree irritating. "Bless your 'art," observed a costermonger, lolling by his barrow, and addressing an unhappy voyageur blocked up in a helpless hansom—"Bless your innocent 'art! if you wants a short cut of a Satterday morn'n, you'd better by arf go round by Trafalgar Square and Cherrin'Cross to get to Waterloo!" We have attacked the disgraceful state of Covent Garden Market over and over again, and "the authorities" (who are they, your Grace of Mudford?) won't stir a single cabbage-stump to help us. The nuisance becomes worse and worse. If ever Urgency were to be voted to overcome Obstruction, it is wanted here and now. Wake up, O Gracious Mudford, EG., Duke of Barrers, and instead of enjoying the sea-breezes on board RIERS, and instead of enjoying the sea-breezes on board your charmingly-appointed and luxurious yacht, just step down among this slush and refuse and sniff the salubrious air of your own dear Mud-Salad Market.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"It is somewhat surprising that LOBD SALISBURY should fail to discern that the importance of the Irish Land Bill is determined not by its political pedigree so much as by the actual and present circumstances of Ireland."

SIR, I read the prints diurnal, and of course the "leading journal" I look upon as prophet and adviser.

I peruse its news with pleasure, and its dogmas always treasure; As a father I have been an advertiser.

But for once I make confession that I'm beat by an expression (Which, no doubt, however, wiser people see),

And that 's why I write these rhymes, to inquire what the Times Means (politically) by a "Pedigree"?

Does it mean by this assertion that Bill's father was Coercion, Who his FORSTER-Mother married willy-nilly?

Who his Forster-Mother married willy-nilly?

Does it mean in years gone by, in some record deep and dry,

Lived the Ancestors of this Hibernian Billy?

Does it mean (I'm only guessing) that slow and sure progressing,

They eventually reared a Fam'ly Tree,

And by this gradual process Bill by legal diagnosis

Has (politically) got a "Pedigree"?

Does it mean—but there, I'm muddled, and I might say almost fuddled

By this lineage—in metaphor 'tis hazy—
I'll defy Sir Beenard Burke, let alone Debrett to work
Out this problem, Sir, without their getting crazy;
For I've been, I own with sadness, driven by it nigh to madness,
As I brooded on this subtle jeu d'esprét.
So don't spurn this exhortation, but please give an illustration
Of (politically) "What's a Pedigree"?
(Extra.) Most politically yours,

A. Daff, M.P.

A. DAFT, M.P.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

EVERYBODY caring for the preservation of memorials of famous men must very much applaud the Society of Arts for what they have done in having just placed six new memorial tablets, on so many historic houses, the abodes, in time past, of so many such characters. One of these, to be sure, was a personage of no more account than Peter the Great, who, however (as Russians may think), once honoured 15, Buckingham Street, with his residence. At any rate, he lived there, and his name is now on the door. But the other names and addresses are those of Sir Robert Walpole, 25, Arlington Street; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 14, Savile Row; Sir Isaac Newton, 35, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square; William Hogarth, 30, same Square (become the site of Archbishop Tennison's School); and James Barry, Painter (not also "Plumber and Glazier"), 36, Castle Street, Oxford Street. The door of each of these dwellings is now distinguished by a porcelain plaque, which will give the intelligent passer-by a sensation—and sometimes perhaps occasion an agent, a collector or solicitor of subscriptions, mendicant, or other impostor, to knock and inquire if the supposed occupant is at home. occupant is at home

Thanks, also, to the excellent Society of Arts, tablets affixed in former years denote, as sacred to memory, the dwelling-places of Burke, Byron, Canning, Deyden, Faraday, Flaxman, Franklin, Garrick, Handel, Johnson, Napoleon the Third, Nelson, Reynolds, and Mrs. Siddons. Di Manes defend them from enterprising tradesmen, speculative builders, and the Metropolitan Board of Works!

VICTORIOUS SARAH.—"L'Interdit est enfin levé: SARAH BERN-HARDT VA jouer La Dame aux Camélias," joyfully writes Jules Prevel of the Figuro. Le Demi-Monde and Le Mariage d'Olympe being permitted, the Lord Chamberlain very evidently thought that he could not strain at gnats and refuse to swallow camelias.



WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

- "What 's Ascot, Mabel?"-"OH, Ascot? It 's a Cup that Horses race for before the Prince of Wales and Suite."
- "Whose Suite ?"-"Who's sweet? Why, the Princess, of course!"

THE IRISH DEVIL-FISH.

(Slightly altered from Victor Hugo,)

It is difficult for those who have not seen it to believe in the existence of the Irish Devil-Fish.

It is the Improbable incarnate! It is the Vague visualised!

It is the Perverse, de profundis! It is the Aggravating, in excelsis!

De profundis! In excelsis! Ah!
From the depth of despair to the height of absurdity. Voilà!
Yet the Preposterous is also the Possible. The Devil-Fish exists! The Possible is a terrible matrix.

But the Abominable has also its raison d'être. It is certain that the Wrong-doer at one end proves the existence of Wrong at the other. At one end English wrong, at the other the Irish Devil-

Again, Voilà! What then is the Irish Devil-Fish?

It is the Hibernian Vampire.

It is the Death's-head at the feast of Conciliation.
It is one of the Amphibia of the shore which separates the Wrongful from the Remedial.

Every malignant creature, like every perverted Intelligence, is a Sphinx propounding terrible riddles.

The riddle of this particular Sphinx is hard, but it must be

answered.

By Courage, Patience, Promptitude. By Courage, because, in face of the Sphinx-Chimæra, failure of resolution is fatal.

Patience, because to strike prematurely or with ill-aim is as useless as not to strike at all.

Promptitude, because not to strike when the moment for striking sounds, is —— defeat.

sounds, is — defeat.

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The Devil-Fish, in fact, is only vulnerable through the head.

A vague mass endowed with a malignant will, many armed mis- on the first day.

chief at the service of central watchfulness, the Evil Eye, secret and

omer at the service or central watchruness, the Evil Eye, secret and sinister, guiding Briareus hands—subtle, far-reaching, swift-striking; what can be more horrible?

But the Horrible is not arbitrary, nor self-gendered.

Chimæras are the issues of unholy relations, the Devourer is at once the Nemesis and the Sexton of all systems. In our world of twilight Wrong breeds Monsters. Right alone can banish them with a blow.

The blow must be just, it must be firm, it must be opportune, it must strike through the head to the heart.

Then the struggle is ended. The folds relax. The Monster drops away like the slow detaching of bands. The Devil-Fish is dead!

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

THE Horse Show at Islington all men must own is A good show, to give the promoters their due; The fun of the fair was the leaping of ponies, Distingué, and Mike, and unlucky Frou-Frou. When ponies and lads at the water-jump failing, Fell in, how the crowd was convulsed with delight; While gaily the hunters topped hurdle and railing, As if a stout fox and swift hounds were in sight.

And there were the ladies, the sheen of whose dresses
Made all the arena and galleries gay;
The Princess was present, and little Princesses,
And leaders of fashion in gallant array.

In Fashed the base in a popular ideal. In England the horse is a popular idol,
And so it befell that the show had its charms; In fact, we might hint that a saddle and bridle Should one day be placed on the national arms.

"'REAL JAM' SATIS."-The Crush at the Fine Old English Fair



THE IRISH DEVIL-FISH.

"The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. * * * The Devil-fish, in fact, is only vulnerable through the head."

Victor Hugo's Toilers of the Sea, Book IV., Ch. iii.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THURSDAY NIGHT, June 9.—House supposed to be back to-day after the Whitsun holidays; but many empty benches. Scores of the boys begged off till Monday. Head-Master back, looking as if he hadn't had much of a holiday. Also Head-Usher HARCOURT, who, in the continued absence of Mr. Forster, undertakes the Irish class. Amongst the odd boys here is Beresford Hope. Rather thisks that your Buttern would be a supposed to be back to-day after the beautiful that we have the beautiful that we have the beautiful that we have the beautiful that the beautiful that we have the beautiful that the beautiful that we have the beautiful that thinks that young Balfour is going to say something, and would not miss it for the world. Old boy in highest spirits.

"How did you enjoy your Wetmonday, Toby?" he asked me

just now.

My! how he chuckled after this. Most remarkable man at a smile. Quite reverses the order of Nature as displayed in thunder and lightning. When B. H. smiles, you hear the thunder first and

see the lightning after.

Never forget the first time I heard him smile. He was standing just above the Gangway, at the end of the front Opposition Bench, where he now sits so as to make room for his nephew in the corner has been propriet. seat below, an arrangement which RANDOLPH disturbs by appropriating it for himself. He was making a speech on some serious subject—either the National Gallery, or the admission of parsons or women to Parliament. He had his shoulders well up, his head on one side, his left hand extended, with the fingers of his right beating into the palm of it, driving home arguments. Suddenly there was heard in the Chamber a most extraordinary sound, something between the click of a gun and the gurgling of a dark pool in which a strong swimmer had just sunk. The flow of B. H.'s speech had stopped. I looked



The Chamberlain, in Triumphal Car, driving four Useful Screws.

up quickly, fearing apoplexy. There he stood, in exactly the same attitude; but gradually following the remarkable explosion, his mouth widened, his eyes twinkled, his whole body shook with joyous convulsion. B. H. was largeling!

convulsion. B. H. was laughing!

There was a joke somewhere. He had not arrived at it yet, but, like the watchman at Lizard Point, who flashes inland the news of ships sailing up out of the waste of the Atlantic, he saw it coming in the far distance, and this was the accustomed signal. The House, more used to this sort of thing, began to laugh. Then B. H. grew more expansive about the lower part of the face, more twinkling about the eyes, and more convulsive in the neighbourhood of the stomach. The House roared. The symptoms on the part of the orator increased in intensity, and for some minutes this continued—he standing there inarticulate, with left hand outstretched and the fingers of the right hand resting in the palm, shoulders well up, head on one side, mouth miraculously stretched, and eyes twinkling, whilst Members tossed themselves to and fro on the benches in uncontrollable laughter. uncontrollable laughter.

We never reached the joke, which was quite forgotten by the time

We never reached the joke, which was quite forgotten by the time B. H. had wiped his eyes and the House had recovered from the paroxysm of laughter. But we had a good smile, and perhaps, on the whole, it was wiser not to wind up with the joke.

Got questions over unexpectedly early, and had the advantage of hearing a short address from Mr. Monk. Not quite a cheerful manner, Mr. Monk's. Believe his father was a bishop, or a dean, or a verger. Certainly something in the Church. However this be, Mr. Monk always brings a strong flavour of the pulpit into the ordinary details of the House of Commons' conversation.

"Tell you what, Toby," Sir Charles Dilke said, as we smoked a cigar on the Terrace just now, "I never hear Monk ask a question in the House but I fancy I have a Prayer Book in my hand instead of a copy of the Orders, and I instinctively look at it expecting to find written, 'In quires and places where they sing here followeth the anthem.'"

Believe that our hard-working Chaplain, after performing the

Believe that our hard-working Chaplain, after performing the duties of the Sitting, always stays when Monk is going to make a

speech. Says he never gets such a good sleep. Makes him feel quite at home, or rather at church. To-night Mr. Monk lost some sheets of his notes, and floundered into "fourthly" before he had quite disposed of "twothly."

"Serves him right for not bringing his sermon down precedy sewn together in a black cover," says Mr. Onslow, whose political affections are divided between publican and parson, and who is quick to resent a preparent slight to sither.

resent an apparent slight to either.

After Mr. Monk had reached the application and dismissed the

congregation, the House re-solved itself into Committee of Supply, when we had Sir Andrew Lusk with his pretty childish ways and his quite touching entreaty for information. Sir Andrew is always wanting to know, you know Particularly anxious to-night to ascertain full details about some spirits which are stored for scientific purposes in the neighbourhood of the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington.

"What sort of spirits are they?" Sir Andrew plaintively

they?" Sir Andrew plaintively
asks, indicating by a subtle
drooping of the left corner of
his mouth a preference for
Scotch whiskey. When it was
explained that the spirits were taken outwardly by reptiles and
other disagreeable phenomena, Sir Andrew was quiet for the rest of

the night.

"Never heard of such a thing in my life!" he said, in a hushed whisper, as he walked out. "£1,700 for a new building to keep reptiles in spirits, whilst there's many a man at the East end of London

But he was gone. Begins to think he will curb his curiosity, since it may spring upon him such fearful disclosures of wilful waste.

Business done. - Money voted in Supply.

Friday.—Mr. W. Fowler, discussing the law of entail by the light of the electric lamp, shows how regardless a Radical House of Commons is of the dramatic proprieties. Subject would have been better treated, methinks, if the House had been lit up with tallow candles, or, at best, with oil-lamps. As it was, twelve squares of glass flashed electric radiance on the pleased Member for Cambridge

as he related to a limited but interested audience how he had drawn up marriage-settlements where fortunes of £100,000 were involved. These or £100,000 were involved. These reminiscences lent a touching interest to the story. But perhaps the chief hit was where Mr. Fowler referred to the case of "a man with six or seven thousands a year and as many children." House roared, and Mr. Fowler testily explained that "what he meant was that the man had as many children as he had thouhad as many children as he had thou-sands," which made the meaning a little clearer, though not pellucid.

Now we have the electric light,

science must really go a little further, and give us machinery by which water can be laid on the premises and drawn at will. Am told the piping bullfinch



The Old House Beetle teaches the New Deputy his Drill.

is able to draw its own water. Why should the piping Member of Parliament have to go in search of a tumblerful in remote recesses of the House? This necessity brought about sudden collapse of debate. the House? This necessity prought about sudden collapse or debate. ARTHUR ARNOLD having spoken on every topic coming before the House, besides having a question or two, began to feel the need of refreshment before undertaking to instruct the House on the Law of Settlement. Sent Passmore Edwards for the water, and began what promised to be an instructive and interesting lecture. Some one noting this preparation, and feeling he really could not stand any more of ARTHUR in the current week, moved that the House be counted, and counted it was—out. be counted, and counted it was-out.

Business done .- More votes in Supply.

"YOUNG GIRLS" HATS ARE VERY BECOMING AT PRESENT." BE they Tuscan, French, or English, of whatever shape or size, With a fair young face below them and a pair of watchet eyes, When they're set on heads o'erflowing with a wealth of sunny curls, Wot ye well hats are becoming to our fresh young English Girls!

ROBERT AFTER THE DERBY.

I HAVE received werry arty congratulashuns on my Darby Prosefy, and sum of the winners has kindly sent me pro-misses to think of me after settlingem day, which is of course werry kind of 'em, and I dessay I shall hear further from 'em, but I don't think it was a gennelmanly thing to do as a Mr. Hy. WALKER did, do as a Mr. H.*. WALKER did, who sent me a check sined by hisself and drawn on Messrs. ALDGATE PUMP & Co. for £10 10s. Of course I couldn't find no such Bank. But that wasn't so bad as the Gent who inclosed me a bad harfcrown! inclosed me a bad harfcrown!

I mite ha' been tempted to do as the poor Labrer did last week, and put it in the plate at a Mishnary Meetin and taken out 2 shillings, and then ha' got 18 munse ard labour!

Wot a awful punishmeant for a Waiter!

The reason I ween't violat in

The reason I wasn't right in all my hosses was a silly blun-der I made. I remember now that CUSTANCE said that when the eneeshals of the names of the hosses makes more than one name, take the best, so instead of P. I. G. pig, I should have taken P. I. T. pit, and then I should ha' been righter than any other Profit of all

the sportin press. I went down arter all and had my adwenturs like other folk, but by this time my Tail of the Darby would be a twice told Tail, told by an Ideot, full of sounds and furies and sig-nefyin werry little to nobody!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 36.



AS BOLD AS BRASSEY, M.P.,

WHO WENT ROUND THE WORLD ON A SUNBEAM.

f Exit.

READING THEIR THOUGHTS.

(Confidential Pennyworth from Our Own Special Medium.)

The Czar. I wonder whether I could back out of all this, and be off quietly to Margate-

or anywhere.

Midhat Pasha. The worst of it is I believe they'll bowof it is I believe they it bow-string me, and then say I hung myself with a boot-lace. Mr. Bradlaugh. Fancy I'm

not quite so popular as I was.

Captain Gosset. I'm precious glad it didn't come to a struggle. I do believe he would have floored the whole seven of us!

Lord R. Churchill.—Irather

think I know a thing or two.

The Sultan. I wish I could borrow a few millions of anybody on my note of hand at ninety per cent. But there's no chance. The feeling of

no chance. The feeling of nice honour among gentlemen seems dying out. And yet my word is as good as my bond.

Mr. Booth. He's good—but can't touch me in either of'em.

Mr. Irving. Not bad—but I have the decided pull of him in both.

An Amputation Act.

THE necessity for an Act of Parliament legalising this new punishment, increases every day. The kicking mania is growing. A couple of Derby-shire ruffians (twins) dragged their father out of bed at midnight, and nearly kicked him to death. The town disgraced by this outrage is Bakewell.

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 6.

Police Court, Queer Street, 2 P.M.

Man (stepping into the Witness Box and addressing the Magistrate). If you please, Sir, I have an application to make.

Magistrate. This is not the time for hearing applications, you

Magistrate. This is not the should have come in the morning.

Man. I could not, Sir. I had the brokers in my house.

Vou owed rent. We cannot interfere

Man. I could not, sir. I had the brokers in my nouse.

Magistrate. I suppose you owed rent. We cannot interfere between you and your landlord.

Man. No, Sir, I owe no rent. But I have been out of work for two months, and I owe some fines to the School-Board, which I can't

pay, and they have taken out a distress and got all my goods.

Magistrate. I am very sorry for you, but I have no power to interfere in the matter. (Addressing School-Board Officer.) Do you know

anything of this case?

School-Board Officer. No Sir.

Man. I think he does, for all that. But I wish to ask you, Sir,

have they a right to take my tools as well as my poor furniture?

Magistrate. They have no right to take your tools. There must be some mistake about that. I shall have some inquiry made about it.

Man. Thank your Worship.

Usher. Call MICHAEL FLANIGAN.

WORD SUP!

Usher. Call MICHAEL FLANDAM.

Flanigan. Here, Sur!

School-Board Officer. This man is summoned, Sir, for not sending his daughter MARY FLANIGAN, to school for the last six weeks.

Flanigan. That is as true as the gospels, yeer Honor, and I'll just tell yeer Worship how it is. Ye see, my ould woman, hir mother, has been laid up wi' the roomaticks for two months and more. It's as true as I stand here, yeer Worship, she cudn't put her fut to the as true as I stand here, yeer Worship, she cudn't put her fut to the flure to save hir sowl, and in coorse, her daater mun keep the house and look arter the younger childer. The gintleman ower there knaws all about it. (Pointing to the School-Board Officer.) He knaws my

missus hasn't sturred a fute out o' the house for many a long day, or night either for that matter.

School-Board Officer. I know that this man's wife has been ill for some weeks, but I submit that that is no reason why the girl should not attend school.

Flanigan. She's a very good scoller already, yeer Worship. You should try her in the New Testament, either the Ould Varsion or the New Varsion, and that, folks say, is a bit hard to understand.

Magistrate. Are you a Protestant?

Flanigan. Shure, and I am, and born and bred in the County Down five-and-forty yeer ago.

Magistrate (to School-Board Officer). I have some doubts about this case. You say you know that this girl's mother has been ill for some time.

School-Board Officer. But the girl is quite well herself. The law says that sickness shall be a valid excuse for non-attendance, but that must mean the sickness of the child.

Magistrate. I am not sure of that.

Flanigan. Look here, yeer Honor, I don't want to be hard on the gintleman, but if he'll purvide a housekeeper to take my daater's place, and pay her boord and wages, I promise my daater shall attend schule reglar, and niver miss a day. If that b'ayn't a fair offer, my name's not MIKE FLANIGAN.

Magistrate. I'm afraid the gentleman will hardly agree to your terms. How old is your daughter?

Flanigan. Twelve year old, Sur; and faith, I think she's had schulin' enough.

Magistrate. I have some doubt about this case, and I shall adjourn it for a fortnight.

Flanigan. All right, yeer Honor. And yeer Honor will just till the gintleman to pay me my day's wages I've lost in coming to this

Magistrate. He can if he pleases, but I don't think he will. Call on next case.

GIVE US ROOM!

THE years roll by, and the population increases. London grows half-a-million bodies every ten years people with stagnant souls and puny spirits, who are content, up to a certain point, to take things as they find them. The greatest city in the world has the finest cross-roads from East to West or West to East that any centre of civilisation can boast of, but when we look to its thoroughfares from North to South, or South to North. we find them in the same state as in the bag-wig and square-cut-coat time—the days of the Four Georges. From the Royal Exchange to Hyde Park Corner there is not a clear, wide, unbroken thoroughfare that is worthy of the name which brings the high grounds of Surrey into communication with the high grounds of Middlesex.

Obstructive Dukes, City Companies, Vested Interests, Vis Inertia, Divided Authority, Parochial Jobbery, Jackass-Worship, Poco-Curantism, and a variety of other causes explain this toleration of No Thoroughfare.

Landlords support tenants, and tenants support landlords in maintaining little centres of monastic seclusion in the very centre of London, and stopping the free passage of goods and men from one side of the great city to the other. There are only two solutions of this difficulty—one peaceable, the other inevitable—a Parliamentary Committee, by which compensation is given for rights destroyed—a principle recognised when the first railway was driven through the lands of reluctant landowners; or the rough and less legal proceedings of the Welsh Rebeccaites.

London with its four millions of people, and the coming paralysis of traffic, cannot remain as they are, and the somer these facts are recognised by Bumbledom and

Officialism the better.

Jonesiana.

"He's a snob, my dear," observed Jones to his wife, speaking of that fellow De Wiscyns, who had offended Mrs. J. mortally, "and worse, he's a poor snob."

"But I think you might have spoken to him plainly and strongly. He deserves to be set down sharply for his rudeness."

his rudeness."
"My dear, DE WIGGYNS is nobody, and hasn't got a sixpence," returned our old friend Jones. "In fact, he's not worth a rap . . . even on the knuckles."



AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

OUT OF CONSIDERATION FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' DRESSES, MRS. SPARKBURY TOMLINSON PROVIDES EACH OF HER DANCING YOUNG MEN WITH A SNOW-WHITE BIB. AND A DITTO SLEEVE-GUARD FOR THE RIGHT ARM.

TRAPS TO CATCH COCKNEYS.

THE summer has now commenced, and with it the usual—perhaps more than usual flood of country paradises which are offered to the

THE summer has now commenced, and with it the usual—pernaps more than usual flood of country paradises which are offered to the panting Cockney.

Proprietors and house-agents combine to paint the lily and adorn the rose. Gushing advertisements appeal to that love of nature which the Londoner either has, or fancies he has, from the middle of May to the end of August. Rickety tenements are run up in square patches of stony garden, and offered to him as "replete with every modern convenience," or old houses deserted by everything but rats, are offered to him as "hallowed by historical associations." A rank field is described as a "paddock"—a mangy grass-plot is dignified with the name of "lawn," a green and footid pond suggests "fishing," an ague-breathing marsh is softened by "wild duck shooting," and any distance within four miles of the sea, gives the right to the title of "sea-side residence." The dulness of stupidity or decay is described as "quiet retirement and seclusion;" a run of faded gravel and stones with a side view of a pig-stye and a water-butt, is called a "carriage-drive," and anything in the shape of a wilderness is called a "shrubbery." The word "acre" in these advertisements is an elastic quantity, that means anything or nothing, and any sheds are described as "coach-house, stable, &c." The soil is always "gravel," the situation "salubrious;" the station is always within a "few minutes" of the house, and the trains are always "frequent." After the unfortunate Cockney has spent a week and several pounds in "viewing" these eligible Edens, he generally comes to the conclusion that lying is not a lost art, and that London is not quite such an unbearable place as the first rays of sunlight had led him to imagine.

Wanted, by the Head Master of Eton, "A Chip of the Old Block." Any boy bringing a chip of the old block—which was recently cut up and destroyed—to the Chambers before eleven o'clock school, will be handsomely rewarded.

ELECTRIC HEELS!!

No more Launches! No more Steamers! No more Rowing! No nore sailing! No more Exertion or Exercise! No more Railway and Steamboat Companies! Every man his own Electric Traveller!!! Portable apparatus for electric travelling fitted to the meanest capacity of the waistcoat pocket, can now be obtained of the Makers, capacity of the waistcoat pocket, can now be obtained of the Makers, Flash, Dash, & Co.; the simple battery can be fixed into the spurbox of an ordinary Wellington boot, and the wearer, once having started, can by a simple process moderate or increase his speed by road or river, or over the heads of the people (which object this invention has in view) guiding himself with a simple strong umbrella, price twenty-five shillings, which may be had (to begin with) at the same establishment. The apparatus will work a boat, a barge, a launch, a yacht, a man-of-war, and will upset every mechanical arrangement for furthering progress hitherto in use. Sell out your railway shares! steam is doomed! and apply instantly for shares in the New Electric Heel Co., Limited. Address, Manager, Edison Electric Light House, Flamborough.

Motto.—"One for his Electric Heels."

SOMETHING IN A TITLE.

EVERY trade and industry has its own particular journal. We have just received No. 4, Vol. VII., of The Miller. But what a wealth of subject the title of The Miller for a journal would naturally embrace! The Facetize column under the direction of Journal Champions of the P.R., and their Famous Mills: the serious portion could be devoted to the consideration of the Philosophy of Mill and Calculations as to the Millennium: the Musical Critic would be "The Miller of the D--," and when very severe he could call himself "The Miller of the big, big D," and grind the bones of composer, singer, and orchestra. In short, every subject could be treated in a fa-miller way.

OUR GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY:

Or, sometimes, Our Academy Guy'd.

No. 247. A Hero en Retraite. HENEY GIBBS. Evidently the IF I were Anglo-Saxon, Diver from the Polytechnic retired into private life.

And you were Japane

". With his helmet by his side, No longer on his brow."

No longer on his brow."

he sits there enjoying the repose gained by well-earned threepenny bits, and the helmet will be a relic in the family.

No. 328. A Couple of Blacklegs. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. This sounds ominous for the portrait of Miss Daisy—a very bright and pretty specimen of a Field Daisy, and may she never go to Girton and be plucked! And it is hardly complimentary to Mr. CALDERON to say that he is: very real legs too, and deceptive.

No. 328.

No. 328.

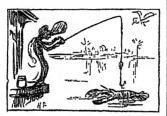
No. 328.

No. 328.

No. 339. Mr. W. T. A. Bac-

No. 339. Mr. W. T. A. Bac-cani. Looks more like Mr. M. T. No. 391. At Last! ARTHUR STOCK. Military subject comes natural of course to A Stock. It illustrates the old story of the Artilleryman and the Granny Dear.

No. 452. Sarah Bernhardt Interested in Watching a Boiled Lobster Swimming Across a Lake. VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. Excellent but then we are very fond of



No. 452.



boiled lobsters.

No. 1366. "An Un-ornamental Tile; or, What a Shocking Bad Hat!" Presentation Portrait. John Everett Millars, R.A. Portrait of a respectable clergyman, hiding his hat behind him as if thoroughly ashamed of it. This being a presentation portrait, he ought to have presented himself with a better hat. However, the Catalogue tells us he is a Bishop,

hat. However, the Catalogue tells us he is a Bishop, not a Presenter.

No. 1384. Portrait of a Gentleman. W. W. Ouless, R.A. We take Mr. Ouless's word for it. Of course, he ought to know. In allusion to the difficulty the gentleman in question has evidently had with his hair, we should label it "Parting is such Pain."

But perhaps this is partly Mr. Ouless's fault, as, if he had a brush in his hand to do the gentleman's hair with, why didn't he send for a comb?

No. 1393. Oh. the Lattle Deers' C. Burrow Rappur.

No. 1393. Oh, the Little Deers! C. Burton Barber.

Returning to Paris for another short visit to the Salon, we select the following, and refer those unable to see the originals to the excellent engravings in the authorised edition of the Catalogue Illustré:





No. 181. BEYLE. No. 181. BEYLE. Pēcheuses de Moules au Pollet, i.e., Polly and another fisherwoman, with

any amount of muscle.

No. 293. Breton. Les Souls, or Wizen'd Willows. Les Vieux Saules, à Wissant. Poor old

AN AUTHOR NOT QUITE "Too-Too."-MARK TWAIN.

A MATCH.

(Matched.)

And you were Japanese,
We'd study storks together,
Pluck out the peacock's feather,
And lean our languid backs on
The stiffest of settees; If I were Anglo-Saxon, And you were Japanese.

If you were Della-Cruscan, And I were A.-Mooresque, We'd make our limbs look less in Artistic folds, and dress in What once were tunics Tuscan In DANTE'S days grotesque;
If you were Della-Cruscan,
And I were A.-Mooresque.

If I were mock Pompeian, And you Belgravian Greek, We'd glide 'mid gaping Vandals In shapeless sheets and sandals, Like shades in Tartarean Dim ways remote and bleak; If I were mock Pompeian, And you Belgravian Greek.

If you were Culture's scarecrow, And I the guy of Art, I'd learn in latest phrases Of either's quaintest crazes
To lisp, and let my hair grow,
While yoursyou'd cease to part;
If you were Culture's scarecrow,
And I the guy of Art.

If I'd a Botticelli, And you'd a new Burne-Jones, We'd doat for days and days on Their mystic hues, and gaze on

With lowering looks that felly We'd fix upon their tones; If I'd a Botticelli, And you'd a new Burne-Jones.

If you were skilled at crewels, And I, a dab at rhymes, I'd write delirious "ballads," While you your bilious salads, while you your bilious salads. Were stitching upon two ells Of coarsest crass, at times; If you were skilled at crewels, And I, a dab at rhymes.

If I were what's "consummate," And you were quite "too too,"
"Twould be our Eldorado To have a yellow dado, Our happiness to hum at A teapot tinted blue; If I were what 's "consummate," And you were quite "too too."

If you were what "intense" is,
And I were like "decay," We'd mutely muse or mutter In terms distinctly utter. And find out what the sense is Of this Æsthetic lay; If you were what "intense" is, And I were like "decay."

If you were wan, my lady,
And I, your lover, weird,
We'd sit and wink for hours
At languid lily-flowers,
Till, fain of all things fady,
We faintly—disappeared!
If you were wan, my lady,
And I, your lover, weird.

RUAT JUSTITIA!

Scene—A British Court of Justice towards the close of the Nine-teenth Century. Judge, Jury, Counsel, and Prisoner discovered engaged over conclusion of Trial on a charge of Manslaughter.

Judge (finishing up). And though the fact that the woman whose hair you first tore out in handfuls, and subsequently kicked to death, in handfuls, and subsequently kicked to death, happened to have been your wife would naturally have told much in your favour, and have enabled me to take a lenient view of your conduct, still human hair and human life are valuable things, and these cases are, I am surprised to see, getting rather common. I must therefore pass on you the severest sentence the law enables me to inflict. You will be imprisoned for the space of ten calendar days.

[Sensation, during which the Prisoner is removed with a wink, when the next case, one of common largeny, is called on, and

when the next case, one of common larceny, is called on, and being rapidly disposed of, results in another verdict of guilty.

Judge (once more finishing up). And now there remains nothing Judge (once more finishing up). And now there remains nothing more for me to do but to assign to you the punishment for your crime which it so richly deserves. You have been found in unlawful possession of a small quantity of false hair, of which you can give no satisfactory account. And about your case I can discover no mitigating circumstances. You have not secured it by violent assault. You are not married, and you cannot, therefore, allege as a plea for mercy that you have torn it freely from the head of your half-murdered wife. It is false hair, taken possibly from the very counter itself, and worth, I should presume, tenpence to an enterprising barber. Yours is, in short, a grave and heinous offence. The sentence is that you be kept in penal servitude for a period of fifteen years. years. Tableau. Curtain.

"THE Storage of Electric Force" is a subject very much to the Faure just now. "Chorus, Gentlemen, if you please!" cries Sir William Thompson, and then he leads it with, "Faure—he's a jolly good fellow!"

DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC.

Many people say that "Bard's the best"—in German. Many people are welcome to their opinion since Providence made him an Englishman. As Mr. W. S. GILBERT in an inspired moment wrote-

He might have been a Prussian, A—(something and something else, we forget what, and won't risk it)-a Russian, Or an I-ta-li-an;
But, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He (SHAKEPEARE) remains an Englishman!
Chorus.—But in spite, &c.

A Winter's Tale showed the Meiningen troupe at their united best and their individual worst. The Trial Scene was a masterpiece



" Movement in Court"-Trial Scene in Winter's Tale.

of military stage-drill, but the Statue Scene was very tame and commonplace. Nobody acted particularly well; and the comic character *Autolycus*—who was such a difficulty in evidence during a recent trial—was a very heavy personage. The comic business was of the clown and pantaloon order.

The idyllic portion of the play is delightful, and there is a babble

of green fields, and Strephons and young Chloss, and pipes and tabors, and a smell of sweet hay, syllabubs, and an all-among-the-barley atmosphere, which is refresh-ing to the thirsty soul on a hot June night in London.

As to SCHILLER'S Robbers, it belongs to our Victorian Drama Era we mean as the drama we mean as the Grama used to be represented at "The Vic." The Meiningens will do better to stick to SHAKSPEARE, so that the critics may "SCHILLER have to spare." As to Die Abnesse they might as "SCHILLER have to spare." As to Die Ahnfrau, they might as well expect an English audience to enjoy a revival of The Castle Spectre, or One o' Clock; or, the Knight and the Wood



Doña Sal working the Lord Chamberlain.

Demon. Just now, in this summer weather, when the glory of asparagus has departed, when broad beans—may they be as long as they are broad!—have appeared, when, in fact, Richmond, Gravesend, Purfleet, Greenwich, Epping Forest, Hampton Court, all offer attractions to the Diner-out-of-Town, we own that—

"We'd rather be a Dining'un, Than a Dresry Lane-ing Meiningen."

So here's all their very good healths, and may they live long and brosber!"

And how's that specimen of a "Lively Sally" doing at the Gaiety? Well supported by the public, indifferently by her own Company, except by M. Duval—perhaps of the "Maison Duval," which does not include a Claude in its family—and poorly by her lover in La Dame aux Camélias—the forbidden fruit, which we don't much care for now the LORD CHAMERILAIN has let us taste it—she has certainly won fresh laurel. It how

many different ways does SARAH, in different characters, die? Ah, "The Art of Dying Well," on the stage is a life study.

Opera-goers, who haven't yet heard and seen Madame Albani as Mignon, and seen Madame Albani as Mignon, have a treat in store. She was most charming in that delightful Opera by Ambroise Thomas. Altogether, it was capitally played and sung by Valleria, Trebelli, Gallhard, Clampi, and Vergner. As to the book we miss the marks to be book, we miss the master-hand of Poet PITTMAN, the translation (a very good one, we regret to say) having been made by the late T. J. WILLIAMS.

When M. VERGNET, as Gughelmo, the Tenor, Fair, Fat, and Forte, first enters, the stage-direction tells us that "he appears to have come off a journey." He ought to have been "dusty and travel-stained"; but not a bit of it. His hair was neatly providered his wristhands and collar



not a bit of it. His hair was neatly powdered, his wristbands and collar were of the snowiest white, and the only sign suggestive of any careless hurryin his toilet was conveyed by the peculiar flesh-pink tint of what ought to have been his unmentionables, which gave him the appearance not so much of having come off a journey (for he couldn't have travelled like that), but of having spent so much time on the arrangement of his hair and spotless linen as only to have left himself a second for drawing on his high patent leather boots, forgetting in his hurry that portion of his costume the omission of which would in most civilised countries be considered as incompatible with good breeding or sanity, and would probably as incompatible with good breeding or sanity, and would probably result in a visit to the nearest police-magistrate. If Monsieur



A "Tenore Robusto"-Robusto il Diarolo!



The King of Trumps in the Folly Pack of Artful Cards.

VERGNET could only "see himself as others see him," he would recognise the force of our remarks; and, if he knows the quotation, would utter the couplet commencing "O ye gods and little fishes!" The stage arrangements generally are unworthy of the Italian Opera, and what should be "the sensation fire scene" at the end of the Second Act is nothing more than a mere house-warming, rendered hopelessly ludicrous by the stupid stage business. But we can forgive everything for the sake of the principals—Aleani, who was forced to repeat her great tour de force, and Trebelli, all but Treb'ly encored in the celebrated gavotte song, "In veder l'amata stanza."

FAURE-WARNED FAURE-ARMED.—Great excitement at Scotland Yard on hearing that "A New Force" was coming into operation! The Police storage of force is wonderful, as where the force is stored it is impossible to say, the greatest difficulty having always been to find any member of the Force when particularly wanted.



THE CHOICE OF A SCHOOL.

Mrs. Beresford Midas. "I'm so glad we've put down Plantagenet's name for Eton, Beresford! Here's the Newspapee says there are more LORDS AND BARONETS THERE THAN EVER!"

Beresford Midas, Esg., J.P. (Brother and Junior Partner of Sir Gorgius). "AH! BUT ONLY ONE DOOK! PITY THERE AIN'T A FEW MORE DOOKS, MARIA!"

Mrs. Beresford Midas. "PERHAPS THERE WILL BE WHEN PLANTAGENET'S OF AN AGE TO GO THERE.

Mr. Beresford Midas. "Let's 'ope so! At all events, we'll put down his name for 'Abrow as well; and whichever 'as most Dooks when the time comes, we'll choose that, yer know!"

OUR DRAG.

FIRST DAY.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Hot! Very hot! Thundering hot! Thirsty day! Very thirsty day! Thundering thirsty day!

Brown. Backers have started well. I laid odds on Cradle for the Trial Stakes

and brought it off. Jones. So did I.

Jones. So did I. Rather a rock for the Ring, I fancy.

Robinson. So did I. But what could the Ring expect from a Cradle but Drinks cheerily. Brown. Don't care for this Maiden Plate so much. I backed the favourite.

Scotch Whiskey, and Kingdom has won.

Jones. That's an omen that to-night Sir Willfrid Lawson will smash Scotch Whiskey through the Kingdom.

Brown. Hang it all! I have laid three to one on Peter for the Gold Vase, and see there he has stopped to kick!

Robinson. Why doesn't somebody stop to kick him? Does nobody know how

Does no him?

Jones. Hove got on him?

Jones. Hooray! horay! Ambassadress wins. Bravo, Lord Falmouth!

Bravo, Mat Dawson! Bravo, Fordham! I always follow old George.

Brown and Robinson. Smash you and old George too! [Drink gloomity.

Brown. Three cheers for the Americans! The betting over the Prince of Wales' Stakes settles the pronunciation—

5 to 4 | On Iroquois!

Jones.

And what a bore We couldn't get more.

Robinson. I have won a score,
And—a—well, I will have something to drink.

[Drink exultantly, and lunch till Ascot Stakes.
Brown. Teviotdale wins! No, Retreat wins! Brought off another winner!

Jones. No, you have not! There's an objection on account of a cannon.

Robinson. But Cannon was on Exeter.

Jones. You idiot! Ha! ha! The objection's sustained. The race goes to Teviotdale, and I win.

Robinson. I knew it would be the moment Macdonald raised his whip.

Brown. How on earth did you know?

Robinson. Because he raised his whip to beat Retreat. and when you beat a retreat-

Brown. I wish I hadn't come out with you.

[Drinks angrily and sulks till the finish.

Brown. Now for this match between Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD. Why, it's off!

Jones. Of course a match would go off!

Brown. You!

Robinson. Lord Rosebery loses a hogshead of claret.

Jones. Then "Leo" will gaze on the wine when it is rosy and has been "Rosey's."

Robinson. You! [Drinks moodily and off to town. SECOND DAY.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson. What will win the Hunt Cup ?-never mind about the little races to-day.

Brown. I took a long shot about Peter—Jones and Robinson. Ha! ha! You're out of your misery already. What an unlucky duffer you are!

Brown. I may be unlucky; but if you call me a affer [Drink irritatedly. duffer-Brown, Jones, and Robinson. They're off!

Brown, Jones, that Robinson. They fe on!

Brown. Peter is off too.

Jones and Robinson. But he has stopped to kick.

What a donkey you must be to back such an animal!

Brown. But Archer has set him going again. Come

on, Peter! Jones. He won't catch them up! Brown. He will!

Robinson. He hasn't caught them. Brown. He has! Oh, bravo, Aecher! I would back a jackass for the Derby with the Tinman up! Who said I was an unlucky duffer? Who said I was an ass? Which of you two addlepated idiots called me a donkey? I would have backed him for "a wilderness of monkeys." That's SHARSPEARE, and shows the Bard knew how to put the pot on! Hooray! [Drink uproariously.

THIRD DAY.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Oh, something the rain! It has spoilt the walk in the Paddock, it has made the ladies cover up their dresses, it has spoilt our new white hats, and rendered Cup Day a failure. It has taken all the pluck out of us, and we not having the courage to lay 9 to 4 on Robert the Devil, which every plunger with the spirit of a mouse ought to do, have backed Foxhall, Petronel, and Exeter, not one of which has got a 1000 to 1 chance.

[Drink deeply.]

FOURTH DAY. Brown (solus). Shan't go to-day. Have got a bad head-ache. Shan't get up till late, don't think I shall get up at all. Jones and Robinson can go by themselves.

Jones (solus). I don't see my way to settling over these three days, let alone another. I shan't go. Brown and ROBINSON can go by themselves.

Robinson (solus). Hang the racing! Let Brown and

Jones see to it. Shall take my wife to the British Museum!

AFTER LAUNCH.

NEW Song for the *Polyphemus* (not by Handel, but by Screw): Oh come along o' me, and be a Rollicking Ram!
And here's another suggestion for a Classical Music Hall series (first instalment, to be continued in our next)-

> Says Romulus to Remus, Talking of the times, Says Romulus to Remus, Let us make some rhymes. They've launched a Ram-torpedo-Why call it *Polyphemus?*Is he safe to have his eye put out?"
> "That's where it is," says Remus.

AIR—Aaron to Moses.



Bizzy Bookmaker. "I've been hit rather heavily lately, Gammy."

Gam-bettor Man. "Oh dear, so have I! I'm almost Ca-hors de Combat!"

CHARITABLE FRIDAY FIXTURES FOR JULY.

1st.—Tight-rope dancing by Professional Beauties at the South Kensington Museum, in aid of the funds of the Retreat of Distressed Washerwomen.

8th.—Sack race between Dukes and Marquises in the Reserve Inclosure of St. James's Park, in aid of the funds of the South-West Diddlesex Hospital for Decayed Donkeys.

15th.—Aristocratic Leap-frog (allowance to Ladies) at the Royal Horticultural Gardens in aid of the funds of the Infant Robbers Association.

22nd.—Grand swimming competition of Dowager Countesses in the Serpentine, in aid of the funds of the Almshouses for Needy Millionnaires.

29th.—Grinning through horse-collars by Distinguished Amateurs, in aid of the funds of anything and everything.

BRINGING FISH TO A NICE MARKET.

THE well-fed, perhaps over-fed, supporters of Billingsgate will probably not be shocked to hear that, during the merry month of May, about six thousand pounds of fish-food a-day were condemned and destroyed at this ill-regulated and totally inadequate market. Eighty-three tons of fish corrupted and annihilated in a month, and representing brain-power enough to furnish half the Corporations, Vestries, and Parliaments in the universe! If the hungry and starving poor could reach this food before it is spoilt by human wickedness and folly, the Metropolis would be saved from at least two horrible scandals. But the Commission of Inquiry will set this right. At least, let us hope so.

will set this right. At least, let us hope so.
Go it, Mr. J. T. BEDFORD. You owe it to yourself and the public to show that you detest anything like a nuisance or an obstruction. So—away with the Billingsgate as it is, and let us see what it is to be in the future.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"THE FORMS OF THE HOUSE."

(By Electric Light.)

MONDAY, June 13.—Pretty bit of comedy between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. Biegare. Latter had on the paper an Amendment to the Land Bill. Moved it in due course and a luminous speech. Something about subdividing farms, and, as the PREMIER gently pointed out, had been already debated through one or two nights. That, of favoured Baronet in charge of the Resolution. Every opportunity outse, was a matter of no consequence to Joseph Gillis. In fact, it added something to the charm of the undertaking. When PREMIER down, PARNELL up, and ceremonically alluding to J. B. as "my hon. friend," besought him in the interests of the Bill, and with the object of expediting its progress, not to persist in his Amendment. Perfectly delightful to see JONY B.'s sternly judicial air whilst listening to his friend's appeal. In his ingenuous countenance one could behold the reflection of the struggle going on in his breast. On one side were the interests of his country as represented by preventing the House of Commons doing any work. On the other was the appeal of his leader. Of course, the little scene had been arranged beforehand. But what true artist allows his representation of a character to suffer because he has attended rehearsals? PARNELL resumed his seat, having played his part very well, JOSEPH GILLIS rose, and with his thumb in the capacious arm-pit of his waistcoat, gently chid his hon. friend for putting him in the dilemma where duty combated personal inclination. He "differed from his hon. friend," he said, and stated his reasons at length. But it was not for him to stand up against his leader. Therefore he would withdraw his Amendment; which, with a stately wave of the hand, he instructed "Mr. Playfare, Sir," to do.

Later in the sitting an attempt to imitate this perfect scene was made with Tom Collins in the place of Mr. Parnell, and Lord Randolph Churchill in the rôle of Mr. Biggar. Tom is pretty well, there being a rugged honesty in the cut of his trowsers, an unimpeachable integrity in the fit of his "Bluchers." But RAN-DOLPH is not to be compared, in this character, with JOSEPH GILLIS. He lacks the fine air of mastering the situation from the very first grasp. Nor has he the gift which J. B. possesses in the highest degree, of delicately shading off his various duties of being genial towards his hon. friend, snubbing the PRIME MINISTER and terrifying the Chairman of Committee

Business done.—Land Bill considered in Committee.

Tuesday.—There has, it appears, been a great wave of interest at Frome, impetuously rushing forward with desire to hear Mr. HENRY SAMUELSON'S views on the Liquor Traffic. Am bound to say the feeling is not shared to any maddening extent by the House. But this is a mere trifle, easily explicable. Mr. SAMUELSON knows very well all about it. He is aware of the tendency in the human breast to be envious of young and gifted men who come prominently to the frent at political crises, and sway the multitude at Frome and other busy centres of civilisation.

Mr. Samuelson by no means anxious to make a speech. But

private inclination must yield to public duty. Accordingly he temporarily dispossesses Mr. Dilwin of the corner-seat below the dangway, whilst he states his views before a hushed senate. Perhaps he might have managed to speak from whatever place he usually occupies. But on an occasion like this, with Frome anxious and the solar system disturbed, it is necessary that he should occupy a prominent position in the House, and there is none better than the seat for which the late Mr. Roebuck used to struggle with the Member for Swanges

Spoke for a long time with easy grace and self-possession. Opened

which he was able to go in support of the happy and highly-favoured Baronet in charge of the Resolution. Every opportunity afforded the House of comprehending his views. But not for the first time in history Wisdom cried aloud in the streets, and none listened. A cheerful group of country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Sir Walter Bartielor listened only to jeer. When Mr. Samuelson related how he and "a friend" had driven two miles out of London, and had been struck with the number of publicatives on the way ribeld references were audibly drawn; and when houses on the way, ribald references were audibly drawn; and when he went on to state, with accustomed detail, that at any given place on the road they "could see three or four public-houses at the same time," some one asked in a stage-whisper whether this was towards the end of the journey

The coarse suggestion which underlay this question, and the fancy picture of this able young man driving for a day out, dropping in with a "friend" into public-houses on the way, and at the end of a two miles' drive seeing double or treble, was much enjoyed by middle-aged gentlemen who ought to have known better.

Business done.—Local Option carried by 196 votes against 154.

Business done.—Local Option carried by 196 votes against 154.

Wednesday.—Sir Wilfeld Lawson, moving last night his Local Option Resolution, made only one joke, and that, in the opinion of the House, halted in the last syllable. Speaking of Mr. Warron and his friendly habit of indiscriminately "blocking" Bills, Sir Wilfeld has a slight accidental halting over the last syllable of the word. But when Members opposite inquiringly said "Blockhead"? Sir Wilfeld answered, "No, no, you know what I mean—blocker." Warron not present at this joke. Seems to have heard of it since, and a usually placid temper is disturbed. Comes down to-day and looses off his "accumulated thought" on the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill. His thought a trifle turgid, and his delivery a little loud. Runs Alderman Fowler very close in the matter of volume of voice. Now denounces at top of it people who prefer water themselves and object to others drinking whiskey. Only if Mr. Warron could say all this without raising his voice as if he were stranded by St. Thomas's Hospital and were addressing the House on the other side of the River, it would be a personal convenience to those near him. Business done.—Patents Bill passed.

Thursday Night.—It's all very well for people to shoot out the line and wink the even at Raymourly hoseness has not a friend to Lord.

Thursday Night.—It's all very well for people to shoot out the lip and wink the eye at RANDOLEH because he sent a friend to Lord HARTINGTON with (as malicious people say) as certain assurance of getting a safe answer as if he had conveyed a cartel to the Monument. But see how it works to-night. Someone having moved to report progress at midnight, RANDOLEH rose and in really bland terms—"the most courteous way I could," as he subsequently described his interposition—supported the Motion. The PREMER, in conveying it turned a little rough on BANDOLEH perhaps for the first opposing it, turned a little rough on RANDOLFH, perhaps for the first time in his life without provocation. The fact is, Mr. Warton had a few minutes earlier been shouting across the House at the PREMIER, whose eye when he rose accidentally lighting upon the submissive figure of RANDOLPH, he instinctively fell upon him and rended him, upon the principle that if he didn't deserve it now he had a short time ago, or would presently. Almost with tears in his eyes, RANDOLPH protested against this taunt, which he truly said he had not deserved.

There the matter might seem to rest. But a significant movement

on the part of the O'GORMAN MAHON towards the neighon the part of the O'Gorman Mahon towards the neighbourhood of Randolfh suggested ulterior consequences. The O'Mahon deeply resents the preference shown to Captain O'Shea.

"If there is business about, I'm the boy," he says.
"I was out three times before O'Shea was born."

Perhaps the Premier's quick eye noted all this. Whether or not, when House cleared for Division, he hastily crossed over; explained to Randolfh that it was all a mistake, and begged him to think no more of it.

Pretty to see the group—the Premier explaining with animation, Randolfh listening with due admixture of deference and doubt, and in the background the O'Mahon growling like a dog that sees a toothsome bone, almost

growling like a dog that sees a toothsome bone, almost within his reach, suddenly and unexpectedly withdrawn.

Business done.—Clause One of Land Bill passed.

Friday.—Something serious will have to be done shortly with Mr. Warron. His natural sense of humour was not originally fine, and by too frequent flashing is apt to grow monotonous. It consists wholly of interrupting speakers by bellowing (the word is parliamentary)—
("Hear! hear!")—at incongruous moments. The House, weary to death of the incessant buzz of its own voice, gratefully leaps at opportunity for laughter. Whilst it has the keenest eye for true humour, it will laugh loudly at jests that in ordinary conversation would be met with a polite stare of inquiry. It must always have someone in cap and bells. Mr. Warton, unconsciously at first, was an early candidate for the office, and it was promptly bestowed upon him. The only funny thing about Mr. Warton was his unconsciousness. Now that he has set up as a professional humorist he has become unbearable. Loud in voice, boisterous in manner, and of dullest intelligence, he, being hitherto unchecked, frequently succeeds in bringing the House of Commons momentarily down to his own level.

Honourable Gentlemen near him are largely responsible for this. It is not a rôle they would like to undertake themselves. But since it annoys Mr. GLABRONE, and occasionally brings about disorder to the detriment of business, they egg on the Member for Bridport; and it is not altogether his fault if he is beginning to assume the position of the representative of the Conservative Party. Mr. Warton was at best a poor joke. He is now played out, and, for the credit of the House, should be snuffed out.

Business done. - Clause Two of Land Bill passed.

"RATIONAL DRESS."

[A "Rational Dress Society" has been formed under the Presidency of Viscountess HARBERTON, which recommends the adoption of a "dual garmenture," or "divided skirt," exactly like the old Bloomer costume.]

NOTHING succeeds like a little variety, Novelty still is the craze of the day; Here is the latest, the newest Society, Bidding folks dress in a sensible way Formed upon principles quite international Viscountess HARBERTON taking the Chair; Dress, it declares, must henceforward be rational, What then are Ladies in future to wear?

Surely reform comes with too much velocity, Bloomers, it seems, are to startle again; Skirts be divided, Oh, what an atrocity!
To "dual garmenture" folks must attain.
True that another skirt hides this insanity Miss MARY WALKER in old days began; Yet it should flatter our masculine vanity For this means simply the trowsers of Man!

Very Likely.

THE evening of the Grand Prix the elated Americans in Paris wanted to revive the sort of row at Mabille that used to take place every Derby Night at Cremorne. The name "Foxhall" was so suggestive of the ancient Royal Property, the Thousand Additional Lamps, and of Cremorne. The evening, however, passed off respectably enough, the American division contenting themselves with chorning a French Italian adaptation of the tenor with chorusing a French-Italian adaptation of the tenor song in Rigoletto—
"La Donna à Mabille."

And so home to enjoy "that sweet repose which innocence and virtue only knows."



A BLANK DAY.

Old Gent (greeting Friend). "Hullo, Jorkins! Been Fishing? What DID you gaton?" Jorkins (gloomily). "HA'-PAST SIX TRAIN HOME!"

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

(For the Use of Strangers to Town and Friends at a Distance.)

20th. Monday.—Queen's Accession. In commemoration of this event Her Gracious MAYESTY is peculiarly gracious all day, and is bound by her Coronation Oath to accede to every request that is made to her by anybody. State Apartments open to everybody with or without distinction from 1 A.M. till midnight. Cakes and ale (free) in the Butteries at Buckingham Palace. Dance of Sentries at 11 A.M. Torchlight procession. Largesse given away freely from 2 to 4. N.B.—We regret that this didn't appear sooner, as so many loyal subjects might have availed themselves of the information. Several theatres on this occasion threw open their doors to the public.

subjects might have availed themselves of the information. Several theatres on this occasion threw open their doors to the public.

21st. Tuesday.—Longest Day. Grand fēte in celebration of this anniversary kept at Long's Hotel, Bond Street. No charge for admission. Come as you are.

22nd. Wednesday.—Music on the Water. Great.contrapuntist match on the Serpentine, for two pounds aside, between Sir Julius Benedict and Dr. Sullivan. An amalgamation of the French and German Theatrical Companies, known as the "Forrin' hand Club," will drive round the Park. Mile. Sarah Bernhardt will swim Miss Beckwith from the Gaiety to the Aquarium, Mr. John Hollingshead to hold the Stakes. Numbers of the Hyde Park Powder Magazine riven every crafts.

LINGSHEAD to hold the Stakes. Numbers of the Hyde Park Powder Magazine given away gratis.

23rd. Thursday.—Annual holiday at the Zoological Gardens. All the beasts let out. Admission free. In the evening Fireworks and Rejoicings.

24th. Friday.—Lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons, by Sir Henry Thompson, on "The Humour of the Scottish Language," illustrated by various interesting surgical experiments. Thames Yacht Club Ball for Skippers only. Cold wheel for supper. Full dress, thimble-rig permitted.

25th. Saturday.—Exhibition of Loan Collection of curious I.O.U.'s and other documents at South Kensington. 10 a.m. Drummers reviewed by the Master of the Rolls in St. James's Park. The United All England Dentists' Cricket Match at Lord's. Stumps drawn for nothing all day. Shooting for cocoa-nuts begins in Epping Forest.

RACING PROVERB (after a successful Derby, Oaks, and Ascot).—"Don't cry till you're out of the Good-wood."



REMOVAL OF ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

Lady Gwendoline. "Papa says I'm to be a great Artist, and exhibit at the Royal Academy!" Lady Ysculte. "And Papa says I'm to be a great Pianist, and play at the Monday Pops!"

Lady Edelgitha. "And I'm going to be a famous Actress, and act Ophelia, and cut out Miss Ellen Terry! Papa says I may—that is, if I can, you know!"

The New Governess. "Goodness gracious, Young Ladies! is it possible His Grace can allow you even to think of such things! Why, my Papa was only a poor Half-pay Officer, but the bare thought of my ever Playing in Public, OR PAINTING FOR HIRE, WOULD HAVE SIMPLY HORRIFIED HIM!—AND AS FOR ACTING OPHELIA—OR ANYTHING ELSE—GRACIOUS GOODNESS, YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY!"

A GIANT IN GERM:

OR, WHAT WILL HE COME TO?

Coal. Humph! That the prodigy? Do not think much of him. Steam. Rather a mannikin, eh, after all? Coal. Who says we're doomed to collapse at the touch of him? Steam. Who says his avatar heralds our fall?

Coal. We look like giants now, regular Titans, eh?

Steam. Something like Forces; but this is a child. Coal. Still, he's a sort of an expression that frightens, eh? Steam. Funking again? Now you do make me wild! Short time ago you were scared by old Jevons, Sir; That little fright you've contrived to survive. Keep up your pecker, do?

Yes, but good Heavens, Sir, Isn't he sucking, and doesn't he thrive? Hercules once, you know, lay in a bassinet. See what he came to!

Steam. Well, what must be, must;
Don't let us croak; there is something so crass in it.
We've done good work, and may still do, I trust.

Coal. Humph! Perspiration I feel down my neck trickle
At the bare thought of King Coal on the shelf!
Couldn't we strangle this Infant Electrical

Steam. Now would you have liked it yourself?
You had your youth, though 'twas always a grubby one.
Coal. You'd ne'er have had one at all, but for me.
Steam. Pooh! But this Infant's a regular chubby one. Bottle-food seems with this babe to agree.

Coal. Portable potency!

Coal. Portable potency!

Steam.

FAURE'S Feeding Bottle! A cleverish scheme.

Coal. Yes, I admit that the notion is notable.

Steam. Ah! how the world is beginning to dream!

Ere this young Titan is my age or your age,

Wiser than me it would puzzle to tell

What may result from Electrical Storage

Thus of Dynamical Energy.

Coal.

Well.

Coal. Well. Sportsmen its chances would lay more than evens on.

Men are ungrateful! Why, just at the time
When they are making a fuss about STEPHENSON—
Steam. 'Tisn't for us to count Progress a crime.

We have our faults. You are dirty, incurably,
Uglify Nature and nullify Art.

Coal. You now and then carry on mandarably

Coal. You now and then carry on unendurably, Bounce and blow up and—

Ah well, for my part, Steam. If this young spark, as is fancied by Thomson,
Turn out a true Titan-Ariel-Puck,
Who, without mischief, will carry huge romps on, All I can say is, the world is in luck!

Parliamentary Presumption.

A Good old lady happened to hear that a Select Committee is now sitting on a Rivers Conservancy and Floods Prevention Bill. "A Floods Prevention Bill!" she exclaimed aghast. "What next? An Earthquakes Prevention Bill, I shouldn't wonder. Awful!"



"WHAT WILL HE GROW TO?"



Sprightly Damsel. "OH, MAJOR GREEN, HOW IS IT YOU ARE NOT

Major Green (Staff—late Lieutenant 48th Plungers—who, by the way, never passed out of the Riding-School). "OH—AH—YOU SEE—THE FACT IS I NEVAH DAUNCE NOW. SINCE I LEFT THE SERVICE, I FEEL QUITE ABROAD WITHOUT MY SPURS, YOU KNOW!"

A RISE IN TURKS.

(An Extract from the latest Advertisement.)

(An Extract from the latest Advertisement.)

The Sultan presents his compliments to the Crowned Heads, Nobility, and Gentry of Europe, and begs to say that he has made up his mind to turn over a new leaf. His Imperial Majesty is prepared to deal in a spirit of the greatest possible liberality with his good and honest friends the Bondholders. He has determined to make many concessions. He will chat the matter quietly over with anybody. Further, to England he will give the security of Cyprus; to France, Tunis; to Austria, Bosnia; and to Russia, Merv. These guarantees are a proof (if one is needed) of the good faith that will characterise for the future the dealings between the Sublime Porte and all foreigners. The Sultan, moreover, has determined to order the Khedive of Egypt to pay any sums of money that henceforward may be advanced to His Imperial Majesty.

In conclusion, in return for all these valuable concessions, the Sultan would ask the same civilised world to advance, on His Majesty's personal security (and the Sultan's word is as good as his

Majesty's personal security (and the SULTAN's word is as good as his bond—if not, indeed, better), the unimportant amount of half-a-dozen Millions sterling. Or—would take £1000 down and have done with it.

Æsthetics at Ascot.

Philistine Sportsman (quoting the odds). "Two to one" on Robert the Devil, you know.

Sweet She-Æsthete. Did he really? How delightful! What a quite too awfully utter name for a Jockey!

Philistine Sportsman (puzzled). Beg pardon, I—ha—don't quite

understand-Sweet She-Æsthete (surprised). Why, did you not say that "Too-Too won" on—the horse you mentioned?

BEANS AND BACON.

A Gastronomic Ode, lovingly dedicated to a Modern Amphitryon.

AMPHITRYON, thine honoured head had schemed A dinner some new UDE his fame might stake on.
APICIUS? Pooh! The Roman never dreamed Of Beans and Bacon!

A banquet for the Gods! At their high feast When had they '40 port their thirst to slake on? Or could Ambrosia hold it in the least With Beans and Bacon?

Such Beans! As tender as the budlings green
When Spring her verdant vesture first doth take on.
She feedeth not on blushful Hippocrene, But Beans and Bacon!

Such Bacon! Marrowy, melting, mellow, mild, See it the cautious trident curl and flake on! All's vanity,—after a plate soft piled With Beans and Bacon!

Bucolic? Bah! The rusty, adipose, Clown-fodder, the coarse "broads" churl molars ache on, Resemble but as ruddle does the rose, Such Beans and Bacon!

Arcadia? Verily, but plus Carême.
THEOCRITUS his Hybla had forsaken
Had he but known, and fluted forth the fame Of Beans and Bacon!

Simplex munditiis! Of all dishes best! But 'twould o'ertax a dithyrambic Lacon In compass brief to sing the beauties blest Of Beans and Bacon!

Amphitryon véritable où l'on dîne, (And still would dine) Pindaric fire should wake on The lyre for thee, of hosts the true fleur fine,— And Beans and Bacon!

REAL SPORT.



More Government.

THE Scotch, very naturally, are beginning to be jealous of the amount of government bestowed upon Ireland, and are asking, as a first instalment, for a responsible Minister. The demand, coming from the Earl of Fife, is put as gently as possible to a Ministry who are hopelessly involved in the toils of Irish Legislation, but backed, as it is, by strong national feeling, it will be urged by less considerate advocates before many Sessions have passed. It will have to be conceded, and why not face it at once?

THE WORMS HAVE TURNED.

THE chief art of Govern-ment is to do nothing with an air of doing much. The best air of doing much. The best administrators are those who have thoroughly mastered the axiom that zeal is a crime, and who are clever at sitting upon troublesome questions. Un-fortunately there are questions that will not be sat upon, and the grievance of the Telegraph the grievance of the Helegraph Clerks is one of them. The Go-vernment have "considered" this grievance so long and so dreamily, that at last the dis-contented Clerks have threat-ened to strike. They may not at present have the organisaat present have the organisa-tion and the command of funds of the "working-man," who is always on the verge of striking, but these will come in the fulness of time. The Government have roused a spirit of self-reliance in these over-worked and under-paid servants of a money-grubbing department, which no tardy concessions can destroy. The patronising, not to say fatherly articles in some of the newsarticles in some of the newspapers will encourage this spirit, for under the tone of warning is an ill-concealed fear that skilful telegraphists are not to be obtained from the fields and gutters. How much better it would have been to have "considered" less and acted more, and have yielded gracefully. yielded gracefully.

COLDSTREAM AND COLD WATER.

Among recent Regimental Festivities the principal, of course, was the annual dinner of the Nulli Secundus Club. The name of this distinguished Society may seem to imply that, as nobody could fight if nobody could find a second, it was founded for the discougement of duelling in the British Army.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 37.



"O. W."

"O, I feel just as happy as a bright Sunflower!" Lays of Christy Minstreley.

Æsthete of Æsthetes! What's in a name? The poet is WILDE. But his poetry's tame.

THE MUDFORD FLOWER-SHOW.

THIS great open-air exhibition is now on view two or bition is now on view two or three times a week in Central London. It extends from Oxford Street to the Water-loo Road in one direction, and from Charing Cross to the Griffin in another. The so-called Flower Market in Covent Garden is used as a rallying centre, a source of rallying centre, a source of supply for everything except the patient donkey, the im-patient costermonger, and the curious collection of carts and trucks which mix up the country with Bethnal Green, the London cab and the cars of Juggernaut, Pickford & Co. The flowers are things of beauty, and, under different circumstances, would be joys for ever, but the language of those who buy and sell these gifts of Nature is not as pure as it ought to be, considering the refinement of their trade. One, and perhaps the principal cause of this, is the crowded area in which the business is carried on, and the neverceasing struggle with London traffic. The person primarily responsible for this is of course, the Most Noble the Baron MUCK, Earl of TURNIPTOP and Duke of MUDFORD.

A Remittance.

HERE's a Landlord for our money:-

"His Grace the Duke of BUCK-INGHAM has remitted, through his steward, Mr. Oxley, from 10 to 20 per cent. of the rents of his tenants, a like remission to extend over the next two years."

Quite the "c'rrect card," Mr. OXLEY, eh? And we say with King Edward in Richard the Third, Act II. s. 1—

"A pleasing cordial, princely BUCKINGHAM."

RETALIATION.

Petite Comedie that, we trust, will NOT be adapted without reflection, from the French.

A couple of Patriotic Political Economists discovered, dining together at a highly Constitutional Club.

First Patriotic Political Economist (concluding a lengthy dissertation on the obvious advantages of "spirited reciprocity"). Yes, as I was saying, the only way to pay these rascals out is to let them have it back in their own coin; and in plenty of it, Sir; plenty of it. Put prohibitive duties on our steel and woollen stuffs, indeed! Then let 'em have it hot, I say, on their wine, and other gim-cracks. That's all I have got to say about it. (Finishes his Sherry.) Waiter, a pint of the Club Claret.

Waiter brings a bottle, and fills their glasses with studied melancholy.

Second Patriotic Political Economist (reflecting on what he has heard, yet still wondering why, because A.—somebody else—at Sheffield can't sell as many penknives as he desires abroad, he B.—in Pall Mall—should be suddenly called on to pay nineteen and sixpence a pound for chocolate for the purpose of giving C.—somebody else in Paris—"one for himself?" Meditatively.) Yes,—yes. No doubt it's quite sound in principle—quite sound; and, as you very aptly put it, "paying them back in their own coin,"—impost for impost,

—is the proper remedy. (Unconsciously tasting his Claret, and starting as if stung). Hulloah! What's this?

First Patriotic Political Economist (tossing off half a glass, and bounding from his chair pale and choking, with a furious effort).

Waiter! Waiter!! What have you brought us here? What stuff is this?

Waiter. That, Sir, is—the Club Claret, Sir!

Both Patriotic Political Economists (together, in amazement). The

Club Claret! Watter. Yes, Sir. It's a British Mile-End Vintage Company's wine, made of grapes growed at Camberwell—so I've 'eared, Sir. But there's a good many gents on the Committee as finds it drinks rather corked

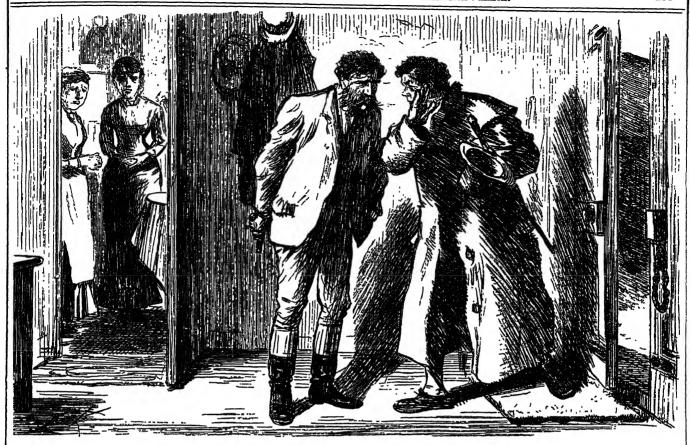
Both Patriotic Political Economists (together). Corked! Why!

it's poison!

[They reel against the mantelpiece, and finally being brought to by the Steward, order a bottle of genuine "Vin Ordinaire," at 32s. 6d., and finish the evening advocating "spirited reciprocity" in tears as the Curtain falls.

FOR A RESIDENT LANDLORD.

Bur, after being fired at once or twice, The ear becomes more Irish and less nice. Don Juan, Canto 4. xli.



"COERCION"!

Steward to the Estate (it was Midnight—a Man wanted to see him—wouldn't tell his Business—wouldn't give his Name—must see him——).
"OH, IT'S YOU, DOHERTY!" (Sternly.) "WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT!" Tenant (in a volisper, looking round). "I've come to Pay my bit o' Bint, Sorr, but for the love of Heaven ax the Major, when he sinds out the Processes, not to lave me out, or ilse the Land-Lague'il have my Life!!"

MAKING THE VERY MOST OF IT.

THE agricultural festivities at Tunbridge Wells having been disposed of quite a fortnight since, the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES to that salubrious locality has necessarily been by this time consigned to the limbo of all remarkable but forgotten things. But there is one incident that, even at this hour, Mr. Punch would rescue from oblivion. It appears that some arrangement had been entered into by the Local Board with a resident flyman, to supply them "nice turns-out" for the occasion, at the rate of "three guineas per carriage and pair," a figure the amount of which led to some extremely business-like discussion, and a report of this was subsequently furnished in the columns of a local paper. But Mr. Punch feels he must give the subjoined extract, pur et simple, as it stands.

"Mr. Robb thought that three guineas was a very tremendous price for a

couple of horses and a fly.

"Mr. SMITH said he quite agreed with Mr. ROBB.

"Mr. ROBB thought Mr. BIGGS, as a business man, should have known better than make such an arrangement.
"The CHAIRMAN said Mr. HOADLEY attended before the Committee, and

explained that there would be such a run on carriages that day that he could

explained that there would be such a run on carriages that day that he could not really do it at a lower price.

"Mr. Robb: Well, I suppose we can have a ride afterwards.

"Mr. CLIFFORD: We ought to have something better than the usual fly, and good horses to keep up with His Royal Highness, whose general custom is to drive from ten to twelve miles an hour.

"The CHAIRMAN: We shall be in front, and shall regulate his pace.

"Mr. Robb: I am perfectly satisfied. On the first blush it looked heavy."

To which Mr. Punch must add that, on the last blush, it certainly reads funny. Mr. Robb's idea of getting an outing somewhere afterwards, is good—very. Better still are Mr. CLIFFORD's statistics as to His Royal Highness's "general custom." But best of all is the Chairman's sly suggestion as to the advantage of being "in front" of him with a couple of hired hacks. This is absolutely excellent. Mr. Punch has no hesitation in taking off his hat to the entire

A SONG FOR SINGERS.

(A Lay of the Concert Season.)

Who says that we are not a musical nation, With afternoon Concerts and singing at night, When auditors listen in rapt admiration To RUBENSTEIN's playing, or hear with delight
CHARLES HALLE'S Recitals, Bach Concerts, and wonder
At fast-flying fingers that flash o'er the keys;
While shortly we're promised Wagnerian thunder,
The beauty of which we shall learn by degrees.

A Concert, methinks, should be just like a salad, Well mixed, the ingredients chosen with care; A solo, a pretty duet, and a ballad,
A novelty, too, should be certainly there.

Though masters of old still exist to admonish
The student how vast are the heights he must scale; Some modern Composer may try to astonish— And Hope, as we know, tells a flattering tale.

With Santley, and Reeves père et fils, and Miss Davies, And Maybrick and Lloyn—to come back to the men; With fair Mrs. Oscood, who sings like the mavis, With Antoinerre Sterling and clever Hope Glenn; There's no lack of singers with musical voices Who oft a new charm to old songs can impart:
And England be sure in their talent rejoices,
And welcomes all Artists, and honours their Art.

SPORTING NOTE.—There is a rush to engage Archer, the Jockey, because he has such winning ways with him.

AN ORDER FOR AMERICA.—The Blue Riband of the Turf.

THE G. G. G., OR GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

ONCE more on our "Gee-Gee," and "yet we are not Hobby!" which might be what the kettle in the fender said to the fire-irons. Now for the G. G. (occasionally) Guy'd. We burn—burn-jones—with excitement to see what that eminent Pagan Æsthetic has to show us. We dash at the Catalogue. We rush at the Busy "B.'s" in the Index. Heavens! From "Ball" to "Bywater" without a Burne-Jones. Stay! Is he modestly under "J."? No. Jackling and Jorson—I beg their pardons, I should have said Jorling and Jackson exhaust that portion of the alphabet between them. "What, no Jones! So he died, and she very imprudently," &c., &c.

O where, and O where is my little BURNE-JONES? O where on earth can he be? With his tinsel and gold and his sage-green tones, He's not in this Galleree!



Whistler's "Early Mourn-ing"-Advertisement Pic-ture; or, "A Thing of Beauty is a Jay for ever!"

So let us seek a WHISTLER. Ah! Nearly missed him, as he is provokingly entered unalphabetically in the index, and comes after instead of before "WHITE." J. T. WHISTLER has only got one picture in this show. It is No. I13 in the book, and is called A Harmony in Grey and Green. The grey is evident, it is not the "old woman," but the "young lady clothed in grey," and might be some sort of weird, poetical, imaginative advertisement for JAY's celebrated establishment, to be called "Early Morning." But where's JAY's celebrated establishment, to be called "Early Morning." But where's the green? Shall we be told that the the green? Shall we be told that the green lurks in our or somebody else's langhing eye? Let us attend to the Whistler's harmony. The only Whistler we'ever loved was Herr Von JÖEL in the "little Evans's below." His bird-harmonies were delightful. As to the exhibition of this postionles. tion of this particular Harmony in the "G. G.," we only paraphrase the wellknown line, and say-

"A needless 'ALEXANDER' ends the song."

Well, bless thee, J. WHISTLER. You are one of the new Lights in Art, Sir, but we do not hanker after your Brush sys-

tem. Farewell!

No. 7. "The Lion hath Roared," &c. W. TAYLOR (Son of the late Tom TAYLOR). Needless to say we welcome this work most cordially, and congratulate Mr. W. TAYLOR on his progress. In choosing this Lion subject, Mr. W. TAYLOR shows that he knows how

chosing this Lion subject, Mr. W. TAYLOR shows that he knows how to work up the roar material.

No. 12. Walter Herries Pollock, Esq. By John Collier. We like Pollock, Esq.'s portrait muchly. He should have been painted in his hat, when it would have been Castor and Pollock's portrait. With what sort of oil ought Pollock's picture to have been painted? Answer evident. Notice the bright inquiring eyes, full of intelligence—"private intelligence," quite "Pollocky" this. Ahem!

No. 14. "A Sleeping Beauty." A Leopard. Mr. Heywood Hardy gives us "Beauty and the Beast" in one figure.

No. 15. Pharamond and Azalais. By Fairfax Murray. Fifteen is the number of the picture, and, we should say, the age of the Artist. Murray come up!

rtist. Mueray come up! No. 22. The Boat of Charon. By Sir Coutts-Raphael-Michael



be an excursion party in the Savage Cannibal Islands. Dishonest boatman having set down one lot of fares at a place where they didn't want to land, has taken up another lot who have been pic-nicing somewhat heavily. Why the savage boatman (a bit of a swell, to judge by the care he has bestowed on his whiskers) is punting in deep water is difficult to ascertain. His left leg seems to have been



His left leg seems to have been less exposed to the climate than the other—unless he was born so. It's a pretty little cheerful subject for a boudoir or a drawing-room, and no doubt will add a lustre to the unique collection which Sir Coutts-Raphael-Michael An-GELO-LEONARDO-CIMABUE-LINDSAY must be rapidly acquiring of his own priceless works of Art.

own priceless works of Art.
No. 24. Rose Standish. G. H.
BOUGHTON, A.R.A. Very good.
Mr. BOUGHTON: hope it's a Sold
'un. What a natural title, "Rose
Standish." Let the companion
picture represent her as "Sits
Stitish." Why, certainly.
No. 27. Wittenham Clumps.
HALSWELLE.
Carefully finished: "Hals welle that finishes

well."

No. 32. "Still Life." By R. BARRETT BROWNING. BERFIT Representing melons, peaches, plums, &c., and Still Life after all this! Song—air: "Run for the Doctor, Johnny dear!"

No. 33. "In the Valley of Desolation." CECIL LAWSON. The breaking up of a storm previous to going home for the holidays. It looks like a thousand miles from everywhere.



No. 33.—"For— Purposes," -"For Building

No. 47. "The Flight of Helen." By W. E. F. BRITTEN. Flight of imagination. A true BRITTEN; he never will be a slave to mere



No. 47.—Catching the Tidal Boat in a Classic Water-Cart.

prosaic representation. Helen, the professional Beauty of the period, in a voiture de Paris on "C" springs, trying to eatch the last boat.

boat.

No. 48. Violet and Muriel, Daughters of John Parsons, Esq. Mrs. KATE PERUGINI here depicts two of the sweetest little Parsons we've seen for some time. What are they doing? One book between them? Well, judging by their age and appearance, we should say that the two little Parsons are reading the First Lesson. We've surveyed the world of pictures, from old China to Peru-gini, and we don't see much better of the kind than this. Amen! says the clerk. No. 62. A Naughty Girl—Capri. G. Costa. Very naughty. Capery-sauce-y. How delighted must be that Society whose object it is to bring Beauty home to the lowest classes, to see that this picture is the work of a Coster.

No. 78. The Wet Moon. Old Battersea. Cecil Lawson. "What a night we're having, eh, Mr. Laws-on? Very wet moon: "nother bottl'; ver' wet moo'. . . . Goo' sujck f'r pikshur. . . . Boo'ful wemmoo—" (Remains at Old Battersea for the rest of the night.)

the night.)
No. 154.

No. 22.—Excursionists in the Fiji Islands. Police!!

No. 22.—Excursionists in the Fiji Islands. Police!!

ANGELO-LEONARDO-CIMABUE-LINDSAY. Ferry dreadful: suggestive of Maul-Styx. Without a catalogue we should have guessed it to

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT ISLINGTON.



given over to fat oxen and pigs, now to prize horses, now to a country fair. At this moment it is distinctly military.

The arena resembles a Circus. In the centre stands a gentleman

in a patrol jacket, whose extreme courtesy to the various competitors and haughty word of command to the rake-minders, must be strongly suggestive to the aged of the very best days of ASTLEY'S, when WIDDIOOMB was Master of the Ring.

Seated, in magenta trowsers, high up in the skies, like so many musical cherubs, are the members of a cavalry band, playing (with the assistance of a double bass, carried, of course, on the march in an the assistance of a double bass, carried, of course, on the march in an omnibus) as much of a waltz as an officer in the body of the Hall will permit them. When this officer needs music (possibly to soothe his savage breast), he waves languidly the Union Jack. When he has had enough of the tune (and he seldom listens to more than half-adozen bars), he shakes the same flag with violent irritability. The result of the manœuvre, from a musical point of view, is a certain amount of jerkiness. Near to the Master of the Ring stands, or rather dances, a volunteer officer in grey mufti, who, by his mirth-provoking antics (apparently necessitated by his duties as a judge), amply supplies the broad comedy usually associated with the motley of a Circus clown. The competitors, on gaining a prize, kindly ride round the arena to receive the plaudits of the bystanders.

Such was the scene in the Agricultural Hall when I visited it last week. As I entered, two mounted gentlemen wearing leather

week. As I entered, two mounted gentlemen wearing leather jackets and huge iron masks, and carrying heavy sticks, were waiting for the word of command. The Master of the Ring introduced them to the audience. "Riding-Master So-and-so of the Royal Sothem to the audience. "Riding-Master So-and-so of the Royal So-and-So—Red. Lieutenant Somebody-Else of the Dark Thingumies—Yellow. Gentlemen, are you ready?" The answer being apparently in the affirmative, the Master raised his right hand slightly, as "if inviting to the dance," and murmured, "Left-turn—countermarch," as if he were piloting an awkward squad of distinguished dancers through the last figure of a new quadrille. The horses trotted away to the ends of the arena, and turned round. "'Tack," continued the Moster in the same cently represent to the form the same cently represent the same continued the Moster in the same cently represent the same cently Upon this continued the Master in the same gently persuasive tone. the two equestrians approached one another ferociously, and with the utmost heartiness whacked each other for about three minutes. After they had received considerable "punishment" they desisted. "Brush!" shouted the gentleman in the patrol-jacket, in a tone that would have made tyrants tremble, and two privates immediately sprung would nave made tyrants tremble, and two privates immediately sprung at the combatants, and removed the chalk-marks which the sticks had left on their bodies. The gentleman in grey mufti (who had taken off his hat so as to see the fight better) consulted with another judge, and then they both nodded to the Ring-Master. "One to Red!" said he, entering something in a book; and there was great cheering. So far as I could make out, in actual warfare the sword-outs would have reduced the opponents to pieces considerably thinner than ordinary slices of brown bread-and-butter. At the amiable invitation of the Ring-Master the whacking was frequently repeated.

invitation of the Ring-Master the whacking was frequently repeated.

After we had assisted at several bouts between new competitors, the swordsmen appeared to have had enough of it, and their places were supplied by batteries of artillery, fully horsed, that performed several difficult feats of driving. They soon made room for some man.

The Agricultural Hall sees many transformations. Now it is given over to fat ozen and pigs, now to prize horses, now to a country to fat ozen and pigs, now to prize horses, now to a country to fat ozen and pigs, now to prize horses, now to a country. The arena resembles a Circus. In the centre stands a gentlemen in a patrol jacket, whose extreme courtesy to the various competitors and haughty word of command to the rake—minders, must be strongly uggestive to the aged of the very best days of ASTLEY's, when the month of a waltz as an officer in the body of the Hall will be assistance of a double base, carried, of course, on the march in an aminus as much of a waltz as an officer in the body of the Hall will be esmit them. When this officer needs music (possibly to soothe his avage breast), he waves languidly the Union Jack. When he has ad enough of the tune (and he seldom listens to more than half-ward because here), he shakes the same flag with violent irritability. The sault of the mancurre, from a musical point of view, is a certain mount of jerkiness. Near to the Master of the Ring stands, or ather dances, a volunteer officer in grey muffi, who, by his mirthwist of the mancurre, from a musical point of view, is a certain for the word of command. The Master of the Ring stands, or ather dances, a volunteer officer in grey muffi, who, by his mirthwist of the mancurre, from a musical point of view, is a certain for the word of command. The Master of the Ring stands, or ather dances, a volunteer officer in grey muffi, who, by his mirthwist of the adact, when the same flag with violent irritability. The cault of the mancurre from a musical point of view, is a certain for the word of command. The Master of the Ring stands, or ather dances, a volunteer officer in grey muffi, who, by his mirthwist of the stands of the same of the limit is distinguished law to the complex of the stream of the same of

apparently come to the conclusion that the easiest way of picking up a peg with a lance at full gallop was to work his legs from side to side after the model of one of those amusing cardboard figures that raise their limbs on the pulling of a string. The "Exercise" was quaint and unconventional, but did not appear to materially assist the rider in attaining his object. It may be gratefully added that his powers of invention seemed to be considerable. For instance, on returning once after making his—alas!—too usual miss, he appeared to be dancing (on horseback) a kind of Chinese fandango.

Towards the close of the programme there were some long pauses, which enabled the band to get through nearly half an overture before the angry shaking of the Union Jack waved them back into snubbed silence. At last some lemons were duly sliced (apparently in mimic imitation of the Battle of Balaclava), a Turk's head was well-belaboured, and all was over.

FABLE AND FACT.

The saying of the Citizen and Currier in the old apologue, that there is nothing like leather, is said to have been confirmed by the authority of the late General Von der Tann, who was a Von-der-ful



CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

Master Tommy. "I SAY, IT'LL BE JOLLY, IF CAMBRIDGE WINS! THAT IS, I THINK IT'S JOLLY, OF COURSE, BECAUSE MY PAPA WAS AT CAMBRIDGE, YOU WHICH WAS YOUR PAPA AT, COOK-OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE ?"

GOOD NEWS FOR US ALL!

An old proverb tells us that when a certain class of persons fall out, another class of persons get their rights. It is therefore very good news for hungry Londoners to learn, as they do from the Citizen, that certain Salesmen of the various City Markets are quarrelling in the most glorious manner.

It appears that the Chairman of the Markets Committee of the Corporation is a Fruit Salesman, and, for reasons best known to nimself, bitterly opposed the Billingsgate Fish Market inquiry; but it being resolved upon in spite of him, he, in a fit of anger and pique, gave notice that the inquiry should be extended to ascertaining the reason of the high price of Meat, whereupon a Meat Salesman gave notice to include in the inquiry Fruit and Vegetables!

So, thanks to the good feeling that originated the inquiry why Fish is so scarce and so dear, and the bad feeling that extends the inquiry to Meat and Fruit and Vegetables, we may fairly hope the whole matter of the Food Supply of the Metropolis will be thoroughly and heartily inquired into.

When we remember, too, what was stated by one Common Councilman as a rumour, and confirmed by another Common Councilman as a fact, that the concentration of the Meat Supply of the Metropolis into one market raised the price twopence per pound upon the 220,000 tons that enter that market yearly, which means an increase of cost to the inhabitants of the Metropolis of more than four millions sterling per annum, it will be seen what gigantic proportions the new inquiry is attaining.

Upon this Mr. Punch ventures to remark that whereas on the one hand it is almost impossible to hold up to sufficient contempt the man who enters public life solely to serve his own private interests, so, on the other hand, no one deserves more thoroughly the respect and support of his fellows than he who devotes very much of his time and all his intelligence to an endeavour to cheapen the food of the poor. The new Committee, therefore, must not be daunted by what may be a subtle attempt to overweight them, but proceed to a thorough inquiry, feeling assured, as they may fairly do, that their labours will be watched with sympathy and goodwill by all whose goodwill is worth obtaining. Mr. Punch also hopes the inquiry will be a public one.

A PORTE IN A STORM.

The Sultan' (seated with Mr. Punch. Pipes and coffee for two). Glad to see you, Mr. Punch. You're an exception; but (plaintively) why can't they leave me undisturbed? My territory has become "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

Mr. Punch. As Cox sweetly sings to Sergeant Bouncer! But what have you to complain of?

The Sultan Well—England has accessed Company.

The Sultan. Well-England has occupied Cyprus. Mr. Punch. And a nice pleasant place it is!
The Sultan. And France has pacified Tunis.
Mr. Punch. And consequently delighted the Italians!

The Sultan. And Austria has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Mr. Punch. Without, of course, firing a shot or losing a soldier!

Mr. Funch.

a soldier!

The Sultan. And Greece has claimed Epirus and a large part of Thessaly.

Mr. Punch. And has had her claim readily admitted and immediately satisfied!

The Sultan. Yes, yes, I know you will have your joke!
But, in plain English, they've taken nearly all the limbs of my empire; and if you don't get the Anti-Vivisection Society to interfere, I shan't have a leg left to stand upon! And now what have you to say to that?

Mr. Punch. Well—ahem! You see, as a Bondholder—(suddenly—Happy Thought—I will leave the matter in the hands of this gentleman!

[Introduces Lord Dufferin, and exit.

Politics and Proc.—The distinguished American Ambassador and Humorist, the Hon. J. R. Lowell, told the patrons and promoters of the National Training School for Cookery, assembled, the other day, at Devonshire House, that:—"He had seen many instances in which a man's views on great political questions had been decided by the state of his appetite." As, for instance, when the question is whether or no a nation shall eat humble pie. But Mr. Lowell has always seen that question decided in the negative—at home. question decided in the negative-at home.

PAROCHIAL PRODIGALS.

PAROCHIAL PRODIGALS.

By accounts from Oldham it appears that the Peor Law Guardians there have received what every orthodox believer in Political Economy must consider a merited snub from the Official Auditor of the Local Government Board. In auditing their accounts he disallowed a sum of some £9. This expense had been incurred for flower-vases, which the Guardians said they had provided because they desired "to relieve the dingy appearance of the place." Ah! is They did not know their duty, which, of course, was to relieve, not the dingy appearance of the workhouse, but the pockets of the ratepayers, by reducing parochial relief to a minimum.

Rebuking their unprincipled, not to say sinful extravagance, the faithful official of the Local Government informed those unbelieving spendthrifts that "flowers were not necessary for the relief of the poor; and the rates could only be applied in the relief of distress." He went to the root of the matter. Had he merely demurred to a payment of £9 for flower-vases, on the ground that flower-pots would have done as well, and that poor's-rates were not meant to be squandered on blue china, he would have said less than enough. But he proved equal to the occasion. His point was that flowers are a superfluity which the inmates of a workhouse ought not to be allowed. Because the only relief of distress proper for paupers is such as will just suffice to keep body and soul together. It is monstrous to think of relieving the dingy appearance of their surroundings.

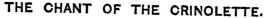
Of course I Buyrers for ever!

ings.
Of course! Bumble for ever!
Away with Heaven's bounties!
"The House" was intended for labourers past work, or unable to obtain employment. Poor devils like these mustn't reside in a Garden of Paradise before their time. No, no, says Bumble, no Paradises for Paupers here below, if you please.

To the Billingsgate Bunglers.

Your waste of fish-food, and its brain-feeding phosphorus, In stomach and mind is now plainly pure loss to us:

You, food-spoiling pack,
Merit bowstring and sack,
And to stick-in-the-mud—not of Thames, but the Bosphorus.





An Explanation.

A FORTNICHT ago a swarm of bees were hived by Mr. Tegetheier, in the Strand, at the Army and Navy Gazette Office. Much wonder was expressed at the time as to why they came there, and even their owner, when he appeared on the scene, was unable to offer any solution of the difficulty, as they had only been with him a short time, and were comparative strangers. He has since closely watched them, and their language being mere A-Bee-See to him, he has come to the conclusion that they are a swarm of Spelling Bees, busily engaged in picking up information when they were arrested by the courageous naturalist.

Cannibalism in London.

In the pages of the *Daily Chronicle*—a great medium for practical advertisers, who generally mean what they say—the following advertisement has lately appeared:—

TAM AND BEEF. - WANTED a BOY about fourteen for the above.

This is surely an announcement more fitted! for the Sandwich Islands than for London?

DEFICIENCY IN IRISH CHARACTER.—Want of pay-rental feeling.

THE G. G. G., OR GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

No. 37. Sisters. By Mrs. Alma Tadema. One sister in bed, the other bothering her by tickling her face:—

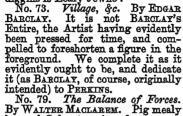
'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear her complain, I must my small mug guard, Don't touch it again.

Don't touch it again.

No. 56. Endymion. G. F. Watts, R.A. Mr. Watts is going in for sport. Here's another. He calls it Endymion, but the figure of Diana stooping to conquer is clearly intended for Bend-Or.

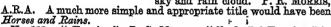
No. 67. Leafy June. W. B. GARDNER. We've heard of "Ikey Mo," but, Mr. GARDNER, who the diggins is Leafy June?

No. 73. Village, &c. By Edgar Barclay. It is not Barclay's Entire, the Artist having evidently been pressed for time, and com-



'un and Gal-a-tea-ring along.
No. 102. "Breezy England"

brown and white horses, a fine windy sky and rain cloud. P. R. MORRIS,



Horses and Rains.

No. 111. "Evening." R. C. Minor. "Shades of Evening," in C Minor, re-set by permission of F. Clay.

No. 146. The

Rt. Rev. Lord

Bishop of Salisbury. W. B. RichMOND. "The use of Saryum" to as a

of Sarum" to an Artist. No. 149. B. H.

No. 73.

HERKOMER, merit of this picture is that it will look equally well upside down. The Gloom



Asleep in the Rocky Mountains. We prefer it like this. We insist on having it our own way.

No. 263. "Bashful." G. H. BARRABLE. Not too Bashful—or

she'd be un-Barrable. Just nice.



No. 265. A Study in the New Forest. NEWTON BENETT. Queer place to have a study. Where are the writing-table and bookshelves

No. 272. The Full
Moon. J. C. FARRER.
Full? It looks empty:
but it's a "Farrer goot
picture for a' that."
No. 278. "Study of
a Head." A. WARD.

The head has evidently been touched by a skilful brush. This is our A-Ward.

No. 286. Puzzle Pic-

ture. By D. MUERAY. To find Punch and SARAH BERNHARDT.
No. 288. "Greeting." By the Hon. Mrs. Boyle. Lot of little Boy Cupids; quite Boyle-like.

No. 302. Ghosts of the Past; or, Frogs Buried in a Pond. By J. T. WHITE.



No. 302.

These things are neither rich nor rare, But how the deuce did they get there.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY. June 20. - Why won't the House let Mr. MORGAN LLOYD MONDAY. June 20.—Why won't the House let Mr. MORGAN LLOYD speak to it? I'm sure he is a very nice gentleman, and must be learned, since he is a Q. C. But sure as ever the sound of his voice is heard, everybody says, "Oh!" and "Agreed!" Perhaps his voice is a little reedy, and there is something about his accent reminis-

cent of an Eisteddfod. This is Mr. GLADSTONE'S notion.

GLADSTONE'S notion.

"Ever been at an Eisteddfod,
Toby?" he said, when, having
watched Sir CHARLES FORSTER out
of the way, I dropped in on the
Treasury Bench for a bit of a chat;
"I was once; and the moment I hear
Morgan Lloyd, there comes back
to me a smell of damp people, and
a sense of the rain trickling through
holes in a canvas tent. It always
rains at an Eisteddfod, you know.
I see a bard reciting an englynion,
and I have a presentiment that there
will be a row presently when the will be a row presently when the prizes come to be distributed. Curious, these associations of memory always happen when I hear MORGAN LLOYD."

This is all very well for GLAD-"Good Morgan, Sir!" STONE, who can go through anything. But as a very small per-centage of surviving Members can have

been at an Eisteddfod, that doesn't account for the general movement. I think it must be the lawyers and Q. C.'s, angry because Morgan has been made as good as them, whilst the stuff-gowns are envious for lack of Morgan's silk.

Business done.—Clause Three of Land Bill passed.

Business done.—Clause Three of Land Bill passed.

Tuesday Night.—Looked in at the House of Lords to-night to see my Lord of Salisbury balancing himself on the tight-rope. Really a performance of exquisite skill and stately grace. Don't know much about Imperial politics myself. But understand generally that the Marquis is rather in a mess on this Tunis business. It was to come again to-night, and how would he deal with it? My Lord preternaturally grave, even subdued, under the weight of patriotic apprehension for the fortunes of the Ministry, and the safety of national interests. Now, as on previous occasion, ignored with nonchalance the circumstance of his conversation with M. Wadding, and subsequent letters. Did not treat that part of the subject even by most distant reference. But since he had therein distinctly declared that British interests were not affected by French greed of

distinctly declared that British interests were not affected by French greed of Tunis, he now threw the ægis of his protection and approval round the Government "up to a certain point."

The certain point reached, Lord Salisbury's gloom deepened, and the solemn shaking of the head made the blood run cold. There was nothing in his secret treaty with M. WADDINGTON about the appointment of M. ROUSTAN as Foreign Minister of the Bey. If such a thing had been proposed, of course Lord Salisbury would have exclaimed "Perish Cyprus!" and would have withdrawn from his bargain at exclaimed "Perish Cyprus!" and would have withdrawn from his bargain at Berlin. This was the certain point; and the portentous manner in which Lord Satisbury, leaning his elbow on the table, and shaking his head over the unconscious inkbottle, gradually brought this to the front, leaving the rest farther and farther in the background, was highly creditable to him. Noble Lords, who had formerly been led to think rather well

rest farther and farther in the background, was highly creditable to him. Noble Lords, who had formerly been led to think rather well of Lord Granville, began to look upon him with suspicion. He had been right up to a certain point; why had he not stopped there? When Lord Salisbury resumed his seat, crossed his hands at the wrists, drooped his head a little on one side, the usually hard expression on his face softened, and something like a tear gathered in his eyes. He was truly sorry for the Government. He would be so glad if he could continue to give them the undivided support vouchsafed in the speech by which he broke the long silence following the unfortunate discovery of his last secret treaty. But this



certain point was too much for him; and everyone felt that the next time he speaks it will be a great deal more, and that he will be prepared with increased regret, but undiminished vigour, to denounce the whole policy of the Government in Tunis.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Bound to say that no one looking in at the House of Commons this afternoon Wednesday Afternoon.—Bound to say that no one looking in at the House of Commons this afternoon would guess how grievously driven we are for time to do our work. Serjeant Simon on his feet charging the Jury, who are eighteen in number, and nine in sleep. Incidentally, Brother Simon, who is a man of wide accomplishments, gives us another definition of respectability. Talking about a man, who was condemned to be hanged, and wasn't, Serjeant said, "He is now a most respectable man, the father of a family; I think," he added, hesitating, feeling he was on his oath, and not inclining to admit too much—"a grandfather." This, I suppose, is the comparative of respectability, and the superlative would be greatgrandfather.

"Like a man who keeps a gig is respectable," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT observes, "one who keeps a carriage and pair is more respectable, and the man who keeps an omnibus is most respectable," This was only a flash in private conversation. When addressing the House, Sir WILLIAM most decently dolorous, most artistically depressed. His speech added delightfully to the prevailing gloom. Debate all about a Bill, brought in by Mr. Prase, to abolish hanging.

"You're against capital punishment?" I said to Mr. Briefft.

"It theory was but in practice I'm not guite guest.

"In theory, yes; but in practice I'm not quite sure how it would be if I could name my own men;" and the eye of the great Tribune, wandering over the Opposition Benches, rested with lingering glance upon Mr. Warton, Mr. Healt, and Lord Randolph Churchill.

**Propries done - Mr. Proprie Bill rejected by 175 votes.

Business done. -Mr. PEASE'S Bill rejected by 175 votes

against 79.

Thursday.—Lord Folkestone obligingly shows me some of the sketches he makes during melancholy moments with the Land Bill. Just as in a very poor story I had read somewhere, one, Madame Defarge, is always knitting, whatever else may be going on, so Lord Folkestone is always sketching, and has a wonderfully fine collection of the heads of the people opposite and below

collection of the heads of the people opposite and below the Gangway.

"Here's T. P. O'CONNOR," my Lord says. "But I must do him again in crayons, as I can't get with a lead pencil the precise shade of that well-made snuffy-brown suit. It's wonderful stuff, looking not a bit the worse than when Parnell wore it in February. Very clever retort too on spiteful people. They say that Parnell keeps his young men at the Westminster Palace Hotel, paying their bills out of Land League funds. Well, that's not true. But the suit is unmistakeable, and the economic principle most commendable.—Yes, I must do T. P. in crayons."

economic principle most commendable.—Yes, I must do T. P. in crayons."

And in the meanwhile my Lord dashed off on the margin of his orders a striking profile of Peter.

Committee on Land Bill very quiet till after midnight, when they got on the question of public-houses on agricultural holdings. Colonel Tottenham mentioned the existence of a village of twenty houses where there are ten public-houses. Odd to see the sudden brightening up of Mr. Callan, and the alacrity with which he rose to inform the Committee that "he knew that village." But why should the Committee laugh in this purpositions manner? uproarious manner?

Business done.—Still on Fourth Clause of Land Bill

Saturday Morning.—And the morning and the evening were a dull day. Don't know which the duller. At Morning Sitting, the Colonels on CHILDERS' Scheme; in the evening, Peter on Foreign Politics. At one o'clock this morning, when he ought to have been in bed, GLADSTONE flogging the dead horse of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and slaying the stiff and stark foreign policy of Lord SALISBURY.

Business done. -- Much talk.

SEASONABLE EVICTION.—The nestling Hedge-sparrow evicted by the unfledged Cuckoo.

STATUS OF THE BEY OF TUNIS.-In abeyance.

THE PARKS FOR "THE PEOPLE!"

(Yes-but what Sort of "People"?)



WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad, How many sots I see, And though I never speak to them, They often speak to me.

I do not heed their coarse remarks, But with their playful cusses They frighten from our healthful Parks The Children and their Nusses.

EN PRINCE!

(Being a Leaf respectfully extracted from Somebody's Journal.)

3 A.M. to 9 A.M.—After distressing dream that somehow I had been persuaded to become permanent and hereditary chairman at a perpetual dinner in aid of the funds of the Indigent Lord Mayor's Mutual Orphans' Society, wake, fancying I am opening the "Atlantic Tunnel." Open my own eyes quite unofficially. Think of what I have to get through to-day. Breakfast sharp. Send for Francis Knollys. Reads me all the European papers through in seven languages as quick as he can. Not much in them. Letters. Five hundred invitations to various places in the three kingdoms. Answer all. He tells me there are twenty-seven Foundation-stones down for next Tuesday. Wish they invitations to various places in the three kingdoms. Answer all. He tells me there are twenty-seven Foundation-stones down for next Tuesday. Wish they would club together, and build a wall of them all, somewhere in the Park. Off to a Studio or two. Open a couple of Bridges on my way. Photographed. Ask Francis what comes next? "Francis!" "Anon, anon, Sir!" Recollect that in Shakspeare—Prince Hal in Henry the Fourth.

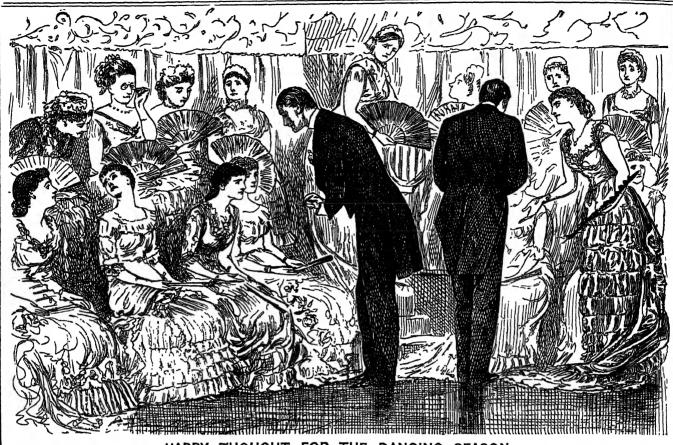
9 A.m to 3 P.M.—Business talk with my Attorney-General about Duchy, in

that in Shakspeare—Prince Hal in Henry the Fourth.

9 A.M. to 3 P.M.—Business talk with my Attorney-General about Duchy, in Cornish. Language new to him. Amusing. Off to meeting of Royal Academicians. Look in at Match at Prince's. Half hour with the Four-in-Hand. Express to Regatta at Henley. See the finish of an event, and up again in time to open Docks at Greenhithe. Take the Astronomer Royal and Comet on my way. Explains new theory of Sunspots quickly. Interested, but obliged to catch the Epileptic Bazaar at Camberwell. Get two kittens and a rosebud for £176. Look in at a few more Studios. Sit for bust—then to lunch with Benchers at Inner Temple. Hurry away to declare new wing of Hospital open.

3 P.M. to 9 P.M.—Levée. Very full. Wish they would come by tens; or stand in a row and march past. Go to Horticultural Fête. Ride. Drive. Make calls. Back for quiet cigar over Punch. Refreshing. Off again to Hurlingham. Open a Suburban Museum, new Park, another Hospital, and two more Bridges on my way back. Photographed again. Inspect design for new central Artificial Sea-Water Baths. Send for Francis again. Decline invitation to open International Raw Produce Exhibition in Patagonia. Dictate 360 letters. Skim five dozen new books. F. K. in again with evening papers! Reads them all through. Nothing in them. Tells me three public dinners down for this evening. Get up speeches while dressing. Go to them all, wishing I could stay at home quietly with the children.

9 P.M. to 3 A.M.—Still listening to speeches. Make' nine myself. Subscribe generally to everything. Look in at both Operas and a theatre or two. Catch close of lecture at Royal Society on "Storage of Energy." Think there's something in it. Dispatch a few Continental telegrams. Hear very latest news from Knollys. Nothing in it. Look over to-morrow's programme. To rest, dreaming that I am discussing with a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society the possibility of "storing the London Season in a box two feet by four," and hiding it where Knollys can't find it



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE DANCING SEASON.

RAISED SEATS ALL ROUND THE ROOM FOR CHAPERONS, SO THAT THEY MAY SEE AND BE SEEN,

BOYCOTTED.

Mr. John Bull (General Dealer, surveying his large and growing Stock of Wares). They do not go off! How precarious trade is!

Buy! Buy! Buy! Buy! Here's your quality, Ladies!

Mrs. Columbia (derisively). Quality? Pooh! We can beat you out

West way.

First Miss Colony. I deal near home; I'm sure it's the best way.

Second Miss Colony. Quite so. He thinks he should have trade

From San Francisco to—say Trinchinopoly.

Third Miss Colony. Ah! The world's markets he can't rule or

rig now.

Fourth Miss Colony. Poor Father Bull! Doesn't look quite so

big now.

Mr. Bull. Stuck-up young minxes! They once used to scare if I talked of retiring or raising my tariff.

I taught 'em business, and now Madame France (ironically). They are teaching you.

Mr. Teuton. Nemesis, Bull., I imagine is reaching you.

Mr. Bull. Buy! Buy! Buy! No reserves, no restriction

No economical follies or fictions here. Mrs. Columbia (turning up her nose). Buy? See him bankrupt first. Madame France (making a moue). Buy? Pas si bête, Bull. Mr. Teuton. Customers scarce? That's a sorrowful fate, Bull.

After your run of trade! [Chuckles, and cuts. Oh! we're all in it now. First Miss Colony.

[Sniggers, and slopes. Mr. Bull (indignantly). Ingrates! I taught you the game, and second Miss Colony. We win it now. [Guffaws, and goes. Mr. Bull (solus). Buy! Buy! Buy! Buy! Well now, well as I 've treated 'em,
This is too bad. Had I bullied and cheated 'em,

The streated 'em, This is too bad. Had I bullied and cheated 'em,

Kept up my tariffs, refused to go snacks with 'em-Oh! 'tis no use to get into a wax with 'em! Leaves from my book they have taken, good store of 'em. Perhaps by-and-by they 'll be taking some more of 'em.

RULES AND REGULATIONS AT HENLEY.

1. That representatives of American Universities be treated as mechanics, inasmuch as the Henley Authorities only recognise three universities in the world—Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin.

2. That any American, having succeeded by fraud in obtaining an entry at Henley, be compelled to row in an in-rigger.

3. That should any American, having complied with the above rules, start for any race, he be handouffed, and be compelled to wear heavy irons on his legs.

4. That should any American complying with the above rules, win a race, he be immediately taken to the nearest tree and hung.

5. That no member of the Press shall write any descriptions of

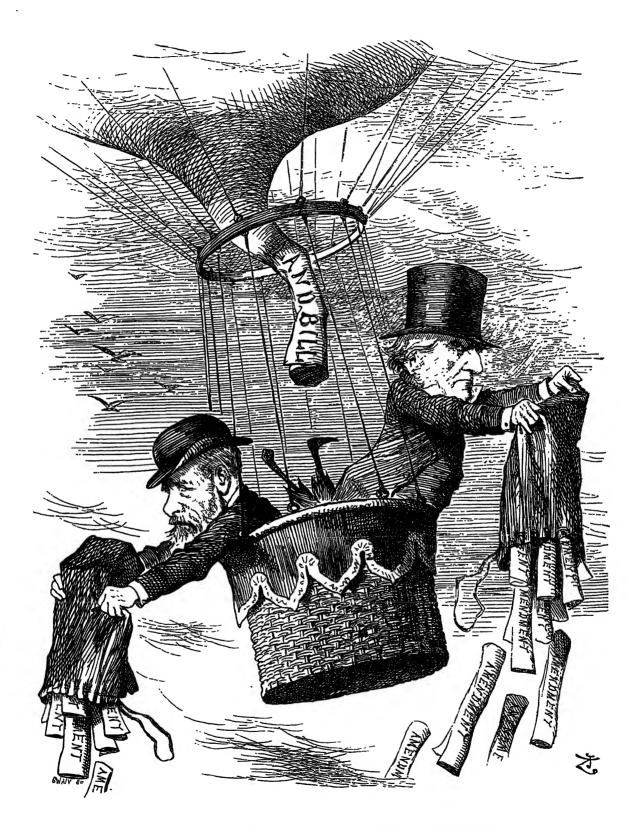
races, shall give any times of races, shall criticise any style of rowing or sculling before his manuscript shall have been carefully examined by the Authorities.

6. That any member of the Press declining to fall down and worship every member of the Henley Authorities shall, in the first place, be excluded from Henley for ever; shall, in the second place, on the receipt of an apology, be allowed to visit the Regatta gagged and blindfolded; and shall, in the third place, on writing a word disrespectful of the Henley Authorities, be thrown into the river.

7 (and last). That anyone using the words "a lot of frightened hunks," "a set of conceited asses," "a body of snobs," "a gathering of self-appointed self-conceited cads," "an irresponsible body, which brings disgrace on Old England's reputation for fair play and courtesy," be kept as far away from the Henley Authorities as possible, inasmuch as the above phrases apply to them a little too closely to be pleasant. to be pleasant.

Champagney Literature.

APALA'S Angel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. If anything like the wine of that name, it ought to be a sparkling production. What will he give us next? A political novel entitled The Private Sec.; or, the Loves of Pommery and Greno? Dry reading for thirsty souls. There should be Imperial Quartos of such literature in every wellap-pinted library.



GOING UP!!—TO THE LORDS.

"IL DEMONIO:" OR. THE D- AFTER TAMARA.

IL Demonio, dull opera, music by Rubinstein, brilliant English translation of Libretto by our own PITTMAN.

ACT I.—Scene 1.—A Wild Place for course we quote throughout ACT I.—Scene 1.—A Wild Place (of course we quote throughout the PITTMAN stage-directions).—At right a huge rock advancing with practicable summit. We've got no doubt it was there, but we didn't see it "advancing with its! practicable summit." By the way, we regretted to observe that the Poet's stage-directions seemed to be systematically disregarded. "Frequent flashes of lightning show the Demon crossing slowly at the back of the stage from left to right." The frequent flashes, however, only showed a stout person in black on a wire descending from Right to Left—which perverse ignoring of a clear plain-flying order must have riled the Poet considerably. A "General chorus of created things" is decidedly noisy, as might have been expected. The Evil Spirits wind up with—"Eh! Demon, why tarry?"—which sounds rather Scotch.

The Demon—a respectable person, not unlike Hamlet without the hat and feathers—"seats himself on the edge of the advancing rock at the right," says PITTMAN, imperiously; but, as a matter of fact, the Demon stands bolt upright on the stage-left, roundly abusing the World, with which, up to this time, we had always thought II

the World, with which, up to this time, we had always thought It Demonio was on peculiarly friendly terms—but perhaps Mr. PITTMAN has had a hand in the "Revised Version,"—and winds up with—

"'Tis dull, indeed, insane and void, Thy meanless boast that end hath never!"

Then, from a hole in a rock below, out pops Mme. TREBELLI as an Angel of Light, though looking anything but a light angel, in full feather as far as wings go, and after a musical argument with



Rubinstein carried away by $II\ Demonio$, while the Economical Angel won't even take a fly to follow him.

Il Demonio, in which the Angel gets decidedly the worst of it, both disappear, and we come to Tableau II., when we see "Tamara's playmates" descending the rock from the castle.

The "Playmates," consisting of a party of forty or fifty well-matured but skittish Caucasian spinsters whose united ages amount to something over a thousand, sing a rather melancholy-playful chorus till Tamara (Mdme. Albant) appears with her "Governess," a well-preserved person, who still adheres to the style of doing the hair which may be found by the curious in such matters to have been popular in the Keepsake Annual and the Books of Beauty of half a century ago. The Demon appears, and falls in love with Tamara. The Governess tries to rouse her with a weak-minded song—of a somewhat Gregorian character—about a "Dauntless" Cavalier, whose

"Bridle and saddle are stud with rare gems."

How can a "bridle and saddle" be "a stud"? But this is poetic-Pittmanic licence ;-

"Golden the bit is the charger that stems."

Ah! our head still aches with trying to discover the Poet's meaning. It is indeed a golden bit from the poetic treasury! The Demon makes love to Tamara from the top of a rock in a dreary field-preaching sort of way. As Il Demonio is really out for a lark, his sombre costume is a mistake. He ought to have been "In his Sunday best," when "His jacket was red and his breeches were blue," with the arrangement for "carrying his tail" described by COLERIDGE. Before its repetition at Covent Garden, Signor Tagnard of course there forget a good moving tail. There must be one in the house, left behind by one of the Imps in last year's Pantomime.

"TABLEAU III. Wild Rocky Pass in the Mountains of the Caucasus."—"Old Servant" in a furry white hat, suggestive of his having become fraudulently possessed of a Caucasian donkey, accom-Ah! our head still aches with trying to discover the Poet's mean-

panies the *Prince of Sinodal*, and sings to him too, for the matter of that. The Prince arrives on horseback, more a Circussian than



Il Demonio delivering a lecture before Tamara mourning.

a Caucasian; he also evinces a melancholy taste for infusing a little Gregorian tone in his love-songs. He is on his way to marry Tamara, when the Demon incites the Tartars to fall on the whole lot, who, after a "twopence - coloured" hand - to - hand combat, are all slain with the exception of the Old Servant. So, much for the Prince of Sinodal, who has had a short operatio life, and not apparently

a very merry one.
ACT II.—The Play-mates again. Bridegroom expected. Rejoicings,

consisting of heavy chorus and stupidly wearisome national dances. Old Servant arrives with the melancholy intelligence, and foreseeing that his reputation for honesty must be somewhat shy on account of that white hat tradition, he brings the body of the Prince as evidence

of his veracity.

The human Love interest, such as it is, being now at an end as far as the Principals are concerned, we were glad to detect a sneaking partiality on the part of the Old Servant with the white hat for the ancient Governess who had once been a professional beauty. clearly love at first sight; for from the moment they met until the end of Act II. he never left her side;

and even at the most serious moment, when the Court went to prayers, Old Slyboots' wicked old left eye was on that ancient Governess who was clearly flattered and fluttered by his atten-tion. Nothing came of it. Neither of or it. Neither of 'em appeared again. Perhaps they eloped soon after the commencement of Act III., after Tamara had retired to a convent, when the last



The Old Servant and the Governess; or, Lovers yet!

thing we heard of the fraudulent Old Servant with the white hat was his voice "without"—(they wouldn't admit him within the walls of a convent, even in the Caucasus, not if they knew it)—singing,

"Rest ye, Christians, rest."

And then, by way of carrying out the idea of sending all the inmates to sleep, the stage-direction is, "He strikes the gong," which, to say the least of it, sounds like a practical joke of Poet Pittman's.

Il Demonio pretends to be converted from the error of his ways—quite Origen-al this—and tries to induce Tamara to accept him as a husband. She refuses. This does make Il Demonio so wild! Then the lamp of the Oratory flares up, the Angel with a few friends happening to be passing by, looks in, and the ghost of Sino gets himself mixed up with it somehow—that is, he ought to have done so according to the strict stage-direction, but from either having some other engagement, or from a disinclination to interfere with what no longer was any business of his, he did not come up to time, and "Tamara falls dead on the ground." Il Demonio, according to the Miltonio-Pittman, "sinks into the abyss." The Demon, however, did nothing of the kind, preferring to walk off quietly. Composer, Angel, and Devil appeared before the Curtain—let us hope they supped together—and we only regret that we saw and heard so little of Mme. Trebellil, though as she played an Angel, her visits were, as we might have anticipated, few and far between. anticipated, few and far between.

Of course there was a great Demon-stration in favour of *Il Demonio*; but the Opera is so heavy, that we found it impossible to carry any of it away with us, and so—let us leave it as it is.

PARADOX FOR THE PUZZLE-HEADED.—The relation of a Husband-

THE LATEST ARRIVAL. (By Our Own Interviewist.)

THE new Comet arrived last Wednesday evening just in time for the Night Fête at the Botanical Gardens. Our Astronomer, Mr. HIND, from head-quarters telegraphed to head-quarters telegraphed to a friend this characteristic remark—"What a long tail our Comet's got!" Mr. HENRY IRVING at once wanted to engage the brilliant visitor for a week to succeed Mr. BOOTH and share the leading business, but the Comet po-litely refused to go in for any-thing except the very lightest thing except the very lightest performances. The Comet visited the House of Commons, and expressed himself much interested in the Brush-light experiment. His medical attendants fear that, in consetendants fear that, in consequence of excessive travelling and late hours, he is in a gradual decline. Our Illustrious Guest says there are plenty more of his sort where he comes from, but they are being re-tailed for exportation. He evidently holds Darwinistic opinions, and thinks tion. He evidently holds Dar-winistic opinions, and thinks it highly probable that Man was originally an Ape, then an Actor, then a Star, and will end by becoming a Comet, and so completing the last link in the magnificent tail.

Fashion is changing. The forehead fringe, which, arranged in the morning, was "Fringe before breakfast," is to disappear in the snip of Fate's shears. This is, indeed, taking the present time by the forelock.

PLACE OF REFRESHMENT FOR OFFICIALS OF THE SCOTCH KIRK VISITING PARIS.—The Hôtel du Helder.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.-No. 38.



SIR E. W. WATKIN, M.P.

Now, how came Sir WATKIN, whose talent we all know, As a light on the Railway to shine?
Why, the way it was done doth this picture clearly show, He trained himself up in the rail-way he should go By studying "Line upon Line."

THE NEW WORD.

Punch. What do you think of this glass of Curaçoa and brandy?

Gilded Youth. It is very

snappy.

Punch. That's a nice-looking girl over the way.

Gilded Youth. She is very

Punch. You had a thousand to twenty about Peter for the Hunt Cup at Ascot, hadn't Gilded Youth. I had.

was a very snappy bet.

Punch. May I ask you what is the meaning of the word

snappy"?
Gilded Youth. It is the

Gilded Youth. It is the English for cheek.

Punch. Cheek?

Gilded Youth. Yes, the French word "cheek."

Punch. Ah, chic! "Snappy" is an American word, I believe. You have been in America?

Gilded Youth. No. but the

Gilded Youth. No; but the Editor of the Sporting Times has, or ought to have been, as he introduced the word into England. Punch.

And what's the

Funch. And what's the etymology?
Gilded Youth (puzzled). Eh?
Ettie, Molly — who? Don't know her. Is she snappy!
Have a drink, old chappie, and — (sings) — "Let us be Snappy together!"

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE. Mr. CAINE to ask questions about Vacant Seats and Magistrate's Corrupt Practices—when? Evidently when CAINE is able.

ECONOMIC DRESS QUESTION BY A FAIR ANGLO-PARISIENNE.

—Is knowing Worth worth knowing?

A "RARA AVIS."

THERE are some advertisements which speak for themselves, and the following from the Spectator of June 18, appears to us to be one

A GENTLEMAN desires OCCUPATION, anywhere, with modern and noble-thinking men, who aim at promotion of human progress, as much as at money. Aged 40, slightly nervous (hyperæsthesia vasomotorii). Has been physician; has given up; cannot work hard; cannot bear heavy sky. Understands languages, but not music; no calligraphy, no drawing,—

Perhaps he may have been snapped up—such a "snappy" gentleman!—before our readers see this announcement in our pages, and the chance will have gone—for ever!

American Products.

THE Americans have reared the Skunk, the Colorado Beetle, and the Fenian, and they are now trying their hands at a crop of Tichborne Claimants. One of these gigantic bores and impostors at a time is not enough for our young and vigorous cousins. The last one cost the country and the Tichborne family about One Hundred Thousand pounds, and the Americans will probably undersell us, as usual, by supplying two at the same figure. A small Company will no doubt be formed to "run" these inflictions, who will take the place in our newspapers of the Irish Land Bill.

LEGAL SCRUTIN DE LISTE.—Taxation of a Lawyer's Bill.

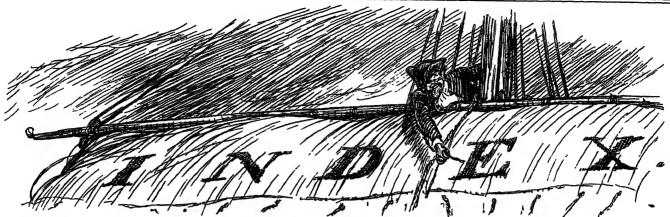
ANOTHER MONSTER.

Another Dockyard Monstrosity has been launched, the cost of which to the British taxpayer will never probably be thoroughly arrived at. This thing is called the *Polyphemus*, and, like its predecessors, is warranted to "whop all Creation." Its predecessors, unfortunately, have generally whopped no one but their inventors and directors, and some have gone to the bottom in a perfect whirl-pool of self-destruction. The people appointed to manage these Infernal Machines may have the courage, but do they possesss the scientific knowledge for such exceptional duty?

The Worms Triumphant.

THE Telegraphists, after several years' agitation and discontent, have partly carried their point, but not before they imitated their Manchester fellows, and threatened to strike. The Government, of course, gave in like a body of whipped schoolmasters, and lectured the Telegraphists upon the sins of disobedience. It said something about the duty of economy, and watching over the public purse, forgetting that it often wastes as much money in an English Dockyard in a single day, as will give these ten thousand underpaid public servants their increase of salary for a whole year.

"STORAGE OF FORCE." — The HOME SECRETARY tells Colonel HENDERSON that this must mean "concealing a Policeman under the kitchen-table."



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Academical Dialogue (An), 226
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